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THE POEMS OF
GAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS

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1912a

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TO

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

THIS EDITION OF CATULLUS

IS DEDICATED IN MEMORY OF A FRIENDSHIP
OF MANY YEARS



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PREFACE

SOME few years ago, I brought out an edition of Catullus, designed for the use of those whose Latin, by lapse of time and stress of other occupation, had lost its freshness.

The present book is intended for the same class of readers and will, I hope, more effectually fulfil its purpose.

My previous book was, on the whole, kindly received by the reviewers: some, however, complained that I had annotated several poems that it would have been better to have left unexplained. It is a difficult question to decide what an editor's duties are in such cases; but, as these notes evidently gave offence, I have left them out.

There is, of course, a wide difference between annotating a poem and translating it, and I think most people will agree with me that many of the poems of Catullus are not fit to be put into

English. Indeed, an English translation of these poems would give a very false view of Catullus and his circle. Many of the epithets that he poured upon his opponents and the charges he brought against them were mere abuse and well understood to be such by his contemporaries. Manners have changed, and no longer do we charge people, from whom we happen to differ in opinion, with perversion of the sexual instinct, either in jest or in anger.

A politician of to-day accuses a Cabinet Minister of being willing to ruin the country in order to keep his place for another twelvemonth. His Roman predecessor would have accused him of incest. We know the present-day accuser means nothing and I don't suppose the Roman meant anything either. Happily for the peace of mankind, words spoken in anger very rarely do mean anything.

As for poor Lesbia, she had against her the greatest of orators and the most virulent of poets. Anything that could be said against a woman, was said. I cannot help feeling that much of it was not true, and what was true, was exaggerated.

I have not attempted to translate either the

54th or the 112th poem. As they stand in the MSS. they are nonsense, and I have not seen any emendation or explanation that made them otherwise. In the 54th, the text is, of course, corrupt: the 112th may perhaps have been quite plain to a Roman, who could recognize the allusion. In neither case do I think we lose much through our ignorance.

The text printed is complete and every reading has been accepted by at least one of the recognized authorities on Catullus: such as Mueller, Palmer, Postgate, Owen, Ellis. Professor Ellis's Commentary has been at my side during the whole time that I have been engaged upon the translation and any streaks of scholarship to be found in my work are entirely due to his book. In 1795, Dr. Nott published a verse translation of Catullus and from this I have taken a great many renderings.

The short sketch of Catullus and his Times is the same as in my former book. A writer in the "Athenæum" found it full of cynical iconoclasm. The fault was unintentional. I feel the greatest admiration for the principal men of the day; not only for Cicero, Caesar and Pompey, but

also for many of those whose names are but a footnote to history. Their task was the most difficult. The Republic was cracking on every side and any attempt to rivet its gaping fissures was fought against by the crowd of totally uneducated voters or by the financial cliques. There is no sadder reading in history than the last volume of Cicero's letters. Fighting for a lost cause; blind to the fact that although the muscles of the Republic still made involuntary movements, the spirit had fled; haranguing at Rome, when the centre of interest had moved elsewhere and no one cared twopence what Rome did or said, he laid aside all thoughts of self; day and night he strove to avert the impending ruin and, when the cause to which he had devoted his life lay crumbled into dust, he faced the executioner's sword with calmness and courage. We forget his petty vanities, we forget his more serious faults and see only the best of one of the world's greatest men. Truly, as Augustus said, "this was a good man, and he loved his country well."

In writing the Sketch of the Times of Catullus, I made use of the chapters introductory to

the various volumes of Cicero's Correspondence, edited by Professor Tyrrell and the late Professor Purser: also of Professor Oman's well-known and interesting book "Seven Roman Statesmen."

My cordial thanks are due to Mr. A. I. Ellis, M.A., late scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, who kindly read through this book and made numerous suggestions for its improvement, and also to Mr. A. S. West, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, who supplied the note on the Galliambic metre, which I have inserted in my account of the lyrical metres, and revised the proof-sheets. Although it must be clearly understood that, for the faults and imperfections of the following pages, I alone am responsible, I may state that, but for their help, these would have been much more numerous and much more serious.

CHARLES STUTTAFORD.

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THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF BOSTON

FROM 1630 TO 1800

BY

JOHN H. COVINGTON

OF THE

OFFICE OF THE

RECORDS AND

GENERAL RECORDS

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE TIMES OF CATULLUS

THE history of the last century of the Roman Republic records the breakdown of a constitution framed for and adequate to the government of a city, through an attempt to apply it, in a spirit of cast-iron conservatism, to the government of a world-wide empire.

The weakness of the Roman constitution lay in its divided sovereignty: the aristocratic Senate, a nominated council, and the proletariat Comitia, a popular assembly, having equal powers in the initiation or obstruction of legislation. So long as Rome was fighting, first for life and then for the rule of the world, a common danger and a common aim made these two work together, the only way in which such a divided sovereignty could exist. The end of the last Punic war made Rome undisputed mistress of the Mediterranean littoral, and assured her peace. With the advent of peace, patriotism degenerated into party poli-

tics, which are, at bottom, nothing more than the clash of class interests.

In this particular case, the clash was brought about by an economic breakdown of the social organism: itself caused by an accentuation of the perennial and incurable disparity in the distribution of wealth. To lay aside the language of the political economist, Rome was called upon to solve the problem: "What are we to do with the Unemployed?"

Rome was, to a great extent, an agricultural community, and peace had made the vast and fertile fields of Northern Africa accessible to the Roman market. This alone would have crippled the farmer, but to add to his troubles, many of the Provinces paid their tribute in grain. The State, which has not to make a profit, in order to exist, became his competitor. The price of cereals fell to such an extent that farming no longer paid. The countryside became denuded of its population, which drifted into the towns, bringing in its train all the evils of urban overcrowding and a starving proletariat.

Tiberius Gracchus (164?-133 B.C.) was the first man to grapple with the difficulty. He brought forward an agrarian law which was to take away the estates of the landed gentry and hand them over, at a nominal rent, to the

Roman unemployed. The Senate, largely made up of these land-owners, refused to consent to be robbed of their property, and to be reduced, in many cases, to actual poverty. A dead-lock ensued. Tiberius broke through the restraints of the law and gained his end by inciting his adherents to drive his opponents from the assembly of the Comitia. In short, he founded in the Roman Republic a system of government by riot; and, from his time until Augustus gained the day at Philippi, Rome, whose laws form the basis of jurisprudence throughout the modern world, passed through decade after decade of chaotic bloodshed.

That not only the riotous proceedings of men so notable as Tiberius and his brother Caius Gracchus should have been possible in a civilized community, but that men so much below them in repute and power as Clodius and Milo, were allowed to make life in Rome unsafe by parading the streets with their bands of tipsy roughs, appears at first sight incomprehensible. But in order to ensure obedience to laws when made, the office of law-maker must be kept separate from the office of law-dispenser. The politician will certainly prove a partial, and most probably a venal, judge, and this fact the framers of the Roman constitution had never grasped.

The English, with their genius for self-government, have taught the modern world no lesson more important than the paramount necessity of placing those whose duty it is to interpret and dispense the law entirely apart from, and independent of, those who frame the law. We are so used to the idea that, whether a Radical or a Tory government is in power, our wrongs will be redressed, and our crimes punished, with equal justice and severity, that we forget how recent in its acceptance is this assumption of judicial impartiality. In Rome, conviction of the guilty or acquittal of the innocent depended but little on the merits of a case. The Senate and the Equites, who at different times were the classes from which the jurors (judices) were drawn, were entirely guided by party feeling; or by fear of any man who might, for the moment, be the arbiter of Rome. Should by chance both of these factors be absent, bribery was rampant and unabashed, and it was folly to depend on the justice of your case.

The condition of the Provinces was deplorable. Their tribute was farmed out to the *publicani*. In the case of Asia, the whole tribute was contracted for by a financial syndicate, who of course extorted what they could from the wretched provincials. The pro-consul

was merely a licensed plunderer, who, in his short year of office, had to recoup himself for years of extravagant living and political bribe giving. Cicero, who would not stoop to rob those in his power, made £18,000 during his term in Cilicia. It is appalling to think what such a man as his predecessor, Appius Claudius Pulcher, must have made.

When Catullus first saw the light at Verona, Marius, maddened by the memory of hardships and ingratitude, was walking the streets of Rome and condemning to death any one who might possibly have been an accomplice in his wrongs, or be capable of making a stand against his despotism. A successful general in the field, he had been hailed as the saviour of his country, had known the mortification of waning popularity, and had been forced to flee for his life from the executioner commissioned to destroy him. Such experiences would have tried the temper of a philosopher, and Marius was no philosopher, but a bullying demagogue with a genius for generalship, so he "ran amok" through the streets of Rome. The proscriptions of Sulla and Augustus were bloody and cruel, but they had a defined aim; the proscriptions of Marius had apparently little or none, but were merely an orgy of bloodthirstiness.

While this was going on in Rome, Sulla, the chief of the "optimates" party, was commanding an army against King Mithridates. He heard that his friends and party had been practically exterminated and he himself declared a public enemy. With commendable patriotism, he first defeated the foreign enemy and then marched against Rome. After a good deal of discursive fighting and a fierce battle before the Colline Gate, he entered Rome a victor. Marius was dead, the rest of the democratic party, to the number of 3,650, were executed. He restored peace by the simple expedient of massacring his opponents.

Sulla made the Senate the supreme legislative and judicial power, and passed laws which laid down the conditions of holding office, and the time that was to elapse between the holding of one office and another. The intention of these laws was to prevent an ambitious man from retaining personal ascendancy by being continually re-elected to a succession of offices. All open election was practically suppressed, and the offices of the Roman State passed from one holder to another much as a member of the aldermanic body in the City of London takes his turn in the mayoral chair. As long as Sulla lived and suppressed all who showed signs of

personal ambition, this method of government worked smoothly; but ten years after he had vanquished the democratic party he died, and once again the carnival of riot and civil war began.

The death of Sulla left two prominent men, Crassus and Pompey. Crassus, whose bravery and generalship had saved Sulla and his army from defeat in the battle before the Colline Gate, had been sent with an army to suppress Spartacus, who, with a band of outlaws and runaway slaves, was ravaging Southern Italy. Pompey had just brought a long and arduous campaign in Spain to a successful end. He reached the Northern shores of Italy in time to give the *coup de grâce* to the army of Spartacus, routed and driven northward by Crassus. It thus happened that both Pompey and Crassus arrived before the gates of Rome with armies at their backs. The presence of Pompey and his army prevented Crassus from marching in and becoming dictator; while Pompey had too much patriotic reverence for the Roman constitution to attempt the same for himself. In the end they both disbanded their forces and were jointly made consuls (70 B.C.).

In 67 B.C. Pompey set out to drive from the sea the pirate hordes that infested the Medi-

terranean and made maritime commerce impossible. This and a war against King Mithridates occupied five years, and in 62 B.C. he stood once more before the gates of Rome with a victorious army at his back. Again he disbanded his army and entered the city alone. The Senate, with mingled ingratitude and folly, refused to ratify the treaties he had concluded with the late enemy and the promises he had made to his soldiers. This threw him into the arms of Crassus, who, in the meantime, had taken Julius Caesar as his political lieutenant, paying his enormous debts and receiving in return the support of the future dictator's unrivalled talents for managing the rabble and for mob-oratory. Thus was the triumvirate formed: Pompey supplying character and military renown, Crassus enormous wealth and the power of wire-pulling that wealth confers, Caesar political genius in its lowest sense.

Caesar went to the Gallic province, which he had chosen as his sphere, a dissolute spendthrift, destitute of character, moral or political; he returned the greatest general of ancient history. Crassus, by his death at Carrae, redeemed an unspeakable past, and showed that, great as had been the deterioration of the Roman character, a Roman still knew how to die. Pompey soon

saw that Caesar's ultimate aim was sole dictatorship and the possible founding of a Roman kingdom or empire. The second civil war broke out in 49 B.C., with Pharsalia and Pompey's death as its climax, and Caesar's assassination in 44 B.C. as its tragic end. The Empire brought peace into the world at the cost of individual liberty, and the decline of the Roman people had begun.

The exceeding difficulty we have in understanding the political state of the last years of the Roman Republic arises from the impossibility of forming a certain estimate of the characters of its chief men. Caesar was murdered before he could raise any structure on the ground he had cleared; had it not been for Brutus, the next twenty years would have settled the question which has exercised all historians—whether Caesar was a vulgar adventurer, or a saviour of society. His private character is as much disputed as his political. The late Professor Munro would have us to believe that the twenty-ninth poem of Catullus and the ribald songs that Caesar's soldiers sang of their leader were friendly banter, arising from the desire to avert the onslaughts of Nemesis. Is it possible that words can ever have so lost their normal meaning?

The Dublin editors of Cicero's correspondence

tell us that Brutus, far from being "the noblest Roman of them all," was a usurious money-lender, who did not hesitate to "grind the face of the poor." They cast ungallant aspersions on his mother's character, and hint that, when he struck Caesar, he had more than a public wrong to avenge. Mommsen regarded Cicero as an empty wind-bag and the unwitting tool of astuter men. The brave, but dull-witted, Pompey is the only man whose personal character stands high and dry above the waves of historical criticism.

Of Catullus himself we know very little. We do not know for certain whether his "praenomen" was Gaius or Quintus, nor do we know the year either of his birth or death. Jerome, in his edition of the Eusebian Chronicle, says that Catullus was born in 87 B.C., and died at Rome in 58 B.C., at the age of thirty. Jerome, to begin with, has made a mistake in his addition: while Catullus refers in his poems (II. 9, 29. 12, 55. 6) to events which took place certainly as late as 55 B.C. As for his praenomen, Jerome calls him Gaius Valerius Catullus. Apuleius calls him C. Catullus: while some MSS. of Pliny's Natural History, in which work his name happens to occur, refer to him as Q. Catullus. Quintus is also found in four MSS. of the poems of Catullus.

Catullus was a man of good position, belong-

ing to the Equestrian Order. Julius Caesar was in the habit of staying at his father's house, when passing through Verona: he was also on friendly terms with Cicero and most of the prominent men of the time. In his poems, Catullus makes no mention of any member of his family, except of his brother, whose early death in the Troad is the theme of one of the most touching poems in the language. From this we gather that his mother died in his infancy, and that he and his brother comprised the whole of the family.

Financially he seems to have been well off, having a house in Rome, a villa at Sirmio, and a farm in the Sabine territory. It is true that he complains of an empty purse, but there is a great difference between being "hard up" and being poor: nor must we forget that Lesbia was probably much pleasanter to look at than to pay for.

The only official appointment Catullus seems to have entered into was a journey to Bithynia, as a member of the suite of the pro-praetor Memmius. In several of his poems he rails at his chief in no measured terms; the grounds of his complaints being that he received no financial advantage from the expedition. Whether Memmius, through honesty or ill-luck, was equally unfortunate, or whether he stuck to all the

plunder himself, we do not know: if the latter, he could afford to smile at the bitterest of epigrams.

The cardinal fact in the life of Catullus is his love for Clodia, known, to all who care for literature, under the name of Lesbia; for it is his love poems that raise him to the highest pinnacle of fame as a lyrical poet, unsurpassed if not without peer.

In the deeds and characters of the Claudian family, from which family Clodia and her brother Clodius were sprung, we have perhaps the best example in history of the persistence of family traits. Appius Claudius Sabinus Regillensis, the founder of the family, was, as his name denotes, a Sabine from the town of Regillum. With a statesman's long-headedness he foresaw the growing importance of Rome, and counselled his countrymen to become her ally. They did not take his advice, but preferred war. Appius went over to Rome (504 B.C.), was admitted into the ranks of the patricians, and was granted lands beyond the Anio. He became consul in 495, and soon showed that dislike of the rabble and disregard for public opinion which was one of the most striking characteristics of his descendants. His grandson, Appius Claudius Crassus, has been handed down to eternal infamy as

the persecutor of Virginia. An Appius Claudius Caecus was censor in 312, his name lives in the Via Appia, which he began during his term of office. Later on we find a Claudia marrying that part patriot, part tyrant, and wholly madman, Tiberius Gracchus. Her nephew, Appius Claudius Pulcher, was the father of Publius Clodius Pulcher and of Clodia.

Clodia was a woman entirely without moral sense. She did exactly what she would; and what she did, with contemptuous pride, she made no attempt to conceal. Her "goings on" at Rome and at Baiae were notorious, so also was her incestuous relationship with her brother Clodius. This same Clodius profaned the mysteries of the Bona Dea; was guilty of an adulterous intercourse with Pompeia, one of Caesar's many wives; brought about Cicero's banishment, and ended by being murdered by Milo's ruffians in a street brawl. Catullus, Cicero, and Caelius all bear witness to the surpassing beauty of this ox-eyed Jezebel, and to the crimes she committed in order to satisfy her insatiable lust. Among other crimes, she is suspected of having poisoned her husband, Metellus Celer; but husband poisoning was common in the later days of the Republic. Caelius stole her from Catullus and was her principal lover for some time, until

satiety, or the remembrance of Metellus Celer's fate, prompted him to vacate that onerous and perhaps dangerous office. His desertion aroused Clodia's fury; for she, who had cast so many worn-out lovers aside, did not like this changing of the parts; nor was she one to receive with sorrowful resignation such an insult to her beauty and to the variety of her charms. She promptly accused Caelius of attempting to poison her and, by bribery, corruption, suborning of witnesses, got up such a promising case that it took all Cicero's eloquence to gain his friend's acquittal.

Such was Lesbia: but in reading Catullus we forget all this. His genius has so refined his passion for her, that his poems of love we regard as idylls of innocence, his poems of anger, not as the resentment of a discarded and adulterous lover, but as the justifiable complaints of an injured husband. Their story has become one of the love stories of the world; we think of Lesbia and Catullus as we think of Romeo and Juliet, Paolo and Francesca, Dante and Beatrice. I think we must forgive Lesbia; she and her lovers have been a long time dead, and, after all, she made Catullus. Had it not been for her beauty, his poems would probably have been "the mere pastime of an idle day," pretty but nothing more; their author an Ovid without

Ovid's luxuriance, a Martial without Martial's endless variety. She it was who gave life and reality to his poems of love; love and bitterness to his poems of hate.

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

ANNO	ANTE	
U.C.	C.N.	
667	87	Birth of Catullus (?). Marius master of Rome, massacres his opponents. Cicero in his twentieth year. Lucretiuseight(?) years old. Julius Caesar thirteen. Cornelius Nepos twelve.
668	86	Death of Marius.
673	81	The Sullan proscription.
676	78	Death of Sulla.
681	73	The Servile rebellion under Spartacus.
684	70	Vergil born. Cicero's first Verrine Oration.
686	68	Cicero's first letter to Atticus.
689	65	Horace born. Tibullus born (?).
691	63	Cicero consul. Catiline conspiracy. Octavius (Augustus) born.
692	62	Clodius profanes the rites of the Bona Dea.
694	60	Pompey, Caesar, and Crassus form the first triumvirate.
695	59	Julius Caesar consul.
696	58	Cicero's exile. Caesar begins the conquest of Gaul.
697	56	Caelius charged with the attempted murder of Clodia.
699	55	Caesar invades Britain. Cicero's <i>De Oratore</i> .
700	54	Death of Catullus (?).

THE PRINCIPAL MANUSCRIPTS OF CATULLUS

1. Codex Oxoniensis, (O), written during the fourteenth century, preserved in the Bodleian Library.

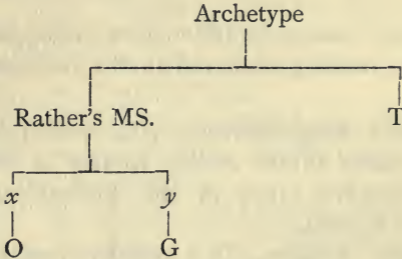
2. Codex Sangermanensis, (G), written in 1375, formerly in the Abbey Library of St. Germain-des-Prés, now in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris.

3. Codex Thuaneus, (T), a manuscript anthology of Latin poetry, containing the sixty-second poem of Catullus. Probably written during the ninth century, preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

4. Codex Romanus, (R), preserved in the Vatican Library. This MS. was discovered a few years ago, among the Ottoboni MSS. Its exact value, as an authority, has not yet been settled, but it is closely related to O and G.

Rather, Bishop of Verona during some part of the tenth century, knew of a manuscript of Catullus which had been discovered in Verona. This is lost. O and G are descended from it,

but are not direct copies. T was, probably, copied from an earlier manuscript than the lost Veronese, perhaps both of them were copied from the same. The following tree gives a possible solution of the relationship between the different MSS.



CATULLI CARMINA

CATULLI CARMINA

I

Cui dono lepidum novum libellum
arido modo pumice expolitur?
Corneli, tibi: namque tu solebas
meas esse aliquid putare nugas;
jam tum cum ausus es unus Italorum
omne aevum tribus explicare chartis
doctis, Juppiter, et laboriosis.
quare habe tibi quidquid hoc libelli,
qualecumque; quod, o patrona virgo,
plus uno maneat perenne saeclo.

meas nugas - versu 4to

2

PASSER, deliciae meae puellae,
quicum ludere, quem in sinu tenere,
cui primum digitum dare adpetenti
et acris solet incitare morsus,
cum desiderio meo nitenti-
carum nescio quid libet joculari,
et solaciolum sui doloris,

POEMS OF CATULLUS

I

To whom do I dedicate my dainty little book, new and fresh polished by the dry pumice stone? To you, Cornelius; for you were wont to consider that my verselets were not without merit; and this at the very time when you, the only one among the Romans, ventured to unfold the history of mankind; in three volumes, great God! how learned and arduous. Accept, therefore, this little book and all that it contains, such as it is; and, O guardian maiden, ordain that it shall outlive this generation.

2

SPARROW, delight of my beloved, who is wont to play with you, fondle you in her bosom, hold out her finger-tip to your pecks and provoke your sharp bites, when pleasing to my bright-eyed heart's desire is some such tender trifling, either, I believe, as a relief to her melancholy or when

credo, et cum gravis acquiescit ardor:
 tecum ludere sicut ipsa possem
 et tristis animi levare curas!

10

* * * *

tam gratum est mihi quam ferunt puellae
 pernici aureolum fuisse malum,
 quod zonam soluit diu ligatam.

3

LUGETE, o Veneres Cupidinesque,
 et quantum est hominum venustiorum.

passer mortuus est meae puellae,
 passer, deliciae meae puellae,
 quem plus illa oculis suis amabat.

5

nam mellitus erat suamque norat
 ipsam tam bene quam puella matrem;
 nec sese a gremio illius movebat,
 sed circumsiliens modo huc modo illuc
 ad solam dominam usque pipiabat.

10

qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
 illuc, unde negant redire quemquam.
 at vobis male sit, malae tenebrae
 Orci, quae omnia bella devoratis:
 tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis.
 vae factum male! vae miselle passer!
 tuā nunc opera meae puellae
 flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

15

the fever of her passion begins to abate. Ah! that I could sport with you as she does and disburden my sad soul . . . Pleasing is it to me as to the nimble-footed maiden was the golden apple which loosed the girdle that had so long been tied.

3

MOURN, all ye Graces, mourn, ye Sons of Love, and all whose hearts engender pity. The sparrow of my beloved is no more; that sparrow, the delight of my beloved, which was dearer to her than her eyes. For he was sweet as honey and knew his mistress even as a maiden knows her mother; nor would he leave her lap, but flitting hither and thither to her alone would he pipe his song. Now he travels that path of shadows, to that place, whence all men agree there is no return. Evil to you, you evil shades of Orcus, who devour all that is dainty: to have snatched away my dainty sparrow! Woe evil deed! alas poor sparrow! for you my beloved's swollen eyes red-den with weeping.

4

PHASELLUS ille, quem videtis, hospites,
 ait fuisse navium celerrimus,
 neque ullius natantis impetum trabis
 nequisse praeterire, sive palmulis
 opus foret volare sive linteo. 5
 et hoc negat minacis Hadriatici
 negare litus insulasve Cycladas
 Rhodumque nobilem horridamque Thraciam
 Propontida trucemve Ponticum sinum,
 ubi iste post phasellus antea fuit 10
 comata silva: nam Cytorio in jugo
 loquente saepe sibilum edidit coma.
 Amastri Pontica et Cytore buxifer,
 tibi haec fuisse et esse cognitissima
 ait phasellus: ultima ex origine 15
 tuo stetisse dicit in cacumine,
 tuo imbuisse palmulas in aequore,
 et inde tot per impotentia freta
 erum tulisse, laeva sive dextera
 vocaret aura, sive utrumque Juppiter 20
 simul secundus incidisset in pedem;
 neque ulla vota litoralibus deis
 sibi esse facta, cum veniret a mariei
 novissimo hunc ad usque limpidum lacum.
 sed haec prius fuere: nunc recondita 25

✓ 4

My friends, the yacht you see before you claims to have been the swiftest of ships, and that she could outstrip in speed any bark, whether flying by oar or sail. This she defies the threatening Adriatic's shores to deny, or the Cyclad islands, or far-famed Rhodes, or inhospitable Thrace, or Propontis and Euxine's storm-swept bay, where what is now my yacht one time grew up a leafy tree: for on the Cytorian heights the winds oft whistled through her rustling leaves. Pontic Amastris and box-clad Cytorus, to you my yacht declares these truths to be best known, that her birth was on your summit, that in your waters she first dipped her oars; thence over the wild seas she in safety bore her master, whether the wind drove her on the port or starboard tack, or whether a favouring gale tautened both her sheets at the same time; nor on her account was any prayer offered up to the Gods of the shores when she came from the remotest sea to this crystal lake. These things, however, belong to the past; now she grows old becalmed and in safety and dedi-

senet quiete seque dedicat tibi,
gemelle Castor et gemelle Castoris.

5

VIVAMUS, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
rumoresque senum severiorum
omnes unius aestimemus assis. — axis = pm
400
soles occidere et redire possunt:
nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux, 5
nox est perpetua una dormienda.
da mi basia mille, deinde centum
dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,
deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum,
dein, cum milia multa fecerimus, 10
conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,
aut nequis malus invidere possit,
cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.

6

FLAVI, delicias tuas Catullo,
nei sint inlepidae atque inelegantes,
velles dicere, nec tacere posses.
verum nescio quid febriculosi
scorti diligis: hoc pudet fateri. 5
nam te non viduas jacere noctes,
nequiquam tacitum, cubile clamat

cates herself to you, twin Castor, and to you, Castor's twin.

✓ 5

LET us live, my Lesbia, let us love, for the reprobation of soured age let us not care a sou. Suns can set and rise again; but to our brief light, when once it sets, there comes a never-ending night that must be passed in never-ending sleep. Give me then a thousand kisses, then a hundred, then another thousand, then a second hundred, then still another thousand, then one more hundred, then when we have had many a thousand, ^{v.c. will} let us jostle them up, so that we may not keep count and no jealous-eyed person may envy us, knowing the number of our kisses.

6

FLAVIUS, you would wish to tell Catullus of your pleasures, were they not dissolute and gross; nor could you keep your secret. With some fever-stricken harlot you are in love, and this you are ashamed to confess. Your bed, that fain would

sertis ac Syrio fragrans olivo,
 pulvinusque peraeque et hic et illic
 attritus, tremulique quassa lecti 10
 argutatio inambulatioque.
 nam nil stupra valet, nihil tacere.
 cur? non tam latera ecfututa pandas,
 nei tu quid facias ineptiarum.
 quare quidquid habes boni malique, 15
 dic nobis. volo te ac tuos amores
 ad caelum lepido vocare versu.

7

QUÆRIS, quot mihi basiationes
 tuae, Lesbia, sint satis superque.
 quam magnus numerus Libyssae harenae
 lasarpiciferis jacet Cyrenis,
 oraclum Jovis inter aestuosi 5
 et Batti veteris sacrum sepulcrum;
 aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
 furtivos hominum vident amores.
 tam te basia multa basiare
 vesano satis et super Catullo est, 10
 quae nec pernumerare curiosi
 possint nec mala fascinare lingua.

be silent, by its garlands and reeking with Syrian oil, proclaims aloud that you do not lie alone o' nights, and the bolster with its twofold dents, and the shaking of its rickety frame, its creaking and rocking. Nothing, absolutely nothing, can hide your debaucheries. Why not? Because you would not walk with debilitated limbs all askew, did you not indulge in foolish habits. Come then, tell me what you are up to, good or ill; for I would like, in pleasing verse, to praise you and your loves to the skies.

7

LESBIA, you would wish to know how many of your kisses would be enough and more than enough for me. As many as the Libyan sands cast up on Cyrene's perfume-bearing shore, between Jupiter's sun-scorched oracle and the sacred tomb of mythic Battus: or as many as the stars that in the hush of night look down upon the clandestine loves of men. To kiss you with all these kisses would be enough and more than enough for Catullus in his passion, a number the jealous cannot count, or bewitch with evil tongue.

8

MISER Catulle, desinas ineptire,
 et quod vides perisse perditum ducas.
 fulsere quondam candidi tibi soles, ?
 cum ventitabas quo puella ducebat
 amata nobis quantum amabitur nulla. 5
 ibi illa multa tum jocosa fiebant,
 quae tu volebas nec puella nolebat.
 fulsere vere candidi tibi soles.
 nunc jam illa non vult: tu quoque, impotens,
 noli,
 nec quae fugit sectare, nec miser vive, 10
 sed obstinata mente perfer, obdura.
 vale, puella. jam Catullus obdurat,
 nec te requiret nec rogabit invitam:
 at tu dolebis, cum rogaberis nulla. *not at all*
 scelesta, vae te! quae tibi manet vita? 15
 quis nunc te adibit? cui videberis bella?
 quem nunc amabis? cuius esse diceris?
 quem basiabis? cui labella mordebis?
 at tu, Catulle, destinatus obdura.

9

VERANI, omnibus e meis amicis
 antistans mihi milibus trecentis,
 venistine domum ad tuos Penates

✓ 8

WRETCHED Catullus, cease this madness, and what you see is dead, look upon as gone beyond recall. Once the unveiled sun shone down upon you, when, wherever the maiden led the way, that way you followed, that maid loved by you as never maid will be loved again. Then were there those many dallyings which you desired nor did Lesbia refuse. Truly the sun unveiled shone down upon you. Now these things no longer please her; put an end to your desires, though distracted, follow not one who shuns you, nor live in pain; but stand unflinching, unrelenting. Farewell, maid. Naught can move Catullus now, he will no longer seek your love, nor risk your scorn: but you will weep when no one desires you. Woe to you, faithless one! What fate is reserved for you? Who now will seek you out? Whom will your charms inflame? Whom will you love? Whose then will you be called? Whom will you kiss? Whose lips will you bite in amorous frenzy? But you, Catullus, stand unrelenting.

✓ 9

OH, Veranius, the friend who tops the list of my many friends, have you come home to your

fratresque unanimos anumque matrem? ^{apposition}
 venisti. o mihi nuntii beati! 5
 visam te incolumem audiamque Hiberum
 narrantem loca, facta, nationes,
 ut mos est tuus, applicansque collum
 jucundum os oculosque suaviabor.
 o quantum est hominum beatorum, 10
 quid me laetius est beatiusve?

IO

VARUS me meus ad suos amores
 visum duxerat e foro otiosum,
 scortillum, ut mihi tum repente visum est,
 non sane inlepidum neque invenustum.
 huc ut venimus, incidere nobis 5
 sermones varii, in quibus, quid esset
 jam Bithynia, quo modo se haberet,
 ecquonam mihi profuisset aere.
 respondi id quod erat, nihil neque ipsis
 nec praetoribus esse nec cohorti, 10
 cur quisquam caput unctius referret,
 praesertim quibus esset irrumator
 praetor, nec faceret pili cohortem.
 "at certe tamen," inquiunt, "quod illic
 natum dicitur esse, comparasti 15
 ad lecticam homines." ego, ut puellae
 unum me facerem beatiorem,

man of substance, replied: "No, no, my luck was not so out, that I was unable to procure eight strapping fellows." As a matter of fact, neither here nor there had I so much as a single one who could put his shoulder to the broken leg of a worn-out pallet. Then she, in her bare-faced way, cried out: "Do lend them to me for a short while, Catullus; for I just want to be carried to the Temple of Sarapis." "Stop a moment," I said to the girl; "when I spoke of having these, I was making a mistake; my friend Cinna, that is Gaius, bought them for himself. But whether his or mine, what does it matter to me? I use them as freely as if I had bought them for myself, but how absurd and tactless you are, not to let a man speak at random."

I I

FURIUS and Aurelius, companions of Catullus, whether he traverses the uttermost ends of India, whose shores are buffeted by far resounding Eastern wave, or Hyrcania and languid Arabia, or the lands of the Sacae and the quivered Parthians, or where the seven-armed Nile dyes the plains; or whether he crosses the towering Alps,

sive trans altas gradietur Alpes,
 Caesaris visens monimenta magni, 10
 Gallicum Rhenum, horribile aequor ulti-
 mosque Britannos,
 omnia haec, quaecumque feret voluntas
 caelitem, temptare simul parati,
 pauca nuntiate meae puellae 15
 non bona dicta.
 cum suis vivat valeatque moechis,
 quos simul complexa tenet trecentos,
 nullum amans vere, sed identidem omnium
 ilia rumpens: 20
 nec meum respectet, ut ante, amorem,
 qui illius culpa cecidit velut prati
 ultimi flos, praetereunte postquam
 tactus aratro est.

12

MARRUCINE Asini, manu sinistra
 non belle uteris in joco atque vino:
 tollis lintea negligentiorum.
 hoc salsum esse putas? fugit te, inepte:
 quamvis sordida res et invenusta est. 5
 non credis mihi? crede Polioni
 fratri, qui tua furta vel talento
 mutari velit: est enim leporum
 disertus puer ac facetiarum.

visiting those scenes of great Caesar's triumphs, the Gallic Rhine, the tempestuous sea and the far-off Isles of Britain, all these, whatsoever the will of heaven directs, you are prepared to face; now, therefore, pray carry to my love some far from welcome words. Tell her she may live and thrive with her adulterous crew; let her clasp hundreds in her embrace, holding no one lover dearer than the rest, but in savage lust destroying each one in turn. Bid her not count upon my love as heretofore, for it is dead by her own sin, like the floweret by the meadow's edge after it has been caught by the passing plough.

✓ 12

MARRUCINUS ASINUS, you make ill use of your left hand when mirth and good wine are on their rounds; you steal the napkins of the careless guests. Do you think this clever? You are wrong, simpleton, it is as mean and ungentlemanly an action as can be. You don't agree with me? Then learn from your brother Pollio, who would gladly give a talent, if he could undo your thefts: for he is a youth with a clear idea of what constitutes pleasantry and wit.

quare aut hendecasyllabos trecentos 10
 expecta aut mihi linteum remitte,
 quod me non movet aestimatione,
 verum est mnemosynum mei sodalis.
 nam sudaria Saetaba ex Hiberis
 miserunt mihi muneri Fabullus 15
 et Veranius: haec amem necesse est
 ut Veraniolum meum et Fabullum.

13

CENABIS bene, mi Fabulle, apud me
 paucis, si tibi di favent, diebus,
 si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam
 cenam, non sine candida puella
 et vino et sale et omnibus cachinnis. 5
 haec si, inquam, attuleris, venuste noster,
 cenabis bene: nam tui Catulli
 plenus sacculus est aranearum.
 sed contra accipies meros amores
 seu quid suavius elegantiusve est: 10
 nam unguentum dabo, quod meae puellae
 donarunt Veneres Cupidinesque,
 quod tu cum olfacies, deos rogabis,
 totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum.

Therefore look out for hundreds of epigrams, or send me back my napkin. I am concerned about it not so much because of its value, but because it is a memorial of friendship. Fabullus and Veranius sent these Saetabian napkins to me, as a present from Spain, and it behoves me to hold them dear as I do hold my Veraniolus and my Fabullus.

~~CATULLUS~~

✓ 13

FABULLUS, the Gods so willing, you shall feast with me in luxury, a few days hence, if you will bring with you dishes both delicate and varied, a comely maid, wine, wit, and a store of quips and cranks. Bring all these, my dear friend, and you shall sup luxuriously; for the purse of your Catullus is full of cobwebs. In exchange you shall receive the welcome of pure affection and something that is still sweeter and more delectable; for I will give you a perfume that the Loves and Graces gave to my mistress, and when once you have smelt it, you will pray the Gods to make you all nose from head to heel.

14

NEI te plus oculis meis amarem,
 jucundissime Calve, munere isto
 odissem te odio Vatiniano:
 nam quid feci ego quidve sum locutus,
 cur me tot male perderes poetis? 5
 isti di mala multa dent clienti,
 qui tantum tibi misit impiorum.
 quod si, ut suspicor, hoc novum ac repertum
 munus dat tibi Sulla litterator,
 non est mi male, sed bene ac beate, 10
 quod non dispereunt tui labores.
 di magni, horribilem et sacrum libellum
 quem tu scilicet ad tuum Catullum
 misti, continuo ut die periret,
 Saturnalibus, optimo dierum! 15
 non non hoc tibi, *alse* sic abibit:
 nam, si luxerit, ad librariorum
 curram scrinia, Caesios, Aquinos,
 Suffenum, omnia colligam venena,
 ac te his suppliciis remunerabor. 20
 vos hinc interea valete abite
 illuc, unde malum pedum attulistis,
 saecli incommoda, pessimi poetae

14

My dear Calvus, did I not love you more than my eyes, your gift would have made me hate you with all the venom of a Vatinius. What have I done, what have I said, that you should overwhelm me with these fatuous poets? May the Gods bring to perdition that client of yours who sent you all these insulters of the Muses. If, as I very much suspect, Sulla, the grammarian, sent you this new and priceless gift, then I bear you no ill-will, no, I am delighted that your labours do not go without reward. But, great Gods, what a horrible and infernal book you, forsooth, have sent to your Catullus, that he might perish on that very day, that happiest of days, the Saturnalia! No, no, my friend, you shall not escape unscathed, for at the first gleam of dawn I will rush to the shelves of the booksellers, gather Caesius, Aquinus, Suffenus, and every other book of poisonous twaddle, and thus will I render torture for torture. As for you, vile scribblers, bane of our age, away with you to the place whence you came with your miserable, halting feet.

14b

siqui forte mearum ineptiarum
lectores eritis manusque vestras
non horrebitis admovere nobis,

25

* * * *

15

COMMENDO tibi me ac meos amores,
Aureli. veniam peto pudentem,
ut, si quicquam animo tuo cupisti,
quod ^{castum} expeteres et integellum,
conserves puerum mihi pudice,
non dico a populo: nihil veremur
istos, qui in platea modo huc modo illuc
in re praetereunt sua occupati:
verum a te metuo tuoque pene
infesto pueris bonis malisque.
quem tu qua lubet, ut lubet, moveto,
quantum vis, ubi erit foris, paratum:
hunc unum excipio, ut puto, pudenter.
quod si te mala mens furorque vecors
in tantam impulerit, sceleste, culpam,
ut nostrum insidiis caput laccessas,
a tum te miserum malique fati,
quem attractis pedibus patente porta
percurrent raphinique mugilesque.

5

10

15

14b

IF by chance you are some day readers of my
trifles, and you do not shrink from fingering my
leaves,

* * * * *

16

PEDICABO ego vos et irrumabo,
 Atreli pathice et cinaede Furi,
 qui me ex versiculis meis putastis,
 quod sunt molliculi, parum pudicum.
 nam castum esse decet pium poetam 5
 ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est,
 qui tum denique habent salem ac leporem,
 si sunt molliculi ac parum pudici
 et quod pruriat incitare possunt,
 non dico pueris, sed his pilosis, 10
 qui duros nequeunt movere lumbos.
 vos quom milia multa basiorum
 legistis, male me marem putastis?
 pedicabo ego vos et irrumabo.

17

O COLONIA, quae cupis ponte ludere longo,
 et salire paratum habes, sed vereris inepta
 crura ponticuli axuleis stantis in redivivis,
 ne supinus eat cavaque in palude recumbat;
 sic tibi bonus ex tua pons libidine fiat, 5
 in quo vel Salisubsali sacra suscipiantur:
 munus hoc mihi maximi da, Colonia, risus.
 quendam municipem meum de tuo volo ponte
 ire praecipitem in lutum per caputque pedesque,

16

I WILL give you proofs of my virility, Aurelius the debauched and Furius the lascivious; who judge me by my verses, which are somewhat effeminate and wanton. It behoves the pious bard to be chaste, but there is no necessity that his verses should be so too; indeed they will lack all piquancy and charm unless they are somewhat effeminate and wanton and can excite the desires, I do not mean of youths, but of hairy old men who cannot move their unpliant limbs. You who have read of my unnumbered kisses, do you think me therefore womanish? I will give you proofs of my virility.

17

COLONIA, you are sighing for a long bridge to set forth your shows, and are aching for the dance, but fear the crazy props of a bridge bolstered up on second-hand piles, lest the whole thing should fall to the ground and sink into the spongy morass. May you obtain a bridge that is all your heart could desire and on which the rites of the Salisubsali can take place, if only you will offer me this boon of irresistible laughter. From your bridge I want a certain fellow townsman of mine to fall slap into the

verum totius ut lacus putidaeque paludis 10
 lividissima maximeque est profunda vorago.
 insulsissimus est homo, nec sapit pueri instar
 bimuli tremula patris dormientis in ulna.
 quoi cum sit viridissimo nupta flore puella
 (et puella tenellulo delicatior haedo, 15
 adservanda nigerrimis diligentius uvis,)

ludere hanc sinit ut lubet, nec pili facit uni,
 nec se subleuet ex sua parte, sed velut alnus
 in fossa Liguri jacet suppernata securi,
 tantundem omnia sentiens quam si nulla sit
 usquam, 20

talis iste meus stupor nil videt, nihil audit,
 ipse qui sit, utrum sit an non sit, id quoque nescit.
 nunc eum volo de tuo ponte mittere pronum,
 si pote stolidum repente excitare veterum
 et supinum animum in gravi derelinquere caeno, 25
 ferream ut solem tenaci in voragine mula.

21

AURELI, pater esuritionum,
 non harum modo, sed quot aut fuerunt
 aut sunt aut aliis erunt in annis,
 pedicare cupis meos amores.
 nec clam: nam simul es, jocularis una, 5
 haeres ad latus, omnia experiris.
 frustra: nam insidias mihi instrumentem

mire, head over heels just where throughout all the lake and sludgy bog the scum is greenest and the mire the deepest. The man in question is an idiot, with no more sense than a two year old child, sleeping on his father's dandling arm. He is married to a girl who is in the bloom of youth (and a girl, too, who is daintier than a tender kid and requires more care than the ripened grape). He lets her play fast and loose and does not care a pin, nor does he rouse himself up to do his own duty, but lies like an alder in a ditch, which has been hewn by a Ligurian axe; so insensate is he to everything that she might as well be dead. This dolt of mine neither sees nor hears, he doesn't know his sex or even whether or not he is alive. Now I want him to fall plump from your bridge, which may perchance galvanize his languid torpor, and he may leave his apathetic spirit in the deep mud just as a mule casts her iron shoe in the sticky mire.

tangam te prior irrumatione.
 atque id si faceres satur, tacerem :
 nunc ipsum id doleo, quod esurire, 10
 mellitus puer et sitire discet.
 quare desine, dum licet pudico,
 ne finem facias, sed irrumatus.

22

SUFFENUS iste, Vare, quem probe nosti,
 homo est venustus et dicax et urbanus,
 idemque longe plurimos facit versus.
 puto esse ego illi milia aut decem aut plura
 perscripta, nec sit ut fit in palimpseston 5
 relata: chartae regiae, novi libri,
 novi umbilici, lora rubra, membrana
 derecta plumbo, et pumice omnia aequata.
 haec cum legas tu, bellus ille et urbanus
 Suffenus unus caprimulgus aut fossor 10
 rursus videtur: tantum abhorret ac mutat.
 hoc quid putemus esse? qui modo scurra
 aut siquid hac re tritius videbatur,
 idem infaceto est infacetior rure,
 simul poemata attigit, neque idem umquam 15
 aequae est beatus ac poema cum scribit:
 tam gaudet in se tamque se ipse miratur.
nimirum idem omnes fallimur, neque est quis-
 quam,

22

DEAR Varus, you know Suffenus well, a man who is amiable, chatty, and urbane; and this same man turns out an enormous quantity of verse. I believe he has written ten thousand or more, nor are they copied out on palimpsest, which is good enough for others, but on costly paper, each volume new, new bosses, red ribands, wrappers ruled with lead and all rubbed smooth by the pumice stone. But when you read these verses, that Suffenus, so charming and urbane, seems transformed into a goatherd or a ditcher, so great is the change and alteration. How does this come to pass? He who but now seemed a pleasant fellow or even something more accomplished, as soon as he takes to writing poetry becomes more clownish than a country clown, and is never so happy as when he is scribbling verse; for then he fancies himself and is all self-complaisance. After all, every man of us is deceived in the same way, nor is there any one in whom, in some trait or other, you cannot

quem non in aliqua re videre Suffenum
 possis. suus cuique attributus est error: 20
 sed non videmus, manticae quod in tergo est.

23

cui
 FUREI, quoi neque servus est neque arca
 nec cimex neque araneus neque ignis,
 verum est et pater et noverca, quorum
 dentes vel silicem comesse possunt.
 est pulchre tibi cum tuo parente 5
 et cum conjugē lignea parentis.
 nec mirum: bene nam valetis omnes,
 pulchre concoquitis, nihil timetis,
 non incendia, non graves ruinas,
 non furta impia, non dolos veneni, 10
 non casus alios periculorum.
 atqui corpora sicciora cornu
 aut siquid magis aridum est habetis
 sole et frigore et esuritione.
 quare non tibi sit bene ac beate? 15
 a te sudor abest, abest saliva,
 mucusque et mala pituita nasi.
 hanc ad munditiem adde mundiozem,
 quod culus tibi purior salillo est,
 nec toto decies cacas in anno, 20
 atque id durius est faba et lapillis;
 quod tu si manibus teras fricesque,

recognize a Suffenus. Every one has his weak point, but we do not see what lies in that part of our wallet which is behind our backs.

23

FURIUS, to you neither menial slave nor coffer belongs, not even a louse or spider, or a blazing hearth can your house boast; still you have a father and a stepdame whose teeth could chew a flint. You must indeed live a pleasant life with such a father and his wooden spouse. No wonder: you all enjoy the best of health, and good digestions, you have nothing to fear, not fire, nor crushing ruin, nor lawless theft, nor stealthy poison, nor any other irruption of danger. Moreover, you have bodies drier than horn, or anything else if such there be that is more dried by heat or cold or hunger. Wherefore should you not be hale and hearty?

non umquam digitum inquinare possis.
 haec tu commoda tam beata, Furi,
 noli spernere nec putare parvi, 25
 et sestertia quae soles precari
 centum desine: nam sat es beatus.

24

O QUI flosculus es Juventiorum,
 non horum modo, sed quot aut fuerunt
 aut posthac aliis erunt in annis,
 malletm divitias Midae dedisses
 isti, quoi neque servus est neque arca, 5
 quam sic te sineres ab illo amari.
 “quid? non est homo bellus?” inquires. est:
 sed bello huic neque servus est neque arca.
 hoc tu quam lubet abice elevaque:
 nec servum tamen ille habet neque arcam. 10

25

CINAEDE Thalle, mollior cuniculi capillo
 vel anseris medullula vel imula oricilla
 vel pene languido senis situque araneoso,
 idemque Thalle turbida rapacior procella,
 cum diva mulier aries ostendit oscitantes, 5
 remitte pallium mihi meum, quod involasti,
 sudariumque Saetabum catagraphosque Thynos,

Despise not, Furius, these your great advantages, nor hold them cheap, and leave off hankering, as you do, after the hundred sestertia: for you are already blest.

24

O you who are the very flower of the Juventian house, not only of the living, but of those who have lived before or who will come after; I would rather you bestowed the riches of Midas on that fellow, who has neither slave nor purse, than allow yourself to be the object of his affections. "What, is he not a winning fellow?" you say. He is, but this winning fellow has neither slave nor purse. Scorn and pooh-pooh what I say as much as you like; but this fellow has neither slave nor purse.

25

DEBAUCHED Thallus, softer than rabbit's fur, or cygnet's down, or lobe of ear, or pithless age, or dusty cob-web, yet greedier than the ravening tempest, when the Goddess brings forth her gaping monsters, send back to me my cloak that you stole, my Saetabian napkin, and my Thynian

inepte, quae palam soles habere tamquam avita.
 quae nunc tuis ab unguibus reglutina et remitte,
 ne laneum latusculum manusque mollicellas 10
 inusta turpiter tibi flagella conscribillent,
 et insolenter aestues velut minuta magno
 deprensa navis in mari vesaniente vento.

vestra 26

FURI, villula nostra non ad Austri
 flatus opposita est neque ad Favoni
 nec saevi Boreae aut Apheliotae,
 verum ad milia quindecim et ducentos.
 o ventum horribilem atque pestilentem! 5

27

MINISTER vetuli puer Falerni
 inger mi calices amariores,
 ut lex Postumiae jubet magistrae,
 ebriosa acina ebriosioris.
 at vos quo lubet hinc abite, lymphae 5
 vini pernicies, et ad severos
 migrate: hic mērus est Thyonianus.

28

PISONES comites, cohors inanis
 aptis sarcinulis et expeditis,

tablets, which, fool that you are, you carry about with you as openly as if they were heirlooms. Unglue your hands and restore my possessions, lest the searing lash scrawl unsightly marks on your downy breech and tender hands and, in a way you are not used to, you dance about like a little boat caught by a violent squall in a raging sea.

26

FURIUS, my house is not liable to the blasts of the South, nor West, nor savage North, nor East, but is liable for fifteen thousand and two hundred sesterces. O biting and plague-bearing wind!

√27

Boy, bearer of the long-stored Falernian, fill our cups with wine that is drier, according to the behests of Postumia the mistress of our feast, who is mellower than the mellow grape. As for you, insipid water, bane of good wine, hence! begone! take yourself off to the strait-laced. Here Thyone's son shall reign alone.

28

PISO's lieutenants, a band whose scanty luggage is easily packed, Veranius, best of friends, and

Verani optime tuque mi Fabulle,
 quid rerum geritis? satisne cum isto
 vappa frigoraque et famem tulistis? 5
 ecquidnam in tabulis patet lucelli
 expensum, ut mihi, qui meum secutus
 praetorem refero datum lucello?
 "o Memmi, bene me ac diu supinum
 tota ista trabe lentus irrumasti." 10
 sed, quantum video, pari fuistis
 casu: nam nihilo minore verpa
 farti estis. pete nobiles amicos.
 at vobis mala multa di deaque
 dent, opprobria Romuli Remique. 15

29

QUIS hoc potest videre, quis potest pati,
 nisi impudicus et vorax et aleo,
 Mamurram habere quod Comata Gallia
 habebat ante et ultima Britannia?
 cinaede Romule, haec videbis et feres? 5
 es impudicus et vorax et aleo. 5^a
 et ille nunc superbus et superfluens
 perambulabit omnium cubilia
 ut albulus columbus aut Adoneus?
 cinaede Romule, haec videbis et feres?
 es impudicus et vorax et aleo. 10
 eone nomine, imperator unice,

you, my dear Fabullus, how goes the world with you? have you suffered both cold and hunger enough with that rascal? What profit did your accounts show, after your expenses had been met? or was it as with me who when I followed my praetor had only to enter on my accounts the money I had spent? "O Memmius, how thoroughly you did your victim down!" As far as I can see, your case is much the same: for you had to do with no less a scoundrel. Seek powerful friends forsooth! But as for you, Piso and Memmius, disgrace to the name of Rome, may you endure the curse of every God and Goddess.

29

WHAT man is there not shameless, a glutton, and a gamester, who can see, who can bear, that Mamurra should seize the treasures of Gaul and far-off Britain? Mountebank descendant of Romulus, will you see this and suffer this? You are shameless, a glutton and a gamester. Shall that fellow, now overweening and gorged with riches, rove from licentious bed to licentious bed, as if he were one of the white doves of Venus, or even Adonis himself? Mountebank descendant of Romulus, will you see this and suffer this? You are shameless, a glutton and a gamester. Was it on this account, our only general, that you

fuisti in ultima occidentis insula,
 ut ista vestra diffututa mentula
 ducenties comesset aut trecenties?
 quid est alid sinistra liberalitas? 15
 parum expatratum an parum elluatum est?
 paterna prima lancinata sunt bona:
 secunda praeda Pontica: inde tertia
 Hibera, quam scit amnis aurifer Tagus.
 timentne Galliae hunc, timent Britanniae? 20
 quid hunc malum fovetis? aut quid hic potest,
 nisi uncta devorare patrimonia?
 eone nomine urbis, o potissimei
 socer generque, perdidistis omnia?

30

ALFENE immemoratque unanimis false sodalibus,
 jam te nil miseret, dure, tui dulcis amiculi?
 jam me prodere, jam non dubitas fallere, perfide?
 nec facta impia fallacum hominum caelicolis
 placent:
 quae tu negligis, ac me miserum deseris in
 malis. 5
 eheu quid faciant, dic, homines, cuive habeant
 fidem?
 certe tute jubebas animam tradere, inique, me
 inducens in amorem, quasi tuta omnia mi forent.
 idem nunc retrahis te ac tua dicta omnia factaque

won your way to the furthestmost western isle? that this worn-out lecher should riot in his millions? For what purpose else was your baneful liberality? Had he squandered so little, had he engorged so little? First he dissipated his patrimony; secondly the booty from the Pontus, then thirdly Spain, for the golden stream of the Tagus knows this full well. Does not the Gaul fear him? does not the Briton? Why do you cherish this monster? What else is he good for but to enmaw the wealth of rich inheritance? Was it on his account, O mighty son and father-in-law, that you have scattered all the treasures of our city?

30

ALFENUS, false and forgetful of unbroken friendship, has your harshness no pity for your gentle comrade? Perfidious wretch, do you not hesitate to betray me? to cheat me? Heaven smiles not on the evil deeds of knaves; but this you do not mind, and abandon me, your luckless friend, to my fate. Alas, what can man do? in whom can he trust? For it was you, traitor, who bade me yield up my soul, and lured me on to love, as if there were no danger lurking. Now you palter and all your worthless words and deeds you let

ventos irrita ferre ac nebulas aerias sinis. 10
 si tu oblitus es, at di meminerunt, meminit Fides,
 quae te ut paeniteat postmodo facti faciet tui.

31

PAENINSULARUM, Sirmio, insularumque
 ocelle, quascumque in liquentibus stagnis
 marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus,
 quam te libenter quamque laetus invisio,
 vix mi ipse credens Thyniam atque Bithynos 5
 liquisse campos et videre te in tuto.
 o quid solutis est beatius curis,
 cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
 labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum
 desideratoque acquiescimus lecto. 10
 hoc est, quod unum est pro laboribus tantis.
 salve, o venusta Sirmio, atque ero gaude:
 gaudete vosque, o liquidae lacus undae:
 ridete, quidquid est domi cachinnorum.

32

AMABO, mea dulcis Ipsithilla,
 meae deliciae, mei lepores,
 jube ad te veniam meridiatum.
 et si jusseris illud adjuvato,
 ne quis liminis obseret tabellam, 5

the winds and clouds of heaven bear away, as ~~airy nothings~~. You may forget; but the Gods remember, Faith remembers, and she, one day, will make you rue your deed.

✓ 31

SIRMIO, gem of all peninsulas and islands, whether Neptune sweeps round them with his wide expanse of sea or with a lake's still waters, with what pleasure, with what joy do I gaze upon you, scarcely believing it can be true that I have left Thynia and the Bithynian pastures and, the dangers of my journeys past, I behold your lands. O what is sweeter than when loosed from care, when the mind throws down its burden, way-worn we reach our own hearth and at last find repose in the bed we have so often longed for. This is reward enough for all our toils. Hail, beauteous Sirmio, greet thy lord: rejoice, limpid waters of our lake; let all my house join in the peal of welcome.

neu tibi lubeat foras abire,
 sed domi maneas paresque nobis
 novem continuas fututiones.
 verum, siquid ages, statim iubeto:
 nam pransus jaceo et satur supinus 10
 pertundo tunicamque palliumque.

33

O FURUM optime balneariorum
 Vibenni pater, et cinaede fili,
 nam dextra pater inquinatiore,
 culo filius est voraciore,
 cur non exilium malasque in oras 5
 itis, quandoquidem patris rapinae
 notae sunt populo, et natis pilosas,
 fili, non potes asse venditare.

34

DIANAË sumus in fide
 puellae et pueri integri:
 Dianam pueri integri 2^a
 puellaeque canamus.
 o Latonia, maximi 5
 magna progenies Jovis,
 quam mater prope Deliam
 deposivit olivam,

34

YOUTHS and maidens both of spotless fame,
Diana is our protectress: spotless youths and
maidens, let us sing of Diana. O mighty child
of mightiest Jove, Latonia, whom your mother
bore by the Delian olive, that you might be the

montium domina ut fores
 silvarumque virentium 10
 saltuumque reconditorum
 anniumque sonantum.
 tu Lucina dolentibus
 Juno dicta puerperis,
 tu potens Trivia et notho's 15
 dicta lumine Luna.
 tu cursu, dea, menstruo
 metiens iter annuum
 rustica agricolae bonis
 tecta frugibus explēs. 20
 sis quocumque tibi placet
 sancta nomine, Romulique,
 antique ut solita's, bona
 sospites ope gentem.

35

POETAE tenero, meo sodali
 velim Caecilio, papyre, dicas,
 Veronam veniat, Novi relinquens
 Comi moenia Lariumque litus:
 nam quasdam volo cogitationes 5
 amici accipiat sui meique.
 quare, si sapiet, viam vorabit,
 quamvis candida milies puella
 euntem revocet manusque collo

mistress of the mountains, the verdant forests, the sequestered glades and the resounding streams. As Juno Lucina your aid is implored in the pangs of childbirth: you are hailed as mighty Trivia and Luna with her borrowed light. Goddess, by your monthly journey you measure the course of the year and fill the peasant's humble barn with kindly fruits. Under whatsoever name most pleases your ear, be hallowed still, and guard, as long has been your wont, the fortunes of the children of Romulus.

35

PAPER, bear a message to that gentle poet, my friend Caecilius, tell him to come to Verona, leaving the walls of New Comum and the Larian shore: for I wish him to give ear to certain musings of a friend of his and mine. Wherefore, if he is wise, he will devour the way, although a charming maiden full many a time calls the fugitive back, and encircling his neck with her

ambas iniciens, roget morari, 10
 quae nunc, si mihi vera nuntiantur,
 illum deperit impotente amore:
 nam quo tempore legit incohatam
 Dindymi dominam, ex eo misellae
 ignes interiorem edunt medullam. 15
 ignosco tibi, Sapphica puella
 musa doctior: est enim venuste
 Magna Caecilio incohata Mater.

36

ANNALES Volusi, cacata charta,
 votum solvite pro mea puella:
 nam sanctae Veneri Cupidinique
 vovit, si sibi restitutus essem
 desissemque truces vibrare iambos, 5
 electissima pessimi poetae
 scripta tardipedi deo daturam,
 infelicibus ustulanda lignis.
 et haec pessima se puella vidit
 jocosè lepide vovere divis. 10
 nunc, o caeruleo creata ponto,
 quae sanctum Idalium Uriosque portus
 quaeque Ancona Cnidumque harundinosam
 colis quaeque Amathunta quaeque Golgos
 quaeque Durrachium Hadriae tabernam, 15
 acceptum face redditumque votum,

arms, begs him to delay: for she, if what I hear is true, is breaking her heart for him. Poor wretch, from the time she read his unfinished poem in honour of the Mistress of Dindymus, a searching fire ran through her veins. I can excuse you, maiden more learned than the Sapphic muse, for consummate indeed is this poem on the Great Mother that Caecilius has begun.

✓36

CHRONICLES of Volusius, fit only for toilet paper, fulfil a vow made by my love: for she promised celestial Venus and her son that, were I restored to her and ceased to hurl my fierce iambics, she would deliver up to the lame-footed God the choicest efforts of the vilest of poets; to be burnt with ill-omened wood. These rhapsodies of Volusius the girl decided, in a merry mood, were the best to be devoted to the Gods. Now, O daughter of the azure sea, who frequentest Idalium, and the harbours of Urium, Ancona, and reedy Cnidus, Amathus and Golgos, and Durrachium the caravansary of the Adriatic, accept and recognize this fulfilment of her vow, if

si non inlepidum neque invenustum est.
 at vos interea venite in ignem,
 pleni ruris et inficetiarum
 annales Volusi, cacata charta.

20

37

SALAX taberna vosque contubernales,
 a pileatis nona fratribus pila,
 solis putatis esse mentulas vobis,
 solis licere, quidquid est puellarum,
 confutuere et putare ceteros hircos? 5
 an, continenter quod sedetis insulsi
 centum an ducenti, non putatis ausurum
 me una ducentos irrumare sessores?
 atqui putate: namque totius vobis
 frontem tabernae scorpionibus scribam. 10
 puella nam mi, quae meo sinu fugit,
 amata tantum quantum amabitur nulla,
 pro qua mihi sunt magna bella pugnata
 consedit istic. hanc boni beatique
 omnes amatis, et quidem, quod indignum est 15
 omnes pusilli et semitarii moechi:
 tu praeter omnes une de capillatis,
 cuniculosae Celtiberiae fili
 Egnati, opaca quem bonum facit barba
 et dens Hibera defricatus urina. 20

it is neither unpleasing nor unfit. As for you,
off with you to the flames, packed with dullness
and without a spark of wit, chronicles of Volusius,
fit only for toilet paper.

38

MALE est, Cornifici, tuo Catullo
 male est, me hercule, et est laboriose,
 et magis magis in dies et horas.
 quem tu, quod minimum facillimumque est,
 qua solatus es allocutione? 5
 irascor tibi. sic meos amores?
 paulum quid lubet allocutionis,
 maestius lacrimis Simonideis.

39

EGNATIUS, quod candidos habet dentes,
 renidet usque quaque. sei ad rei ventum est
 subsellium, cum orator excitat fletum,
 renidet ille. sei ad pii rogam filii
 lugetur, orba cum flet unicum mater, 5
 renidet ille. quidquid est, ubicumque est,
 quodcumque agit, renidet. hunc habet morbum,
 neque elegantem, ut arbitror, neque urbanum.
 quare monendum te est mihi, bone Egnati,
 si urbanus esses aut Sabinus aut Tiburs 10
 aut fartus Umber aut obesus Etruscus
 aut Lanuvinus ater atque dentatus
 aut Transpadanus, ut meos quoque attingam,
 aut quilubet, qui puriter lavit dentes,
 tamen renidere usque quaque te nollem: 15

✓38

CORNIFICIUS, things go ill with your Catullus, ill by heaven, and sadly. Each day, each hour brings greater woe. What word of comfort have you offered him? surely no task so easy? I feel grieved at you. Is it thus you treat my affection? Send but a line, sadder than the plaintive note of Simonides.

✓39

BECAUSE he happens to have white teeth, Egnatius is always on the grin. If he is standing by the prisoner's bench, while the orator is drawing tears, he grins. If they are mourning by the pyre of a dutiful son, while the bereaved mother weeps out her heart for her only child, he grins. Whatever time, whatever place, whatever he is doing, he grins. With him it is a mania, which, I consider, is neither pleasing nor polite. Therefore take it from me, good Egnatius, whether you are Roman, or Sabine, or from Tibur, or a well-fed Umbrian, or a fat Etruscan, or a swarthy Lanuvian with a mouthful of teeth, or, not to pass by my native race, whether you came across the Po, or indeed from any part of the world where they wash their teeth in pure water, even then I would have you drop your endless grin: for

nam risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.
 nunc Celtiber es: Celtiberia in terra,
 quod quisque minxit, hoc sibi solet mane
 dentem atque russam defricare gingivam,
 ut quo iste vester expolitior dens est, 20
 hoc te amplius bibisse praedicet loti.

40

QUAENAM te mala mens, miselle Ravide,
 agit praecipitem in meos iambos?
 quis deus tibi non bene advocatus
 vecordem parat excitare rixam?
 an ut pervenias in ora vulgi? 5
 quid vis? qua lubet esse notus optas?
 eris, quandoquidem meos amores
 cum longa voluisti amare poena.

41

AMEANA puella defututa
 tota milia me decem poposcit,
 ista turpiculo puella naso,
 decoctoris amica Formiani.
 propinqui, quibus est puella curae, 5
 amicos medicosque convocate:
 non est sana puella. nec rogare,
 qualis sit, solet aes imaginisum.

nothing is more inane than inane laughter. But you are a Celtiberian, and in that country it is their habit of a morning to brush their teeth and ruddy gums with the water they voided overnight; therefore the more your teeth glisten the more it shows you to have swilled this filthy brine.

✓ 40

WHAT madness, wretched Ravidus, has driven you headlong on to my iambs? What God, ill-advisedly invoked by you, has tempted you to raise up this mad strife? Do you wish to make a noise in the world? What is your aim? Do you seek notoriety at any price? You shall have it, since, at the cost of endless infamy, you have dared to love my love.

41

THAT worn-out strumpet Ameana calmly asks me for ten thousand sesterces, a girl with a vile-shaped nose and friend to the Formian waster. Kinsmen, to whom the care of the girl belongs, call together her friends and the physicians: the girl is mad. She has never been in the habit of consulting her looking-glass.

42

ADESTE, hendecasyllabi, quot estis
 omnes undique, quotquot estis omnes.
 jocum me putat esse moecha turpis
 et negat mihi nostra reddituram
 pugillaria, si pati potestis. 5
 persequamur eam, et reflagitemus.
 quae sit, quaeritis. illa, quam videtis
 turpe incedere, mimice ac moleste
 ridentem catuli ore Gallicani.
 circum sistite eam, et reflagitate, 10
 “moecha putida, redde codicillos,
 redde, putida moecha, codicillos.”
 non assis facis? o lutum, lupanar,
 aut si perditius potest quid esse.
 sed non est tamen hoc satis putandum. 15
 quod si non aliud potest, ruborem
 ferreo canis exprimamus ore.
 conclamate iterum altiore voce,
 “moecha putida, redde codicillos,
 redde, putida moecha, codicillos.” 20
 sed nil proficimus, nihil movetur.
 mutanda est ratio modusque vobis,
 siquid proficere amplius potestis,
 “pudica et proba, redde codicillos.”

42

COME hither, my hendecasyllables, all of you from every quarter, as many of you as there are. An ill-favoured harlot has taken it into her head to play the fool with me, and refuses to give me back my tablets, if you can stand this. Let us seek her out and demand them back. Who is this woman, you ask? That slut you see walking with affected gait, smirking like some disgusting mime and with a face like a Gallic beagle. Attack her on every side and cry, "Filthy jade, restore the tablets, restore, filthy jade, the tablets." You don't care a farthing? O scum of the brothel, or worse, if worse there be. But these taunts are found to be too weak. Since other means have failed, let us force a blush to the bitch's brazen cheek. Bawl out again in louder tones, "Filthy jade, restore the tablets, restore, filthy jade, the tablets." It is no good, she does not heed us. We must change our ways and means; see if you can do better thus, "Maiden chaste and virtuous, restore the tablets."

43

SALVE, nec minimo puella naso
 nec bello pede nec nigris ocellis
 nec longis digitis nec ore sicco
 nec sane nimis elegante lingua,
 decoctoris amica Formiani. 5
 ten provincia narrat esse bellam?
 tecum Lesbia nostra comparatur?
 o saeculum insapiens et infacetum!

44

O FUNDE noster seu Sabine seu Tiburs,
 (nam te esse Tiburtem autumant, quibus non est
 cordi Catullum laedere: at quibus cordi est,
 quovis Sabinum pignore esse contendunt)
 sed seu Sabine sive verius Tiburs, 5
 fui libenter in tua suburbana
 villa malamque pectore expuli tussim,
 non immerenti quam mihi meus venter,
 dum sumptuosas adpeto, dedit, cenas.
 nam Sestianus dum volo esse conviva, 10
 orationem in Antium petitozem
 plenam veneni et pestilentiae legi.
 hic me gravedo frigida et frequens tussis
 quassavit usque dum in tuum sinum fugi
 et me recuravi otioque et urtica. 15

✓43

HAIL, maid with nose by no means small, foot by no means shapely, eyes by no means of jet, fingers by no means long, mouth by no means dry, speech by no means too refined, friend of the Formian waster. Do the provincials call you beautiful? Do they compare you with my Lesbia? Oh foolish and tasteless age!

44

O MY farm, be you Sabine or Tiburtine (for those who do not wish to offend Catullus assert that you are Tiburtine; but those who will, lay any odds that you are Sabine), but whether Sabine or Tiburtine, gladly did I find myself in your suburban homestead, where I threw off my chest a shocking cold, just punishment for the greed that made me hanker after luxurious feasts. For as I wished to be a guest at the board of Sestius, I read his oration against Antius the prosecutor, full of cankered spite and venom. From this cause, a chilling rheum and an incessant cough shook my frame, until I fled to your bosom and cured myself with rest and nettle-broth. Restored

quare reffectus maximas tibi grates
 ago, meum quod non es ulta peccatum.
 nec deprecor jam, si nefaria scripta
 Sesti recepso, quin gravedinem et tussim
 non mi, sed ipsi Sestio ferat frigus, 20
 qui tum vocat me, cum malum librum legi.

45

ACMEN Septimius suos amores
 tenens in gremio "mea" inquit "Acme,
 ni te perdit amo atque amare porro
 omnes sum adsidue paratus annos
 quantum qui pote plurimum perire, 5
 solus in Libya Indiave tosta
 caesio veniam obuius leoni."
 hoc ut dixit, Amor, sinistra ut ante,
 dextra sternuit approbationem.
 at Acme leviter caput reflectens 10
 et dulcis pueri ebrios ocellos
 illo purpureo ore saviata
 "sic" inquit "mea vita Septimille,
 huic uni domino usque serviamus,
 ut multo mihi major acriorque 15
 ignis mollibus ardet in medullis."
 hoc ut dixit, Amor, sinistra ut ante,
 dextra sternuit approbationem.
 nunc ab auspicio bono profecti

to health, I render you all thanks, since you have not chastised my fault. Nor will I complain if, again having taken in hand some of Sestius's infernal compositions, a cough and rheum ensue; but let it not fall on me, let Sestius himself bear the chill, who only invites me when I have read some execrable book of his.

45

SEPTIMIUS, pressing Acme, his darling, to his breast, cries: "My Acme, if I do not love you to desperation, if I am not content to love you unto death, with love as deep as is possible to the fondest lover, then defenceless in Libya or in scorching India may I meet the green-eyed lion." As he spoke thus, Love, on the right hand, sneezed his commendation, as he before had done on the left. Then Acme, gently bending back her head, pressed her ruby lips on the tender youth's rapture-stricken eyes and murmured, "Septimillus, my life, let us serve only this one master, for even swifter and fiercer than in yours does his fire course through my veins." As she spoke thus, Love on the right hand sneezed his approbation, as he before had done on the left. Now do they set out with happiest omens, and

mutuis animis amant amantur. 20
 unam Septimius misellus Acmen
 mavult quam Syrias Britanniasque:
 uno in Septimio fidelis Acme
 facit delicias libidinesque.
 quis ullos homines beatiore 25
 vidit, quis Venerem auspiciorem?

46

JAM ver egelidos refert tepores,
 jam caeli furor aequinoctialis
 jucundis Zephyri silescit aureis.
 linquantur Phrygii, Catulle, campi
 Nicaeaeque ager uber aestuosae: 5
 ad claras Asiae volemus urbes.
 jam mens praetrepidans avet vagari,
 jam laeti studio pedes vigescunt.
 o dulces comitum valete coetus,
 longe quos simul a domo profectos 10
 diversae variae viae reportant.

47

PORCI et Socraton, duae sinistrae
 Pisonis, scabies famesque mundi,
 vos Veraniolo meo et Fabullo
 verpus praeposuit Priapus ille?

twin in soul; each loves and is beloved. The fond Septimius prefers his Acme to all the treasures of Syria and Britain: and faithful Acme in Septimius alone finds delight and dalliance. Who has ever seen mortals more happy, who love more roseate?

✓ 46

SPRING is even now bringing its thawing warmth, now the hoarse blasts of the equinoctial heavens are hushed by Zephyr's gentle breezes. O Catullus, let us leave the Phrygian plains, and the fertile fields of sultry Nicaea: let us fly to the famous cities of Asia. Now, fluttering in anticipation, our desires turn towards travel, now the feet grow strong in joyful eagerness. Farewell, dear band of comrades, who set out together from our distant home and now return 'mid diverse scenes and by divided ways.

47

PORCUS and Socraton, two of Piso's jackals, scabs and starvelings of the world, does that circumcised Priapus prefer you to my Veraniolus and my Fabullus? Do you give rich feasts at

vos convivia lauta sumptuose 5
 de die facitis? mei sodales
 quaerunt in trivio vocationes?

48

MELLITOS oculos tuos, Juventi,
 siquis me sinat usque basiare,
 usque ad milia basiem trecenta,
 nec mi umquam videar satur futurus,
 non si densior aridis aristas 5
 sit nostrae seges osculationis.

49

DISERTISSIME Romuli nepotum,
 quot sunt quotque fuere, Marce Tulli,
 quotque post aliis erunt in annis,
 gratias tibi maximas Catullus
 agit pessimus omnium poeta, 5
 tanto pessimus omnium poeta
 quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.

50

HESTERNO, Licini, die otiosi
 multum lusimus in meis tabellis,
 ut convenerat esse delicatos.

noon, while my friends must scour the streets for invitations?

48

JUVENTIUS, were it permitted me to kiss your dear eyes, three hundred thousand kisses would I shower upon them and even then would not be satisfied; no, not even were my harvest of kisses denser than the fields of sun-burnt corn.

√ 49

MARCUS Tullius, most eloquent of the descendants of Romulus, living, dead, or yet to live; Catullus, the sorriest of poets, offers you his most heartfelt thanks; he who is as much the sorriest of poets as you are the greatest of advocates.

√ 50

LICINIUS, yesterday we made holiday and much amused ourselves over my tablets, as became us followers of poesy. Each one scribbling verses

scribens versiculos uterque nostrum
 ludebat numero modo hoc modo illoc, 5
 reddens mutua per jocum atque vinum.
 atque illinc abii tuo lepore
 incensus, Licini, facetiisque,
 ut nec me miserum cibus juvaret,
 nec somnus tegetet quiete ocellos, 10
 sed toto indomitus furore lecto
 versarer cupiens videre lucem,
 ut tecum loquerer, simulque ut essem.
 at defessa labore membra postquam
 semimortua lectulo jacebant, 15
 hoc, jucunde, tibi poema feci,
 ex quo perspiceres meum dolorem.
 nunc audax cave sis, precesque nostras,
 oramus, cave despuas, ocelle,
 ne poenas Nemesis reposcat a te. 20
 est vemens dea: laedere hanc caveto.

51

ILLE mi par esse deo videtur,
 ille, si fas est, superare divos,
 qui sedens adversus identidem te
 spectat et audit
 dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis 5
 eripit sensus mihi: nam simul te,

gambolled first in one metre then in another; turn by turn paying tribute over our mirth and wine. I came away, Licinius, so infected by your wit and gaiety, that I found no relish in my food and sleep would not close my eyes in peace, but in a fever of restlessness, I tossed and turned on my bed, longing for the dawn, that I once more might be chatting with you and enjoying your company. When my tired limbs, half dead from excitement, lay upon my bed, I wrote these lines to you, my friend, that you might realize my melancholy. Light of my life, restrain your arrogance and despise my prayers at your peril, lest Nemesis exact her penalty from you. She is a redoubtable Goddess; think twice before you offend her.

51

To me, in happiness he seems to match the Gods, nay, if it be not profane, to surpass them; who, seated at your feet, feasts his eyes upon you and listens to your rippling laughter. These things rob me, in my infatuation, of all my senses: for

Lesbia, aspexi, nihil est super mi
vocis in ore,
 lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus
 flamma demanat, sonitu suopte 10
 tintinant aures geminae, teguntur
 lumina nocte.

51b

OTIUM, Catulle, tibi molestum est:
 otio exultas nimiumque gestis.
 otium et reges prius et beatas 15
 perdidit urbes.

52

QUID est, Catulle? quid moraris emori?
 sella in curuli struma Nonius sedet,
 per consulatum pejerat Vatinius:
 quid est, Catulle? quid moraris emori?

53

RISI nescioquem modo e corona,
 qui cum mirifice Vatiniana
 meus crimina Calvus explicasset,
 admirans ait haec manusque tollens,
 "di magni, salaputium disertum!" 5

as soon as I gaze on you, Lesbia, my voice fails me, my tongue lies repugnant to command, a subtle flame courses through my limbs, my ears echo their own ringing, and my eyes are clothed in darkness.

51b

EASE, Catullus, is your bane; you indulge too much in ease, and it has too many attractions for you. Ease, ere now, has proved the ruin of kings and prosperous cities.

✓ 52

How is it, Catullus, how is it you delay to end all by death? That wren of a Nonius is seated in the curule chair; Vatinius perjures himself by his consulship. How is it, Catullus, how is it you delay to end all by death?

53

It made me laugh; my Calvus had set out, with consummate skill, his charges against Vatinius, when some one in the crowd, with arms raised in wonderment, exclaimed: "Great Gods, what an eloquent mannikin!"

54

OTHONIS caput oppido est pusillum

* * * *

et Heri rustica semilavata crura,
subtile et leve peditum Libonis.

* * * *

si non omnia displicere vellem
tibi et Fuficio seni recocto.

5

54b

IRASCERE iterum meis iambis
immerentibus, unice imperator.

55

ORAMUS, si forte non molestum est,
demostres, ubi sint tuae tenebrae.

te campo quaesivimus minore,
te in circo, te in omnibus libellis,
te in templo summi Jovis sacrato.

5

in Magni simul ambulatione
femellas omnes, amice, prendi,
quas vultu vidi tamen sereno.

a, vel te sic ipse flagitabam,

“Camerium mihi, pessimae puellae.”

10

quaedam inquit, nudum reducta pectus,

54b

PEERLESS general, once more shalt thou fume
at my truthful iambs.

55

IF I am not over inquisitive, pray tell me where
is your hiding-place. I have looked for you in
the smaller Field of Mars, in the Circus, in all
the bookshops, in the sacred temple of mighty
Jove. Likewise, my friend, in great Pompey's
portico, I accosted every damsel whom I saw
smiling serenely. I even asked for news of you.
"Wretched girl, where is my Camerius?" One
of them, baring her bosom, replied, "Behold,

“en heic in roseis latet papillis.”

sed te jam ferre Herculei labos est. 13

non custos si fingar ille Cretum, 23

non si Pegaseo ferar volatu,

non Ladas ego pinnipesve Perseus, 25

non Rhesi niveae citaeque bigae:

adde huc plumipedes volatilesque,

ventorumque simul require cursum:

quos junctos, Cameri, mihi dicares,

defessus tamen omnibus medullis 30

et multis langoribus peresus

essem te mihi, amice, quaeritando. 32

tanto ten fastu negas, amice? 14

dic nobis ubi sis futurus, ede

audacter, committe, crede lucei.

num te lacteolae tenent puellae?

si linguam clauso tenes in ore,

fructus projicies amoris omnes:

verbosa gaudet Venus loquella. 20

vel si vis, licet obseres palatum,

dum vestri sim particeps amoris.

56

O REM ridiculam, Cato, et jocosam

dignamque auribus et tuo cachinno.

ride, quidquid amas, Cato, Catullum:

res est ridicula et nimis jocososa.

between these rosy nipples he lies hid." To keep in patience with you is a labour of Hercules. Even were I like Crete's guardian, wrought in brass, could I be borne on the flying Pegasus, were I fleeting Ladas, or winged-footed Perseus, or the swift and snow-white team of Rhesus: take then the feather-footed denizens of the air, and with them ask for the racing winds: did you grant me all these conjoint, Camerius, even then, my friend, from seeking you my bones would ache with fatigue and I should be worn out with exhaustion. With such pride do you deny yourself, my friend? Come, tell us where you may be found; out with it boldly, trust to me, show yourself in the light of day. Do some milk-white maids detain you? If you keep a tongue shut fast in your mouth you throw away all the fruits of love: for Venus delights in the glib chatter of the indiscreet. Or let your tongue cleave to your palate, if you like, provided you make me a partaker of your joys.

deprendi modo pupulum puellae
 trusantem: hunc ego, si placet Dionae,
 protelo rigida mea cecidi. 5

57

PULCHRE convenit improbis cinaedis,
 Mamurrae pathicoque Caesarique.
 nec mirum: maculae pares utrisque,
 urbana altera et illa Formiana,
 impressae resident nec eluentur: 5
 morbosi pariter, gemelli utrique,
 uno in lectulo, erudituli ambo,
 non hic quam ille magis vorax adulter,
 rivales sociei puellularum.
 pulchre convenit improbis cinaedis. 10

58

CAELI, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,
 illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam
 plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
 nunc in quadriviis et angiportis
 glubit magnanimos Remi nepotes. 5

59

BONONIENSIS Rufa Rifulum fellat,
 uxor Meneni, saepe quam in sepulcretis

58

O CAELIUS! my Lesbia, that Lesbia whom
Catullus loved more than his life, more than all
his kindred, now, at the cross-roads and in the
alleys, befouls herself with the high-souled de-
scendants of Remus.

vidistis ipso rapere de rogo cenam,
 cum devolutum ex igne prosequens panem
 ab semiraso tunderetur ustore.

5

60

NUM te leaena montibus Libystinis
 aut Scylla latrans infima inguinum parte
 tam mente dura procreavit ac taetra,
 ut supplicis vocem in novissimo casu
 contemptam haberes a! nimis fero corde?

5

61

COLLIS o Heliconii
 cultor, Uraniae genus,
 qui rapis teneram ad virum
 virginem, o Hymenaeae Hymen,
 o Hymen Hymenaeae,

5

cinge tempora floribus
 suave olentis amaraci,
 flammeum cape, laetus huc
 huc veni niveo gerens
 luteum pede soccum,

10

excitusque hilari die
 nuptialia concinens

60

DID some lioness laired in Libya's mountains,
or did some Scylla barking at her loins, bring
you forth with heart so black and harsh, that
you can mock the suppliant voice of your friend
in his direst hour of need? Oh heart more than
savage!

61

O DWELLER on the Heliconian hill, child of
Urania, you who deliver over the tender maiden
to her husband, O Hymenaeus Hymen, O
Hymen Hymenaeus! Bind your temples with
blossoms of the sweet-smelling marjoram, take
the bridal veil and joyfully come hither, your
snow-white feet decked out in yellow shoes;
roused by this glad day, in silvery tones chanting

voce carmina tinnula
 pelle humum pedibus, manu
 pineam quate taedam.

15

namque Junia Manlio,
 qualis Idalium colens
 venit ad Phrygium Venus
 judicem, bona cum bona
 nubet alite virgo,

20

floridis velut enitens
 myrtus Asia ramulis,
 quos Hamadryades deae
 ludicrum sibi rosido
 nutriunt umore.

25

quare age huc aditum ferens
 perge linqere Thespieae
 rupis Aonios specus,
 nympa quos super irrigat
 frigerans Aganippe,

30

ac domum dominam voca
 conjugis cupidam novi,
 mentem amore revinciens,
 ut tenax hedera huc et huc
 arborem implicat errans.

35

her nuptial song, trip your measure on the ground and brandish your resinous torch. For as once the Idalian Venus came to the Phrygian arbiter, so does Junia come to wed Manlius and the fairest omens smile upon that fairest maid, for her beauty is as dazzling as the Asian myrtle decked with its flowering sprays, which the Hamadryades, for their sport, foster with the dew. Come, bend hither your steps, hasten to leave the Thespian rocks and the Aonian grottoes, over which Aganippe pours her cooling stream: call to her home the mistress who sighs for her bridegroom, twining her soul with love even as the clinging and vagrant ivy twines round and round the tree. And you, un-

vosque item simul, integrae
virgines, quibus advenit
par dies, agite in modum
dicite "o Hymenaeae Hymen,
o Hymen Hymenaeae."

40

ut lubentius, audiens
se citarier ad suum
munus, huc aditum ferat
dux bonae Veneris, boni
conjugator amoris.

45

quis deus magis est ama-
tis petendus amantibus?
quem colent homines magis
caelitum? o Hymenaeae Hymen,
o Hymen Hymenaeae.

50

te suis tremulus parens
invocat, tibi virgines
zonula soluunt sinus,
te timens cupida novus
captat aure maritus.

55

tu fero juveni in manus
floridam ipse puellulam
dedis a gremio suae
matris, o Hymenaeae Hymen,
o Hymen Hymenaeae.

60

blemished maidens, whose day is yet to come, carol your rhythmic song "O Hymenaeus Hymen, O Hymen Hymenaeus." Then thus hearing himself invoked to fulfil his ministry, more willingly will he come, the harbinger of sweet Venus who ties the bonds of lawful love. What God is sooner to be supplicated by those who fondly love and are beloved? Whom of the immortals shall mankind sooner worship? O Hymenaeus Hymen, O Hymen Hymenaeus. You does the timorous parent invoke for his children, for you do the maidens loose the folds of their robes from the girdle, with fearful yet with craving ear the bridegroom listens for your name. From her mother's bosom, you deliver a tender maiden into the power of a rapacious youth, O Hymenaeus Hymen, O Hymen Hymen-

nil potest sine te Venus,
 fama quod bona comprobet,
 commodi capere: at potest
 te volente. quis huic deo
 compararier ausit?

65

nulla quit sine te domus
 liberos dare, nec parens
 stirpe nitier, at potest
 te volente. quis huic deo
 compararier ausit?

70

quae tuis careat sacris,
 non queat dare praesides
 terra finibus: at queat
 te volente. quis huic deo
 compararier ausit?

75

claustra pandite januae,
 virgo adest. viden ut faces
 splendoras quatiunt comas?
 tardet ingenuus pudor:

* * * *
 * * * *
 * * * *
 * * * *

quem tamen magis audiens
 flet, quod ire necesse est.

80

aeus. Without you Love can take no delight that honour can avow; but with your consent she may. Who dares match himself with this God? Without you no home can rear a family, nor parent take comfort in his children; but with your consent he may. Who dares match himself with this God? No land that lacks your rites can bring forth guardians for its frontiers: but with your consent it may. Who dares match himself with this God? O gates, unloose your bolts, the maiden is at hand. See how the torches stream their glittering tresses through the air? But maiden's modesty checks her steps. . . . and hearing this she weeps the more, because she must advance. Dry

flere desine. non tibi, A-
runculeia, periculum est,
nequa femina pulchrior
clarum ab Oceano diem
viderit venientem.

85

talis in vario solet
divitis domini hortulo
stare flos hyacinthinus.
sed moraris, abit dies:
prodeas, nova nupta.

90

prodeas, nova nupta, si
jam videtur, et audias
nostra verba. vide ut faces
aureas quatiunt comas:
prodeas, nova nupta.

95

non tuus levis in mala
deditus vir adultera
probra turpia persequens
a tuis teneris volet
secubare papillis,

100

lenta quin velut adsitas
vitis implicat arbores,
implicabitur in tuum
complexum. sed abit dies:
prodeas, nova nupta.

105

your eyes. To you, Arunculeia, there is no danger, nor shall a fairer maiden see this happy day rising from the bosom of the Ocean. Fair are you as the hyacinth that blooms in the rich man's garden with its motley hues. But you linger, and lo! the day is on the wing: come forth, young bride. Come forth, young bride, if now you are willing, and listen to our song. See how the torches stream their golden tresses through the air. Come forth, young bride. Your husband, not sunk in foul adultery or following evil courses, will not wish to sleep distant from your tender bosom: but as the pliant vine entwines the neighbouring trees, so will he be entwined in your embrace. But lo! the day is on the wing: come forth, young bride. . . . What pleasures are

o cubile, quod omnibus

* * * *
* * * *
* * * *

candido pede lecti,

quae tuo veniunt ero,
quanta gaudia, quae vaga
nocte, quae medio die
gaudeat! sed abit dies:
prodeas, nova nupta.

110

tollite, o pueri, faces:
flammeum video venire.
ite, concinite in modum
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
io Hymen Hymenaeae.

115

ne diu taceat procax
Fescennina jocatio,
nec nuces pueris neget
desertum domini audiens
concupinus amorem.

120

da nuces pueris, iners
concupine: satis diu
lusisti nucibus: lubet
jam servire Talasio.
concupine, nuces da.

125

coming to your master. What joys, what fleeting nights, what happy days! But lo! the day is on the wing: come forth, young bride. Boys, brandish your torches; for I catch sight of the bridal veil. Come, raise your voices in unison. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, Io Hymen Hymenaeus.

.

sordebant tibi vilicae,
concubine, hodie atque heri: 130
nunc tuum cinerarius
tondet os. miser a miser
 concubine, nuces da.

diceris male te a tuis
unguentate glabris marite 135
abstinere: sed abstine.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
 io Hymen Hymenaeae.

scimus haec tibi quae licent
sola cognita: sed marito 140
ista non eadem licent.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
 io Hymen Hymenaeae.

nupta, tu quoque, quae tuus
vir petet, cave ne neges, 145
ni petitum aliunde eat.
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
 io Hymen Hymenaeae.

en tibi domus ut potens
et beata viri tui, 150
quae tibi sine serviat,
io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
 io Hymen Hymenaeae,

We know, Manlius, that your desires never overstepped the lawful, but what is lawful for the bachelor is not lawful for the husband. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, Io Hymen Hymenaeus. And you, bride, see that you do not deny the desires of your husband, lest he seek solace elsewhere. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, Io Hymen Hymenaeus. Behold how rich and delectable is the abode of your husband, suffer all within to do your bidding, Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, Io Hymen Hymenaeus, until white-haired age

usque dum tremulum movens
 cana tempus anilitas 155
 omnia omnibus adnuit.
 io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
 io Hymen Hymenaeae.

transfer omine cum bono
 limen aureolos pedes, 160
 rassilemque subi forem.
 io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
 io Hymen Hymenaeae.

* aspice, intus ut accubans
 vir tuus Tyrio in toro 165
 totus immineat tibi.
 io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
 io Hymen Hymenaeae.

illi non minus ac tibi
 pectore uritur intimo 170
 flamma, sed penite magis.
 io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
 io Hymen Hymenaeae.

mitte brachiolum teres,
 praetextate, puellulae: 175
 jam cubile adeat viri.
 io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
 io Hymen Hymenaeae.

shakes a palsied head and nods an assent to all things and to everybody. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, Io Hymen Hymenaeus. In happy omen, raise high your golden feet over the threshold and pass through the polished doorway. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, Io Hymen Hymenaeus. See how on a Tyrian couch your husband lies within and his whole soul goes out to you. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, Io Hymen Hymenaeus. His breast burns with no milder fires than yours, but fiercer rather. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, Io Hymen Hymenaeus. Page, loose the maiden's rounded arm; let her approach her husband's couch. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, Io Hymen-

vos bonae senibus viris
 cognitae bene feminae, 180
 collocate puellulam.

io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
 io Hymen Hymenaeae.

jam licet venias, marite:
 uxor in thalamo tibi est 185
 ore floridulo nitens,
 alba parthenice velut
 luteumve papaver.

at, marite, (ita me juvent
 caelites) nihilo minus 190
 pulcher es, neque te Venus
 neglegit. sed abit dies:
 perge, ne remorare.

non diu remoratus es,
 jam venis. bona te Venus 195
 juverit, quoniam palam
 quod cupis capis et bonum
 non abscondis amorem.

ille pulveris Africei
 siderumque micantium 200
 subducat numerum prius,
 qui vestri numerare volt
 multa milia ludei.

aeus. Chaste matrons long faithful to aged husbands, lay the maiden on the nuptial bed. Io Hymen Hymenaeus io, Io Hymen Hymenaeus. Now, husband, you may come: your bride is in the chamber, blooming in her flower of youth like the white camomile or the yellow poppy. But you, O husband, may the Gods so help me, are no less fair than she, nor to you has Venus been less prodigal of her favours. But lo! the day is on the wing, hasten and avoid delay. You have not long delayed and are now at hand. May fair Venus be propitious to you, for openly you seize on your desires and have no need to hide an honourable love. Who wishes to number your caresses may more quickly number the desert sands of Africa, or the glitter-

ludite ut lubet, et brevi
liberos date. non decet
tam vetus sine liberis
nomen esse, sed indidem
semper ingenerari. 205

Torquatus volo parvulus
matris e gremio suae
porrigens teneras manus
dulce rideat ad patrem
semihiante labello. 210

sit suo similis patri
Manlio et facile inscieis
noscitetur ab omnibus
et pudicitiam suae
matris indicet ore. 215

talis illius a bona
matre laus genus approbet,
qualis unica ab optima
matre Telemacho manet
fama Penélopeo. 220

claudite ostia, virgines:
lusimus satis. at, bonei
conjuges, bene vivite et
munere adsiduo valentem
exercete juventam. 225

ing stars. Let loose your passions without restraint and quickly bring forth children. It is not fit that such an ancient race should be without children; but should always be renewing itself. I would like to see a little Torquatus lying on his mother's lap, stretching out his little hands and smiling at his father with half-opened lips. May he be so like his father Manlius that he may be recognized by every stranger, and his face proclaim his mother's chastity. May the fame he will receive from such a mother approve his descent, even as the unmatched fame that came to Telemachus from his mother, Penelope. Shut the doors, O ye maidens: we have sung enough. And you, bridegroom and bride, good luck: and in your married duties ply well your lusty youth.

62

Juvenes

VESPER adest, juvenes, consurgite: Vesper
Olympo

expectata diu vix tandem lumina tollit.
surgere jam tempus, jam pingues linquere men-
sas,

jam veniet virgo, jam dicetur Hymenaeus.

Hymen o Hymenae, Hymen ades o Hy-
menae! 5

Virgines

Cernitis, innuptae, juvenes? consurgite contra:
nimirum Oetaeos ostendit noctifer ignes.

sic certe est; viden ut perniciousiter exilueret?
non temere exilueret, canent quod visere par est.

Hymen o Hymenae, Hymen ades o Hy-
menae! 10

Juvenes

Non facilis nobis, aequales, palma parata est,
adspicite, innuptae secum ut meditata requirunt.
non frustra meditantur, habent memorabile quod
sit.

nec mirum, penitus quae tota mente laborent.
nos alio mentes, alio divisimus aures: 15
jure igitur vincemur, amat victoria curam.
quare nunc animos saltem convertite vestros,

✓ 62

Youths

VESPER has appeared, youths, arise: Vesper, long looked for, gilds at length the ridges of Olympus. Now is it time to rise, now is it time to leave the savoury feast, now will the maiden come, now shall the Hymeneal refrain be sung. Hymen, O Hymenaeus, come Hymen, O Hymenaeus!

Maidens

O maidens, do you see the youths? Let us also arise: surely the Night-bringer is showing his fires over Oeta. It is so; do you see how nimbly they spring to their feet? They have not sprung up without purpose; their song is worth the listening. Hymen, O Hymenaeus, come Hymen, O Hymenaeus.

Youths

Comrades, victory will not come to us without contest; see, the maidens are conning o'er their long-meditated song. Their study will not be in vain, for their song is worth remembrance. And that no wonder, for one sole subject occupies their thoughts. As for us, our thoughts go one way, our ears another. Justly, therefore, shall we be conquered, for victory is on the side of the provident. Turn, therefore, all your thoughts

to the contest, soon will they begin their song,
soon must we reply. Hymen, O Hymenaeus,
Hymen come, O Hymenaeus!

Maidens

O Hesperus, what star more cruel shines within
the sky? You would snatch a maiden from her
mother's arms, from her mother's arms snatch a
clinging maiden and deliver up her chastity to
a lover's burning caress. Would the enemy act
more cruelly towards a captured city? Hymen,
O Hymenaeus, Hymen come, O Hymenaeus.

< *Youths*

O Hesperus, what star more kindly shines
within the sky? You shed the light of your
countenance on the marriage contract, upon
which the husband entered and upon which the
bride's father had entered before, but this con-
tract is never completed until your rays streak
the horizon. What moment happier than this
glorious hour is given by the Gods? Hymen, O
Hymenaeus, Hymen come, O Hymenaeus!

Maidens

Comrades, Hesperus has stolen from us one . . .

(*Hymen o Hymenaeae, Hymen ades o Hymenaeae!*)

Juvenes

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

namque tuo adventu vigilat custodia semper.
nocte latent fures, quos idem saepe revertens,
Hespere, mutato comprehendis nomine Eous. 35
at libet innuptis ficto te carpere questu.
quid tum si carpunt tacita quem mente requirunt?

Hymen o Hymenaeae, Hymen ades o Hymenaeae!

Virgines

Ut flos in saeptis secretus nascitur hortis,
ignotus pecori, nullo convulsus aratro, 40
quem mulcent aerae, firmat sol, educat imber

* * * * * *

multi illum pueri, multae optavere puellae:
idem cum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
nulli illum pueri, nullae optavere puellae:
sic virgo, dum intacta manet, dum cara suis est: 45
cum castum amisit polluto corpore florem,
nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puellis.

Hymen o Hymenaeae, Hymen ades o Hymenaeae!

POEMS OF CATULLUS 101

(Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen come, O Hymenaeus!)

Youths

For at your coming, guardians redouble their vigilance. By night thieves skulk about whom you, Hesperus, often overtake, when you return as Eous, the same star under another name. But let the maidens rail at you with feigned complaint, in their secret hearts do not they long for what they decry? Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen come, O Hymenaeus!

Maidens

As the blossom is born unseen in an inclosed garden, untrampled by the herd, unsevered by the plough, is caressed by the breezes, nurtured by the sun, expanded by the showers, much is it coveted by the youths, much by the maidens. Once plucked by a careless hand and its blossom shed, it is disdained by the youths, disdained by the maidens. Thus with a maiden, so long as she remains undefiled she is dear to her kindred: let her lose the chaste flower of her virginity, her body dishonoured, no longer is she pleasing to the youths or loved by the maidens. Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen come, O Hymenaeus!

Juvenes

Ut vidua in nudo vitis quae nascitur arvo
 nunquam se extollit, nunquam mitem educat
 uvam, 50

sed tenerum pronò deflectens pondere corpus
 jam jam contingit summum radice flagellum;
 hanc nulli agricolae, nulli coluere juvenci:
 at si forte eadem est ulmo conjuncta marito,
 multi illam agricolae, multi coluere juvenci: 55
 sic virgo dum intacta manet, dum inculta sene-
 scit;

cum par conubium maturo tempore adepta est,
 caro viro magis et minus est invisã parenti.

at tu ne pugna cum tali conjuge virgo.

non aequum est pugnare, pater cui tradidit ipse, 60
 ipse pater cum matre, quibus parere necesse est.
 virginitas non tota tua est, ex parte parentum est,
 tertia pars patri est, pars est data tertia matri,
 tertia sola tua est: noli pugnare duobus,
 qui genero sua jura simul cum dote dederunt. 65

Hymen o Hymenae, Hymen ades o Hy-
 menae!

Youths

As the mateless vine growing in an unplanted field cannot raise her head and never brings forth the mellow grape; but her tender stem bends under its own weight and her topmost tendril entwines her roots: she lies untended by the yeoman with his bullock: should she be wedded to her husband elm, then unceasingly is she tended by the yeoman with his bullock: thus the maiden, while she remains a stranger to love, uncared for she grows old. Should she, in the fullness of time, contract a happy marriage, then is she dear to her husband, and less of a care to her parents. As for you, maiden, do not resist the desires of such a husband. It is wrong to resist one whom you received at the hands of your father, of a father and a mother whom you should obey. Your virginity is not yours alone, for over it your parents have some rights. A third part belongs to your father, a third to your mother; only a third of this treasure is yours: cease to resist these other two, who have handed over their rights, together with a dowry, to their son-in-law. Hymen, O Hymenaeus, Hymen come, O Hymenaeus!

63

SUPER alta vectus Attis celeri rate maria
 Phrygium ut nemus citato cupide pede tetigit
 adiitque opaca silvis redimita loca deae,
 stimulatus ibi furenti rabie, vagus animi,
 devoluit ilei acuto sibi pondera silice. 5
 itaque ut relicta sensit sibi membra sine viro,
 etiam recente terrae sola sanguine maculans
 niveis citata cepit manibus leve typanum,
 typanum, tubam Cybelles, tua, mater, initia
 quatiensque terga taurei teneris cava digitis 10
 canere haec suis adorta est tremebunda comitibus.
 "agite ite ad alta, Gallae, Cybeles nemora simul,
 simul ite, Dindymenae dominae vaga pecora,
 aliena quae petentes velut exules loca
 sectam meam executae duce me mihi comites 15
 rabidum salum tulistis truculentaque pelagi
 et corpus evirastis Veneris nimio odio,
 hilarate erae citatis erroribus animum.
 mora tarda mente cedat: simul ite, sequimini
 Phrygiam ad domum Cybelles, Phrygia ad ne-
 mora deae, 20
 ubi cymbalum sonat vox, ubi tympana reboant,

63

ATTIS, borne over the deep sea in his swift bark, with impatient feet reached the Phrygian glades and sought the dense, forest-girt demesne of the Goddess: there o'er-swayed by raging madness and bereft of reason, he tore away, with a sharp flint, the burden of his genitals. As soon as he felt his manhood had ebbed from his limbs, even while still the fresh-flowing blood was mottling the ground at his feet, a woman now, in her snowy hands she took the light timbrel—the timbrel and the trumpet, instruments of your rites, Mother Cybele!—and thrumming on the hollow hide with her slender fingers, she addressed her companions in this trembling song. “Come hither, O ye Gallae, to Cybele’s deep glades: come gather together, wandering bands of our mistress Dindymene, who, as exiles seeking a home in a strange land, following my rule, led on by me, my companions have braved the impetuous sea and the boisterous ocean, and from exceeding hatred of love have unmanned your bodies; let your swift footsteps gladden the heart of our Mistress. Lose no time: come altogether, follow me to Cybele’s Phrygian abode, to the Phrygian glades of the Goddess, where the voice of the cymbal rings out, where

tibicen ubi canit Phryx curvo grave calamo,
ubi capita Maenades vi jaciunt hederigerae,
ubi sacra sancta acutis ululatibus agitant,
ubi suevit illa divae volitare vaga cohors: 25
quo nos decet citatis celerare tripudiis."

simul haec comitibus Attis cecinit notha mulier,
thiasus repente linguis trepidantibus ululat,
leve tympanum remugit, cava cymbala recrepant,
viridem citus adit Idam properante pede chorus.
furibunda simul anhelans vaga vadit, animam
agens, 31

comitata tympano Attis per opaca nemora dux,
veluti juvenca vitans onus indomita jugi:
rapidae ducem sequuntur Gallae properipedem.
itaque ut domum Cybelles tetigere lassulae, 35
nimio e labore somnum capiunt sine Cerere.
piger his labante langore oculos sopor operit:
abit in quiete molli rapidus furor animi.
sed ubi oris aurei Sol radiantibus oculis
lustravit aethera album, sola dura, mare ferum, 40
pepulitque noctis umbras vegetis sonipedibus,
ibi Somnus excitam Attin fugiens citus abiit:
trepidante eum recepit dea Pasithea sinu.

the timbrel re-echoes, where the Phrygian minstrel sounds a deep note on his curved flute, where the ivy-crowned Maenads madly toss their heads, where with shrill incantations they celebrate their holy rites, where the wild retinue of the Goddess is wont to rove, there in our swift-stepping measure must we hasten." Thus sang Attis, the pseudo-woman, to her companions, and straight the whole troop yelled with quivering tongues, the light timbrel resounded, the hollow cymbals clashed and with breathless speed the band rushed to the green slopes of Ida. Wild, panting, with undirected steps, gasping for breath, Attis with her timbrel leads the way through the dense thickets, like an untamed heifer who shuns the threatening burden of the yoke, and the Gallae rush after their swift-footed leader. When out-wearied they reached Cybele's abode, sleep overtook them faint with toil and hunger. Dull slumber steeped their eyes in its relaxing languor and their mad frenzy gives way to a gentle calm. But when the sun with the radiant beams of his golden countenance blazoned the white lights of dawn, the hard earth and the wild sea, and with his prancing steeds drove before him the shadows of the night, then sleep flew quickly from the awakening Attis to the Goddess Pasithea, who took him

ita de quiete molli rapida sine rabie
 simul ipsa pectore Attis sua facta recoluit, 45
 liquidaque mente vidit sine queis ubique foret,
 animo aestuante rusum reditum ad vada tetulit.
 ibi maria vasta visens lacrimantibus oculis,
 patriam allocuta maesta est ita voce miseriter.

“patria o mei creatrix, patria o mea genetrix, 50
 ego quam miser relinquens, dominos ut erifugae
 famuli solent, ad Idae tetuli nemora pedem,
 ut apud nivem et ferarum gelida stabula forem
 et earum omnia adirem furibunda latibula.
 ubinam aut quibus locis te positam, patria,
 reor? 55

cupit ipsa pupula ad te sibi dirigere aciem,
 rabie fera carens dum breve tempus animus est.
 egone a mea remota haec ferar in nemora domo?
 patria, bonis, amicis, genitoribus abero?
 abero foro, palaestra, stadio et gymnasiis? 60
 miser a miser, querendum est etiam atque etiam,
 anime.

quod enim genus figurae est, ego non quod habu-
 erim?

ego mulier, ego adolescens, ego ephebus, ego
 puer,

ego gymnasi fui flos, ego eram decus olei:
 mihi januae frequentes, mihi limina tepida, 65
 mihi floridis corollis redimita domus erat,
 linquendum ubi esset orto mihi sole cubiculum.

to her heaving bosom. Attis, roused from her quiet sleep and free from her fierce frenzy, recalled to mind her deeds, and her cooled brain realized without what and where she was: horror-stricken she retraced her steps to the shore. There gazing with tearful eyes over the wide expanse of sea in tones of anguish she addressed her native land. "Dear parent soil, dear mother land, from whom I, to my sorrow, have fled, as the slave flies from his master, and have sought Ida's glades, to dwell among the snows and icy lairs of wild beasts, to roam their wild and fearsome coverts. O mother land, where, in what direction am I to deem you to lie? My eyes would fain set their sight towards you, while for a time my brain is free from madness. Must I be banished to these glades, so distant from my home? Must I leave my native land, possessions, friends, and parents? Must I leave the forum, the wrestling school, the race-track, the gymnasium? Ah woeful heart, what endless tears must you weep! What manner of fleshly form have I not worn? Woman, man, youth, child; I was the flower of the gymnasium, the triumph of the wrestling-school: suppliant numbers thronged my doors, warm was ever my threshold and my house wreathed with garlands, when at daybreak I left my chamber. Must I

ego nunc deum ministra et Cybeles famula ferar?
 ego Maenas, ego mei pars, ego vir sterilis ero?
 ego viridis algida Idae nive amicta loca colam? 70
 ego vitam agam sub altis Phrygiae columinibus,
 ubi cerva silvicultrix, ubi aper nemorivagus?
 jam jam dolet quod egi, jam jamque paenitet."
 roseis ut huic labellis sonitus celer abiit,
 geminas deorum ad aures nova nuntia referens, 75
 ibi juncta juga resolvens Cybele leonibus
 laevumque pecoris hostem stimulans ita loquitur.
 "agedum" inquit "age ferox i, fac ut hunc furor
 agitet,
 fac uti furoris ictu reditum in nemora ferat,
 mea libere nimis qui fugere imperia cupit. 80
 age caede terga cauda, tua verbera patere,
 fac cuncta mugienti fremitu loca retonent,
 rutilam ferox torosa cervice quate jubam."
 ait haec minax Cybelle religatque juga manu.
 ferus ipse sese adhortans rapidum incitat animo, 85
 vadit, fremit, refringit virgulta pede vago.
 at ubi humida albicantis loca litoris adiit,
 teneramque vidit Attin prope marmora pelagi,
 facit impetum: illa demens fugit in nemora fera:
 ibi semper omne vitae spatium famula fuit. 90

now be servant to the Gods, Cybele's bondmaid? I a Maenad, half of myself, a man bereft of manhood? Must I dwell in green Ida's snow-clad regions? Must I pass my days under Phrygia's towering peaks, companion to the forest-ranging stag and to the boar that prowls among the coverts? Now, now I curse my deed, now, now do I repent." Such were the sounds that swiftly passed her rosy lips, bearing an unwonted prayer to the ears of the Gods. Then Cybele loosed the yoke that harnessed her lions, and stirring up the one on the left, the terror of every herd and flock, exhorts him thus. "Go forth," she cries, "go forth in rage and hunt him mad, so that with frenzied brain once more will he seek my glades, who too untamed would fly my rule. Lash your flanks with your tail, let blow follow blow, let the whole land echo with your roars, shake the tawny mane that lies upon your sinewy neck." Thus speaks Cybele with threatening tone and binds again the traces to the yoke. The savage beast then rouses himself and gathers all his rage, he starts, he roars and breaks through the bushes in his headlong course. When he reaches the wet sands on the glistening shore, he sees the young Attis hard by the marble sea and rushes towards her: but she in mad terror flies to the savage woods, where a bond-

dea magna, dea Cybelle, dea domina Dindymeï,
 procul a mea tuus sit furor omnis, era, domo:
 alios age incitatos, alios age rabidos.

64

PELIACO quondam prognatae vertice pinus
 dicuntur liquidas Neptuni nasse per undas
 Phasidos ad fluctus et fines Aeetaeos,
 cum lecti juvenes, Argivae robora pubis,
 auratam optantes Colchis avertere pellem 5
 ausi sunt vada salsa cita decurrere puppi,
 caerula verrentes abiegnis aequora palmis.
 diva quibus retinens in summis urbibus arces
 ipsa levi fecit volitantem flamine currum,
 pinea conjungens inflexae texta carinae. 10
 illa rudem cursu prima imbuit Amphitriten.
 quae simul ac rostro ventosum proscidit aequor,
 tortaue remigio spumis incanduit unda,
 emersere feri candenti e gurgite vultus
 aequoreae monstrum Nereides admirantes. 15
 illa (quaque alia?) viderunt luce marinas
 mortales oculis nudato corpore Nymphas

slave she lingers out her days. Great Goddess, Goddess Cybele, Goddess queen of Dindymus, far from my house turn all your fury, let others feel its transports, let others catch its frenzy.

64

AN ancient story tells how a bark built from the pines that one time grew on Pelion's summit, glided through Neptune's clear waves to the river Phasis and the realms of Aetas, when a chosen band, the flower of Argive youth, hoping to carry off the golden fleece from the Colchians, ventured to ride the salt billows on their swift ship and sweep the green sea with their fir-wood oars. The Goddess who protects the strongholds that overlook the city herself made for them the chariot that flew before the gentle breeze, joining the spliced pine timbers to the bending keel. That ship was the first to navigate the untried ocean.

As soon as she cleaved with her prow the wind-swept sea and the oar-vexed billows whitened into foam, the wild faces of the sea Nereids rose above the glistening swirl and marvelled at the strange portent. On that day (had it ever so happened before?) mortals saw with mortal eyes

nutricum tenus extantes e gurgite cano.
 tum Thetidis Peleus incensus fertur amore,
 tum Thetis humanos non despexit hymenaeos, 20
 tum Thetidi pater ipse jugandum Pelea sensit.
 o nimis optato saeculorum tempore nati
 heroes, salvete, deum gens, o bona matrum
 progenies, salvete iterum *placidique favete.* 23^a
 vos ego saepe meo, vos carmine compellabo,
 teque adeo eximie taedis felicibus aucte 25
 Thessaliae columnen Peleu, cui Juppiter ipse,
 ipse suos divum genitor concessit amores.
 tene Thetis tenuit pulcherrima Nereine?
 tene suam Tethys concessit ducere neptem,
 Oceanusque, mari totum qui amplectitur orbem?
 Quae simul optatae finito tempore luces 31
 advenere, domum conventu tota frequentat
 Thessalia, oppletur laetanti regia coetu:
 dona ferunt prae se, declarant gaudia vultu.
 deseritur Cieros, linquunt Phthiotica Tempe, 35
 Crannonisque domos ac moenia Larissaea,
 Pharsalum coeunt, Pharsalia tecta frequentant.
 rura colit nemo, mollescunt colla juvencis,

the sea-born Nymphs with naked limbs, rising breast high out of the radiant sea.

Then Peleus is said to have been set panting with love for Thetis, then Thetis despised not human marriage, then the Father of the Gods confessed that Peleus must be wed to Thetis. O great heroes, born in happier days, kinsmen of the Gods, illustrious children of illustrious mothers, hail! and be favourable to my song. Full many a time and oft will I appeal to you in my song, and more especially to you, Peleus, the bulwark of Thessaly, surpassingly exalted by your happy marriage, to whom Jupiter, even he the Father of the Gods, surrendered his love. Did not Thetis, the most beautiful of the Nereids, clasp you in her arms? Did not Tethys acknowledge you as a husband worthy of her grand-daughter, and Father Ocean, who with his waters enfolds the whole world? When in due time the long looked-for day had come, all Thessalia came flocking to his home, and the palace was filled with the joyful throng, bearing their gifts, with smiles that told their gladness. Cieros is deserted, they leave Thessalian Tempe, the home of Crannon, and the battlements of Larissa, they gather together at Pharsalia, and throng the Pharsalian courts. No man tills the fields, the steers' necks grow soft, the creeping wild vine is

non humilis curvis purgatur vinea rastris,
 non falx attenuat frondatorum arboris umbram, 41
 non glaebam prono convellit vomere taurus, 40
 squalida desertis rubigo infertur aratris.
 ipsius at sedes, quaecumque opulenta recessit
 regia, fulgenti splendent auro atque argento.
 candet ebur soliis, collucent pocula mensae, 45
 tota domus gaudet regali splendida gaza.
 pulvinar vero divae geniale locatur
 sedibus in mediis, Indo quod dente politum
 tincta tegit roseo conchyli purpura fuco.

Haec vestis priscis hominum variata figuris 50
 heroum mira virtutes indicat arte.
 namque fluentisono prospectans litore Diae
 Thesea cedentem celeri cum classe tuetur
 indomitos in corde gerens Ariadna furores,
 necdum etiam sese quae visit visere credit, 55
 ut pote fallaci quae tum primum excita somno
 desertam in sola miseram se cernat harena.
 immemor at juvenis fugiens pellit vada remis,
 irrita ventosae linquens promissa procellae.
 quem procul ex alga maestis Minois ocellis, 60
 saxea ut effigies bacchantis, prospicit, eheu,

not cleared by the curved rakes, the pruning-hook does not thin the leafy shadows of the tree, the ox does not turn up the glebe with the burrowing ploughshare, and an unsightly rust steals over the abandoned plough. But the dwelling of Peleus, as far as the gorgeous palace revealed chamber after chamber, shines bright with gold and silver. Ivory gleams from the couches, the cups glitter on the table, stately in its royal wealth the whole dwelling puts on its fairest mien. The nuptial couch of the Goddess is placed in the middle hall and this, adorned with many an Indian tusk, is covered with a purple cloth dyed in the rosy juice of the conchylus.

This coverlet, embroidered with the forms of ancient men, depicts with wondrous skill the valour of old-time heroes. For gazing from Dia's wave-resounding shore, Ariadne, her heart throbbing with irrepressible emotion, sees Theseus fleeing in his swift ship, nor what she sees can she yet believe she sees, for it was when first awakened from her cozening sleep that she found herself left forsaken and forlorn on the lonely shore. The flying youth, all unmindful, strikes the waves with his oars, casting his worthless vows to the blustering storm. But she, her Minoan eyes all wet with tears, far off on the sea-weed, like the figure of a raving Bacchante cut in stone,

prospicit et magnis curarum fluctuat undis,
 non flavo retinens subtilem vertice mitram,
 non contacta levi velatum pectus amictu,
 non tereti strophio lactantes vincta papillas, 65
 omnia quae toto delapsa e corpore passim
 ipsius ante pedes fluctus salis adludebant.

sed neque tum mitrae neque tum fluitantis amictus
 illa vicem curans toto ex te pectore, Theseu,
 toto animo, tota pendebat perdita mente. 70

a misera, adsiduis quam luctibus externavit
 spinosas Erycina serens in pectore curas
 illa tempestate, ferox quo ex tempore Theseus
 egressus curvis e litoribus Piraei
 attigit injusti regis Gortynia tecta. 75

Nam perhibent olim crudeli peste coactam
 Androgeoneae poenas exsolvere caedis
 electos juvenes simul et decus inuptarum
 Cecropiam solitam esse dapem dare Minotauro.
 quis angusta malis cum moenia vexarentur, 80
 ipse suum Theseus pro caris corpus Athenis
 projicere optavit potius quam talia Cretam
 funera Cecropiae nec funera portarentur,
 atque ita nave levi nitens ac lenibus auris
 magnanimum ad Minoa venit sedesque superbas.
 hunc simulac cupido conspexit lumine virgo 86

stands gazing, alas, she gazes and within her vast waves of tribulation surge and swell. Her golden head no longer bears the fine-spun coif, no light mantle covers her bosom, her swelling breasts are unconfined within the smooth band, fallen from her are all these quite unheeded, and with them the salt waves at her feet make sport. But naught recked she then of coif or floating mantle, but her whole heart, whole soul and distracted brain dwelt on you, Theseus. Alas, poor wretch, in whose breast Erycina sowing the thorns of pain, drove her mad with unceasing sorrow, from the time that cruel Theseus set out from the curving shores of the Piraeus and reached the wicked king's Gortynian dwelling. For they say how, once upon a time, impelled by a cruel pestilence to render atonement for the slaughter of Androgeon, the Cecropian city was wont to give the chosen of her youth and the flower of her maidens as a feast for the Minotaur. When Theseus saw that the narrow ramparts of his city were racked with such torture, he chose to sacrifice his life for the sake of his beloved Athens, rather than that these funerals of the living Cecropians should wend their way to Crete: so urging on his slender bark and helped by gentle winds he came to the proud dwelling of haughty Minos. As soon as the royal maiden gazed on

regia, quam suavis expirans castus odores
 lectulus in molli complexu matris alebat,
 quales Eurotae progignunt flumina myrtus
 aurave distinctos educit verna colores, 90
 non prius ex illo flagrantia declinavit

lumina, quam cuncto concepit corpore flammam
 funditus atque imis exarsit tota medullis.

heu misere exagitans immiti corde furores,
 sancte puer, curis hominum qui gaudia misces, 95
 quaeque regis Golgos quaeque Idalium frondosum,
 qualibus incensam jactastis mente puellam
 fluctibus in flavo saepe hospite suspirantem!
 quantos illa tulit languenti corde timores!
 quam tum saepe magis fulgore expalluit auri! 100
 cum saevum cupiens contra contendere monstrum
 aut mortem appeteret Theseus aut praemia laudis,
 non ingrata tamen frustra munuscula divis
 promittens tacito succendit vota labello.

nam velut in summo quatientem brachia Tauro 105
 quercum aut conigeram sudanti cortice pinum
 indomitus turbo contorquens flamine robur
 eruit (illa procul radicitus exturbata
 prono cadit, lateque et cominus obvia frangens,)
 sic domito saevum prostravit corpore Theseus 110
 nequiquam vanis jactantem cornua ventis.

him with love-struck eyes, she whom a home breathing the sweet odours of chastity and a mother's gentle care had reared, even as the waters of Eurotas rear the myrtle, or as the breath of Spring engenders the many-hued flowers, she turned not her rapturous gaze from him, until the fire of passion had seized her whole being and flamed through every vein. O divine boy, raising cruel frenzies with ruthless heart, whom it delights to mix the joys of man with sorrow, and you, Goddess, who reign over Golgi and leafy Idalium; into what a whirlpool have you driven the maiden, her mind all aglow with emotion and sighing for the yellow-haired stranger! What fears filled her beating heart! How oft do her cheeks grow paler than the pallid gleam of gold!) when Theseus, daring to encounter the savage monster, sought death or the reward of glory. Although, alas, they were made in vain, not ungrateful were the gifts she promised to the Gods, and the prayers that kindled on her silent lips. For as an irresistible whirlwind tears up the oak that waves his branches on the topmost height of Taurus, or the cone-bearing and oozing pine, twisting their trunks in its blast, so that uprooted they lie prone, breaking everything far or near that they fall upon, so did Theseus lay low the body of the vanquished monster who vainly

inde pedem sospes multa cum laude reflexit
 errabunda regens tenui vestigia filo,
 ne labyrintheis e flexibus egredientem
 tecti frustraretur inobservabilis error. 115

Sed quid ego a primo digressus carmine plura
 commemorem, ut relinquens genitoris flia vultum,
 ut consanguineae complexum, ut denique matris,
 quae misera in gnata deperdita laetabatur,
 omnibus his Thesei dulcem praeoptarit amorem,
 aut ut vecta rati spumosa ad litora Diae 121
 venerit, aut ut eam devinctam lumina somno
 liquerit immemori discedens pectore conjunx?
 saepe illam perhibent ardenti corde furentem
 clarisonas imo fudisse e pectore voces, 125
 ac tum praeruptos tristem conscendere montes,
 unde aciem in pelagi vastos protenderet aestus,
 tum tremuli salis adversas procurrere in undas
 mollia nudatae tollentem tegmina surae,
 atque haec extremis maestam dixisse querellis, 130
 frigidulos udo singultus ore cientem.

“Sicine me patriis auctam, perfide, ab aris,
 perfide, deserto liquisti in litore, Theseu?
 sicine discedens neglecto numine divum

tossed his horns in the invulnerable air. Then the victor, covered with glory, retraced his path, guiding his wandering footsteps by a slender thread, so that when trying to find his way out of the mazy labyrinth he might not be misled by the palace's delusive windings.

But why do I, deviating from my main theme, tell the rest, how the daughter forsook the presence of her father, the embraces of her sister, and worse than all forsook her mother, who, to her sorrow, rejoiced so exceedingly in her daughter, that daughter to whom all of these things weighed as nothing beside her love for Theseus? How borne on the ship she came to Dia's surf-beaten shores; or how her lover, with faithless heart, departing left her with eyes bound in sleep?

They tell how often frantic and with brain afire she poured forth her clamorous lament from her inmost heart, how often, all tears, she clambered up a steep ascent whence she might stretch her gaze over the vast billowing sea; then raising the soft garments that covered her legs, she rushed into the salt breakers that checked her course, and with streaming eyes and choking sobs gave words to her heart-breaking grief.

“Traitorous Theseus, can it be that you, who bore me off from my father's hearth, have left me on this desert shore? Do you fly thus, scorn-

immemor, a, devota domum perjuria portas? 135
 nullane res potuit crudelis flectere mentis
 consilium? tibi nulla fuit clementia praesto,
 immite ut nostri vellet miserescere pectus?
 at non haec quondam nobis promissa dedisti
 voce: mihi non haec miserae sperare jubebas, 140
 sed conubia laeta, sed optatos hymenaeos:
 quae cuncta aërii discerpunt irrita venti.
 tum jam nulla viro juranti femina credat,
 nulla viri speret sermones esse fideles:
 quis dum aliquid cupiens animus praegestit
 apisci, 145
 nil metuunt jurare, nihil promittere parcunt:
 sed simulac cupidae mentis satiata libido est,
 dicta nihil metuere, nihil perjuria curant.
 certe ego te in medio versantem turbine leti
 eripui, et potius germanum amittere crevi, 150
 quam tibi fallaci supremo in tempore dessem.
 pro quo dilaceranda feris dabor alitibusque
 praeda, neque injecta tumulabor mortua terra.
 quaenam te genuit sola sub rupe leaena?
 quod mare conceptum spumantibus expuit un-
 dis? 155
 quae Syrtis, quae Scylla rapax, quae vasta
 Charybdis
 talia qui reddis pro dulci praemia vita?
 si tibi non cordi fuerant conubia nostra,

ing the sanctity of the Gods? Ah, faithless one, will you carry your accursed perjury homeward? Could nothing overstay the cruel counsels of your heart? Was there in your hardness no grain of mercy which could make you feel pity for me? These were not the promises you once made, it was not for these sorrows you bid me hope, but for a joyous home and a happy wedlock: alas, all these are scattered to the careless winds.

Hereafter let no woman trust man's promises, or hope for faithful words; for when they wish to attain their desires, there is nothing they will not swear, no promise do they scruple to make: but once their desires have been satisfied, they fear no broken words and care nothing for their perjuries. Was it not I who snatched you from the very jaws of death, and let my brother's blood be shed, rather than that I should fail you in your dire hour of need? For this I am to be offered as prey to the wild beasts and carrion birds, nor when dead shall I be sepulchred beneath the earth. What lioness, laired beneath a lonely rock, bore you? What sea conceived you and belched you forth from her frothy waves? What Syrtis, what voracious Scylla, what desolate Charybdis gave birth to you, who return such thanks for the sweet gift of life? Even if your heart was averse to our marriage, because you

saeva quod horrebas prisci praecepta parentis,
 at tamen in vestras potuisti ducere sedes, 160
 quae tibi jucundo famularer serva labore,
 candida permulcens liquidis vestigia lymphis
 purpureave tuum consternens veste cubile.
 sed quid ego ignaris nequiquam conquerar auris,
 externata malo, quae nullis sensibus auctae 165
 nec missas audire queunt nec reddere voces?
 ille autem prope jam mediis versatur in undis,
 nec quisquam apparet vacua mortalis in alga.
 sic nimis insultans extremo tempore saeva
 fors etiam nostris invidit questibus aures. 170
 Juppiter omnipotens, utinam ne tempore primo
 Gnosia Cecropiae tetigissent litora puppes,
 indomito nec dira ferens stipendia tauro
 perfidus in Creta religasset navita funem,
 nec malus hic celans dulci crudelia forma 175
 consilia in nostris requiesset sedibus hospes!
 nam quo me referam? quali spe perdita nitar?
 Idomeneosne petam montes? a, gurgite lato
 discernens ponti truculentum ubi dividit aequor?
 an patris auxilium sperem? quemne ipsa reli-
 qui, 180
 respersum juvenem fraterna caede secuta?
 conjugis an fido consoler memet amore,
 quine fugit lentos incurvans gurgite remos?
 praeterea nullo litus, sola insula, tecto,

feared a stern father's sharp rebukes, still might you have carried me to your home and there a slave I would have tended you with loving care, washing your fair feet with clear water and spreading the purple coverlet over your bed. But why do I, thus crazed with sorrow, utter vain complaints to the unconscious winds, who, endowed with no sense, can neither hear nor answer?

But he now holds half way in his course and no living being appears on the lonely shore. Thus cruel fate mocks me in my sore plight and has even grudged me a listener to my plaints. Almighty Jove, would that the Cecropian ships had never touched the Gnosian shores. Would that this perfidious voyager, bearing the hellish tribute to the unconquered beast, had not moored his bark in Crete, nor, hiding a villain's heart behind a smiling countenance, had reposed as a guest in our home! What can I do? What hope for me thus cast away? Shall I climb the Idomean mountains? but I am cut off by the angry sea, that gapes its vast expanse of waters. Can I hope for a father's help whom I left of my own accord; to follow a youth stained with my brother's blood? Can I console myself in my husband's love, when that husband flies from me, bending his pliant oars in the deep? No sheltering roof

nec patet egressus pelagi cingentibus undis: 185
nulla fugae ratio, nulla spes: omnia muta,
omnia sunt deserta, ostentant omnia letum.
non tamen ante mihi languescent lumina morte,
nec prius a fesso secedent corpore sensus,
quam justam a divis exposcam prodita multam, 190
caelestumque fidem postrema comprecet hora.
quare facta virum multantes vindice poena,
Eumenides, quibus anguino redimita capillo
frons expirantis praeportat pectoris iras,
huc huc adventate, meas audite querellas 195
quas ego vae! misera extremis proferre medullis
cogor inops, ardens, amenti caeca furore.
quae quoniam verae nascuntur pectore ab imo
vos nolite pati nostrum vanescere luctum,
sed quali solam Theseus me mente reliquit, 200
tali mente, deae, funestet seque suosque."

Has postquam maesto profudit pectore voces,
supplicium saevis exposcens anxia factis,
adnuit invicto caelestum numine rector,
quo motu tellus atque horrida contremuerunt 205
aequora concussitque micantia sidera mundus.
ipse autem caeca mentem caligine Theseus
consitus oblito dimisit pectore cuncta,
quae mandata prius constanti mente tenebat,
dulcia nec maesto sustollens signa parenti 210

upon this shore, a lonely island, a sea that with its encircling water cuts off all escape: no way of flight, no hope, but all silent, deserted and everywhere appears the face of Death. But my eyes shall not grow dim in death, sense shall not fail my wearied limbs, before I pray the Gods vengeance for my betrayal and in my last hour clamour for the justice of Heaven. Therefore, Eumenides, who visit men's evil deeds with dire punishment, with brows bound with serpent locks, portending the rage within your heaving breasts, gather here and ~~hearken~~^{listen} to my woes that I, tear-stained, distracted, blind with frenzy, in vain am forced to pour out from my inmost soul. My agony rises from my very heart, so let it not go unavenged, but, O Goddesses, let the heedlessness that allowed Theseus to desert me be the means of ruining him and his."

When in her sorrow she had poured forth these words beseeching vengeance for her cruel treatment, the Almighty Ruler of the Heavens bowed his consent: the earth and the wild seas trembled at the shock and the whole world hurtled against the glittering stars.

But the mind of Theseus was enshrouded in black darkness, and he forgot all those commands that heretofore he had held in his memory, nor by raising aloft the signal longed for by his sorrow-

sospitem Erechtheum se ostendit visere portum.
namque ferunt olim, classi cum moenia divae
linquentem gnatum ventis concrederet Aegeus,
talìa complexum juveni mandata dedisse.

“gnate mihi longa jucundior unice vita, 215

gnate, ego quem in dubios cogor dimittere casus,
reddite in extrema nuper mihi fine senectae
quandoquidem fortuna mea ac tua fervida virtus
eripit invito mihi te, cui languida nondum
lumina sunt gnati cara saturata figura: 220

non ego te gaudens laetanti pectore mittam,
nec te ferre sinam fortunae signa secundae,
sed primum multas expromam mente querellas,
canitiem terra atque infuso pulvere foedans,
inde infecta vago suspendam lintea malo, 225
nostros ut luctus nostraeque incendia mentis
carbasus obscurata dicet ferrugine Hibera.

quod tibi si sancti concesserit incola Itoni,
quae nostrum genus ac sedes defendere Erechthei
adnuit, ut tauri respergas sanguine dextram; 230
tum vero facito ut memori tibi condita corde
haec vigeant mandata, nec ulla obliteret aetas,
ut simulac nostros invisent lumina colles,
funestam antennae deponant undique vestem,

ing father, did he let him know that he had reached the Erechthean harbour in safety. For they say that Aegeus, when he entrusted his son to the winds on his setting out with his fleet from the holy walls of Athens, holding him in his arms gave him these commands:

“ My only begotten son, sweeter to me by far than length of days, my son whom I am compelled to hazard on this dangerous course, you who only now have been given back to me in my old age; although my destiny and your courage snatch you from my reluctant arms, ere yet my fading eyes have enjoyed enough your dear presence, it is with no blissful heart I send you forth, nor can I let you bear aloft the signs of gala fortune. First I must pour out from my heart my many lamentations, begriming my gray hairs in the dust; then will I raise a tinted sail on your swaying mast, whose canvas swarthy with Spanish dye will bear witness to my anxiety and grief. Should she who dwells on sacred Itonus, who has promised to protect our race and these realms of Erechtheus, grant that you should imbue your hands in the blood of the Minotaur, O then be sure that these my words prevail within your heart, and let no intervening space of years blot them out: as soon as your eyes catch sight of our hills, let the yard-arm cast off its sable

candidaque intorti sustollant vela rudentes, 235
 quam primum cernens ut laeta gaudia mente
 agnoscam, cum te reducem aetas prospera sistet.”

Haec mandata prius constanti mente tenentem
 Thesea ceu pulsae ventorum flamine nubes
 aerium nivei montis liquere cacumen. 240

at pater, ut summa prospectum ex arce petebat,
 anxia in assiduos absumens lumina fletus,
 cum primum infecti conspexit lintea veli,
 praecipitem sese scopulorum e vertice jecit,
 amissum credens immiti Thesea fato. 245

sic funesta domus ingressus tecta paterna
 morte ferox Theseus qualem Minoidi luctum
 obtulerat mente immemori talem ipse recepit.
 quae tamen aspectans cedentem maesta carinam
 multiplices animo volvebat saucia curas. 250

At parte ex alia florens volitabat Iacchus
 cum thiaso Satyrorum et Nysigenis Silenis,
 te quaerens, Ariadna, tuoque incensus amore.
 qui tum alacres passim lymphata mente furebant
 euhoe bacchantes, euhoe capita inflectentes. 255
 harum pars tecta quatiebant cuspide thyrsos,

garb, and the twisted rope raise high aloft the bleached sail, for at the very first sight of this, with joyful heart will I hail the happy hour that brings you safely home."

As the clouds, driven by the breath of the winds, drift from the snowy mountain's airy pinnacle, so did these injunctions flee Theseus' memory, where hitherto they had been fast held. But his father was seeking from the citadel's highest tower to pierce the horizon, blinding his anxious eyes with yearning tears; as soon as he saw the sail's deep-tinted canvas, he cast himself headlong from the precipice's dizzy height, believing Theseus dead through dire mishap. Thus exulting Theseus entered a house that was mourning his father's death, and met there, through his heedlessness, with grief that matched the grief he had caused Ariadne. Yet all the while she stands gazing in tears at his receding keel, revolving a thousand sorrows within her wounded heart.

On another part of the coverlet Iacchus, radiant in eternal youth, wandered with his rout of Satyrs and Nysigenian Sileni, seeking you, Ariadne, and afire with love for you. Swift of foot and with fevered brains, the companions of the God rave on every side, swinging their heads and yelling Euhoe, Euhoe. Some brandish staffs

pars e divulso jactabant membra juvenco,
 pars sese tortis serpentibus incingebant,
 pars obscura cavis celebrabant orgia cistis, 260
 orgia, quae frustra cupiunt audire profani,
 plangebant aliae proceris tympana palmis
 aut tereti tenues tinnitus aere ciebant,
 multis raucisonos efflabant cornua bombos
 barbaraque horribili stridebat tibia cantu.

Talibus amplifice vestis decorata figuris 265
 pulvinar complexa suo velabat amictu.
 quae postquam cupide spectando Thessala pubes
 expleta est, sanctis coepit decedere divis.
 hic, qualis flatu placidum mare matutino
 horrificans Zephyrus proclivas incitat undas 270
 Aurora exoriente vagi sub limina Solis,
 quae tarde primum clementi flamine pulsae
 procedunt, leviter resonant plangore cachinni,
 post vento crescente magis magis increbescunt
 purpureaque procul nantes a luce refulgent, 275
 sic ibi vestibuli linquentes regia tecta
 ad se quisque vago passim pede discedebant.
 quorum post abitum princeps e vertice Pelei
 advenit Chiron portans silvestria dona:
 nam quoscumque ferunt campi, quos Thessala
 magnis 280
 montibus ora creat, quos propter fluminis undas

with garland-covered points, some waved aloft limbs torn from the quivering bullock, some entwine themselves within the serpent's coils, some celebrate rites with instruments that are hid within the hollow chests, rites that in vain the uninitiated desire to learn, others with tapering fingers beat the tambourine, or ring shrill peals on its polished bells, horns blow forth hoarse blasts from many mouths, while the Phrygian fife squeals out its piercing note. The coverlet gorgeously embellished with these designs, hid the couch with its folds, and the Thessalian youth after they had eagerly gazed their fill upon it, began to make way for the divine guests. As Zephyrus, ruffling the calm sea with a morning breeze, makes the waves curve and curl, what time Aurora appears on the threshold of the wandering Sun, slowly at first do they sweep along, under the gentle fanning of the wind, while their plashing whispers a dulcet note, but as the wind rises, wider and wider do they spread, until afar off they dance and glitter in the purple light; thus do the guests leave the precincts of the royal palace, and by diverse ways each seeks his own home. After their departure Chiron, from Pelion's summit, came first bearing rustic gifts: every flower that the fields bring forth, or the Thessalian land with its huge mountains yields, every

aura parit flores tepidi fecunda Favoni,
 hos indistinctis ^{mt. m. m. m.} plexos tulit ipse corollis,
 quo permulsa domus jucundo risit odore.
confestim Penios adest, viridantia Tempe, 285
 Tempe, quae silvae cingunt super impendentes,
Haemonisin linquens Doris celebranda choreis,
 non vacuus: namque ille tulit radicitus altas
 fagos ac recto ^{haec omnes} proceras ^{salt} stipite laurus,
 non sine ^{swaying} nutanti platano ^{willow} lentaque sorore 290
flammati Phaethontis et aeria cupressu.
 haec circum sedes late contexta locavit,
 vestibulum ut molli velatum fronde vireret.
 post hunc consequitur sollerti corde Prometheus,
 extenuata ^{faunt} gerens veteris vestigia poenae 295
 quam quondam silici restrictus ^{burnt} membra catena
 persolvit pendens e verticibus praeruptis.
 inde pater divum sancta cum conjugue natisque
 advenit caelo, te solum, Phoebe, relinquens
 unigenamque simul ^{inhabitant} cultricem montibus Idri: 300
 Pelea nam tecum pariter soror aspernata est
 nec Thetidis taedas voluit celebrare jugalis.
 qui postquam niveis flexerunt sedibus artus,

flower that by the river's banks is nursed by the life-giving breath of the west wind, all these he brought, woven into varied garlands, from whose pleasant odour the festooned house smiled with enchantment. Close following him came Peneus leaving Tempe, Tempe girt with overhanging woods, to be frequented with Dorian choirs of Haemonian women. Nor came he empty-handed, for he bore lofty beech trees uprooted, slender laurels with their straight-grown trunks and, with these, the waving plane tree, that pliant tree whose form the sister of flaming Phaethon was forced to bear, and the sky-piercing cypress. He arranged all these around the palace, closely entwined, so that the hall decked with the soft leaves might gleam with an emerald hue.

Then followed Prometheus with inventive brain, bearing the fading scars of his former punishment, which he worked out in full when he hung from the scaly heights with his limbs chained to the rock. Then from heaven came the Father of the Gods with his divine wife and children, leaving none behind but you, Apollo, and your only sister, who dwells on the mountains of Idrus, for she, as well as you, contemned Peleus and refused to countenance the nuptial rites of Thetis. After the guests had taken their

abundantly
 large multiplici constructae sunt dape mensae:
 cum interea infirmo quatientes corpora motu 305
 veridicos Parcae coeperunt edere cantus.

his corpus tremulum complectens undique vestis
 candida purpurea ^{ankles} talos incinxerat ora,

at roseo niveae residebant vertice vittae,
 aeternumque manus carpebant rite laborem. 310

laeva colum molli lana retinebat amictum,
 dextera tum leviter deducens fila supinis
 formabat digitis, tum prono in pollice torquens

X libratum tereti versabat turbine fusum,
 atque ita decerpens aequabat semper opus dens, 315

laneaque aridulis haerebant morsa labellis,

? quae prius in levi fuerant extantia filo:

ante pedes autem candentis mollia lanae
 vellera virgati custodibant calathisci.

haec tum clarisona pellentes vellera voce 320

talia divino fuderunt carmine fata,

carmine, perfidiae quod post nulla arguet aetas.

? O decus ^{honor} eximium magnis virtutibus augens,
 Emathiae ^{safe guard} tutamen opis, ^{increase} clarissime nato,

accipe, quod laeta tibi pandunt luce sorores, 325
 veridicum oraclum. sed vos, quae fata sequuntur,

currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi. ^{spindle}

Adveniet tibi jam portans optata maritis
^{threads}

places upon the ivory seats, the tables were heaped with a feast of many dishes, and the Fates, their bodies trembling with palsied shake, began their prophetic chant. A white garment covered completely their tottering limbs, its purple border encircling their ankles, snowy fillets bound their rosy heads, while according to custom their hands were busy with their never-ending labours. The left hand held the distaff charged with soft wool; then the right hand lightly drawing out the threads wound them on upturned fingers: then, twisting them on downward thumb, turned the spindle poised on its smooth wheel, and their severing teeth the while made their work continuously even; the shreds that hitherto had stuck out of the smooth thread adhered to their withered lips.

At their feet wicker baskets held the soft skeins of snowy wool. As they straightened out the skeins of wool, in clear tones they unrolled the decrees of fate in their inspired song, and that song's falsehood no aftertime shall prove.

“O great safeguard of Thessaly's might, you who increase by your valorous deeds your already wondrous glory, renowned for your yet unborn son, hear the true prophecy that the sisters disclose to you on this happy day. But run on, ye spindles, run on, drawing out the threads whereon the fates depend. Hesperus

Hesperus, adveniet fausto cum sidere conjunx,
 quae tibi flexanimo mentem perfundat amore
 languidulosque paret tecum conjungere somnos,
 levia substernens robusto brachia collo. 332
 currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

Nulla domus tales umquam contexit amores,
 nullus amor tali conjunxit foedere amantes, 335
 (qualis adest Thetidi, qualis concordia Peleo.)
 currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

Nascetur vobis expers terroris Achilles,
 hostibus haud tergo, sed forti pectore notus,
 qui persaepe vago victor certamine cursus 340
 flammea praevertet celeris vestigia cervae.
 currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

Non illi quisquam bello se conferet heros,
 cum Phrygii Teucro manabunt sanguine campi
 Troicaque obsidens longinquo moenia bello 345
 perjuri Pelopis vastabit tertius heres.
 currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

Illius egregias virtutes claraque facta
 saepe fatebuntur gnatorum in funere matres,

will soon come to you, bringing in his train the husband's wished delight. With that auspicious star will come your bride, who will steep your heart in soul-softening love and curling her soft arms round your sinewy neck will sink with you into a dreamless sleep. Run on, ye spindles, run on, drawing out the threads. No roof before has shielded such love, no love before has entwined his votaries within such bonds, for joy reigns supreme in the heart of Thetis and in the heart of Peleus.

Run on, ye spindles, run on, drawing out the threads. From you shall Achilles be born, ignorant of fear, whose fierce breast shall be known to the enemy, but never his back. Often a victor in the long contest of the race he will outstrip the lightning footsteps of the fleet stag.

Run on, ye spindles, run on, drawing out the threads. Against him no warrior will match himself, when the Phrygian fields are drenched in Trojan blood, and the third heir of perjured Pelops, after a long drawn siege, shall overturn the battlements of Troy.

Run on, ye spindles, run on, drawing out the threads. Often will mothers, over their sons' graves, bear witness to his glory and great deeds,

cum in cinerem canos solvent a vertice crines 350
putridaque infirmis variabunt pectora palmis.

currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

Namque velut densa praesternens cultor aristas
sole sub ardenti flaventia demetit arva,

* * * * *

Trojugenum infesto prosternet corpora ferro. 355

currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

Testis erit magnis virtutibus unda Scamandri,
quae passim rapido diffunditur Hellesponto,
cujus iter caesis angustans corporum acervis
alta tepefaciet permixta flumina caede. 360

currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi. #

Denique testis erit morti quoque reddita praeda,
cum terrae ex celso coacervatum aggere bustum
excipiet niveos percussae virginis artus.

currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi. 365

Nam simulac fessis dederit fors copiam Achivis
urbis Dardaniae Neptunia solvere vincla,
alta Polyxenia madefient caede sepulcra,
quae, velut ancipiti succumbens victima ferro,
proiciet truncum submisso poplite corpus. 370

currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

when upon the ashes they cast the whitened locks severed from their heads, and with infirm hands mottle their withered breasts.

Run on, ye spindles, run on, drawing out the threads. As the reaper, prostrating the dense ears of grain, mows down the fields yellowing under the burning sun . . . so with his dire sword will he mow down Trojan flesh.

Run on, ye spindles, run on, drawing out the threads. Scamander's waves, which pour unchecked into the swift Hellespont, shall bear witness to his great might, when with channel narrowed by the mass of slaughtered men, they shall heat the deep stream with intermingling blood.

Run on, ye spindles, run on, drawing out the threads. And last of all the sacrifice offered up to the dead hero shall be witness, when the tomb, piled high with its towering pyramid of earth, shall receive the stricken maiden's snow-white form.

Run on, ye spindles, run on, drawing out the threads. For as soon as fate gives the wearied Greeks the power to destroy the Dardanian walls that Neptune raised, the high tomb shall drip with Polyxena's blood, when as a victim yielding to the two-edged sword, kneeling she shall fall forward a headless corpse.

Run on, ye spindles, run on, drawing out the

Quare agite optatos animi conjungite amores.
accipiat conjunx felici foedere divam,
dedatur cupido jamdudum nupta marito.

currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi. 375

Non illam nutrix orienti luce revisens
hesterno collum poterit circumdare filo,
(currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.)
anxia nec mater discordis maesta puellae
secubitu caros mittet sperare nepotes. 380

currite ducentes subtegmina, currite, fusi.

Talia praefantes quondam felicia Pelei
carmina divino cecinerunt pectore Parcae.
praesentes namque ante domos invisere castas
heroum et sese mortali ostendere coetu 385
caelicolae nondum sprete pietate solebant.
saepe pater divum templo in fulgente revisens,
annua cum festis venissent sacra diebus,
conspexit terra centum procumbere tauros.
saepe vagus Liber Parnasi vertice summo 390
Thyadas effusis evantis crinibus egit:
cum Delphi tota certatim ex urbe ruentes
acciperent laeti divum fumantibus aris.
saepe in letifero belli certamine Mavors

threads. Come therefore, fulfil your hearts' desires. Let a husband join a Goddess in happy bonds, let the bride yield herself to a long desiring husband.

Run on, ye spindles, run on, drawing out the threads. The nurse revisiting her charge at day-break shall not be able to encircle her neck with yesterday's thread.

(Run on, ye spindles, run on, drawing out the threads.) Nor shall the anxious mother find her daughter lying alone in a dissatisfied bed, and be sad because she has to discard the dear hope of grandchildren. Run on, ye spindles, run on, drawing out the threads.

Thus prophesying the brilliant destiny of Peleus, the Fates poured forth their divine song. For in those days ere piety was scorned, the incarnate Gods were wont to visit the chaste dwellings of the heroes and show themselves in the assemblies of mortals. The Father of the Gods, visiting his glittering temple, often saw a hundred bulls sink to the ground, when the yearly solemnities with their festal days came round. Often Bacchus, wandering on the topmost height of Parnassus, drove down the wild-haired and frenzied Bacchantes, when all Delphi rushing out in joyous tumult greeted the God with smoking altars. Often Mars in the battle's deadly contest,

aut rapidi Tritonis era aut Rhamnusia virgo 395
 armatas hominum est praesens hortata catervas.
 sed postquam tellus scelere est imbuta nefando,
 justitiamque omnes cupida de mente fugarunt,
 perfudere manus fraterno sanguine fratres,
 destitit extinctos natus lugere parentes, 400
 optavit genitor primaevi funera nati,
 liber ut innuptae poteretur flore novercae,
 ignaro mater substernens se impia nato
 impia non verita est divos scelerare penates:
 omnia fanda nefanda malo permixta furore 405
 justificam nobis mentem avertere deorum.
 quare nec tales dignantur visere coetus,
 nec se contingi patiuntur lumine claro.

65

ETSI me assiduo confectum cura dolore
 sevocat a doctis, Ortale, virginibus,
 nec potis est dulces Musarum expromere fetus
 mens animi, tantis fluctuat ipsa malis:
 namque mei nuper Lethaeo gurgite fratris 5
 pallidulum manans adluit unda pedem,

or the Mistress of Triton's swift stream, or the Rhamnusian maid, assuming human form have urged on the armed hosts of men. But when the world had been plunged in unspeakable sin, when men had driven from their rapacious hearts all desire of righteousness, when brother's hand had been dyed in brother's blood, when the son no longer wept his dead parents, and the father longed for the death of his first-born, that without restraint he might enjoy the charms of a young wife, after the impious mother, committing incest with her all unknowing son, had not feared to be-foul the very Gods of her household, when virtue and depravity had been mixed in one wild madness, then were turned from us the hearts of the just Gods, and hence no longer do they deign to visit such assemblies of mankind, nor will they show themselves in the clear light of day.

65. ✓

SORROW, Ortales, draws me, worn out by unceasing tears, from the learned sisters, nor can my mind, tossing on such a sea of care, bring forth the sweet fruits of the Muses; for even now the waves of the Lethaeian stream lap my brother's feet, cold in death, and the Phrygian

Troja Rhoeteo quem subter litore tellus
ereptum nostris obterit ex oculis.

* * * * *

adloquar, aúdiéro numquam tua *facta* loquentem,
numquam ego te, vita frater amabilior, 10
aspiciam posthac. at certe semper amabo,
semper maesta tua carmina morte canam,
qualia sub densis ramorum concinit umbris
Daulias absumpti fata gemens Ithylei.
sed tamen in tantis maeroribus, Ortale, mitto 15
haec expressa tibi carmina Battiadae,
ne tua dicta vagis nequiquam credita ventis
effluxisse meo forte putes animo,
ut missum sponsi furtivo munere malum 20
procurrit casto virginis e gremio,
quod miserae oblitae molli sub veste locatum,
dum adventu matris prosilit, excutitur:
atque illud prono praeceps agitur decursu,
huic manat tristi conscius ore rubor.

66

OMNIA qui magni dispexit lumina mundi,
qui stellarum ortus comperit atque obitus,
flammeus ut rapidi solis nitor obscuretur,
ut cedant certis sidera temporibus,

soil on the Rhoetean shore weighs heavily on him who has been snatched from my sight. (Never again shall I speak to you, your voice telling the adventures of the day is for ever silent,) brother, dearer to me than life itself, never again shall I look upon you. But your memory will I ever love, in dirges will I bemoan your death, even such as Philomena warbles within the shadows of the branches, weeping the fate of Itylus swallowed up by death. But in the midst of these sorrows, I send you, Ortalus, a song culled from the sweet singer of Cyrene, lest you should think your exhortations cast to the winds and to have slipped my memory; as the apple, the lover's whispered gift, slips from the chaste maiden's lap, she forgetting she has hid it within the soft folds of her gown; at her mother's entrance she starts to her feet, the apple, shaken from its hiding place, rolls to the ground, and a guilty blush suffuses her frightened countenance.

66

CONON, who scanned all the constellations of this great firmament, who calculated the rising and the setting of the stars, told how the flaming splendour of the journeying sun is obscured, how the planets in their ordered sequence disappear,

ut Triviam furtim sub Latmia saxa relegans 5
 dulcis amor giro devocet aërio:
 idem me ille Conon caelesti in lumine vidit
 e Beroniceo vertice caesariem
 fulgentem clare, quam cunctis illa deorum
 levia protendens brachia pollicita est, 10
 qua rex tempestate novo auctus hymenaeo
 vastatum finis iverat Assyrios,
 dulcia nocturnae portans vestigia rixae,
 quam te virgineis gesserat exuviis.
 estne novis nuptis odio Venus? anne maritum 15
 frustrantur falsis gaudia lacrimulis,
 ubertim thalami quas intra limina fundunt?
 non, ita me divi, vera gemunt, juerint.
 id mea me multis docuit regina querellis
 invisente novo proelia torva viro. 20
 at tu non orbem luxti deserta cubile,
 sed fratris cari flebile discidium!
 cum penitus maestus exedit cura medullas!
 ut tibi nunc toto pectore sollicitae
 sensibus ereptis mens excidit! at te ego certe 25
 cognoram a parva virgine magnanimam.
 anne bonum oblita es facinus, quo regium adeptus es
 conjugium, quod non fortior ausit alius?
 sed tum maesta virum mittens quae verba locuta es!
 Juppiter, ut tristi lumina saepe manu! 30

and how rapturous love calls Diana from her heavenly course and hides her within the caves of Latmos—this same Conon saw me, a lock from Beronice's head, shining brightly in the unclouded sky, for with her soft arms upraised she promised me to the Gods, when her royal husband, scarce past the nuptial rite, had gone to lay waste the Assyrian frontiers; carrying there the sweet marks of nocturnal strife, which he had waged for virgin spoils.

Is love hateful to new-made brides? or is it that with feigning tears they frustrate the bridegroom's joy, when they weep copiously within the threshold of the nuptial chamber? May the Gods so help me, they are but cheating sighs. This my queen taught me, by her many complaints, when her bridegroom went forth to the grim battle. You say you did not weep because of the lonely bed, but for the sad departure of a beloved brother; when grief ate into your aching soul and these thoughts, driving out all feeling else, filled your heart with sorrow! But from your earliest years have I known your great courage. Have you forgotten the splendid crime by which you gained your royal spouse, brave as any man has ever dared? How broken-hearted were the words you uttered when you sent your husband forth! Jupiter, how often your hands brushed away your

quis te mutavit tantus deus! an quod amantes
 non longe a caro corpore abesse volunt?
 atque ibi me cunctis pro dulci conjuge divis
 non sine taurino sanguine pollicita es,
 si reditum tetulisset. is haud in tempore longo 35
 captam Asiam Aegypti finibus addiderat.
 quis ego pro factis caelesti reddita coetu
 pristina vota novo munere dissoluo.
 invita, o regina, tuo de vertice cessi,
 invita: adjuro teque tuumque caput, 40
 digna ferat quod siquis inaniter adjuravit:
 sed quis se ferro postulet esse parem?
 ille quoque eversus mons est, quem maximum
 in oris
 progenies Thiae clara supervehitur,
 cum Medi peperere novum mare, cumque juven-
 tus 45
 per medium classi barbara navit Athon.
 quid facient crines, cum ferro talia cedant?
 Juppiter, ut Chalybon omne genus pereat
 et qui in principio sub terra quaerere venas
 institit ac ferri stringere duritiem! 50
 abjunctae paulo ante comae mea fata sorores
 lugebant, cum se Memnonis Aethiopis
 unigena impellens nutantibus aera pennis
 obtulit Arsinoes Locridos ales equos,

tears! What God can thus have changed your nature? or is it that, after all, lovers cannot bear to be long parted? Hence you promised me to the Gods, together with the blood of many a bull, if your dear husband returned in safety; which soon he did, having added captive Asia to the territories of Egypt. By reason of these events, I, now numbered among the starry regiment, acknowledge the granting of an oft-made prayer by a novel offering. Unwillingly, my queen, did I leave your head, unwillingly; I swear by you and your dear head: and may he who swears wantonly by these things meet with fit punishment. But who can withstand the conquering force of steel? By steel the highest mountain coursed over by Thia's mighty son was cut asunder, when the Medes created a new sea and the barbarian youth steered their fleet through the centre of Athos. What can a lock of hair do, when such things fall before the strength of steel? Jupiter, may the whole race of Chalybes perish and he who first sought within the ribs of earth for the veins of massy ore and shaped the tempered steel.

My sister tresses, just severed from me, were weeping my fate, when Aethiopian Memnon's own brother, Locrian Arsinoe's winged horse, appeared, beating the air with quivering wings

isque per aetherias me tollens abvolat umbras 55
 et Veneris casto collocat in gremio.
 ipsa suum Zephyritis eo famulum legarat,
 Graia Canopieis incola litoribus.
 hic juveni Ismario ne solum in limine caeli
 ex Ariadneis aurea temporibus 60
 fixa corona foret, sed nos quoque fulgeremus
 devotae flavi verticis exuviae.
 uvidulam a fluctu cedentem ad templa deum
 me
 sidus in antiquis diva novum posuit.
 Virginis et saevi contingens namque Leonis 65
 lumina, Callisto juxta Lycaoniae,
 vertor in occasum, tardum dux ante Booten,
 qui vix sero alto mergitur Oceano.
 sed quamquam me nocte premunt vestigia divum,
 lux autem canae Tethyi restituit: 70
 (pace tua fari hic liceat, Rhamnusia virgo,
 namque ego non ullo vera timore tegam,
 nec si me infestis discerpent sidera dictis,
 condita quin veri pectoris evoluam):
 non his tam laetor rebus, quam me afore semper 75
 afore me a dominae vertice discrucior,
 quicum ego, dum virgo quondam fuit, omnibus
 expers
 unguentis, una milia multa bibi.
 nunc vos, optato quas junxit lumine taeda,
 non prius unanimis corpora conjugibus 80

and lifting me to the skies, flew through the clouds and placed me in the chaste bosom of Venus. Zephyritis, a Grecian sojourner in the lands of Canopus, had sent her own servant on this errand, that it might not be for Bacchus alone that a golden crown from Ariadne's brow should be set within the threshold of the sky; but I, the consecrated spoils from a golden head, I also might blaze in glory. The Goddess took me, as wet from the waves I passed to the temple of the Gods, and set me as a new star among the old. The star between the Virgin and the savage Lion, in setting I follow Callisto, Lycaon's daughter, preceding the dawdling Bootes who is the last to dip behind the deep Ocean. Although the feet of the Gods tread on me at night, dawn restores me to glistening Tethys: (by your leave, Rhamnusian maiden, may I tell this, for from no fear will I hide the truth, nor even if the stars revile me with scornful words will I conceal the secrets hid within a faithful heart) I do not rejoice so much at these events, as I grieve that I must remain for ever absent from my mistress's head, for with her, when she was no longer a maiden, innocent of all scents, I drank in many a thousand aromatic ointments. Now all of you, whom the welcome flare of the marriage torch has joined together, yield not bodies to your loving hus-

tradite nudantes rejecta veste papillas,
 quam jucunda mihi munera libet onyx,
 vester onyx, casto colitis quae jura cubili.
 sed quae se impuro dedit adulterio,
 illius, a, mala dona levis bibat irrita pulvis: 85
 namque ego ab indignis praemia nulla peto.
 sed magis, o nuptae, semper concordia vestras
 semper amor sedes incolat assiduus.
 tu vero, regina, tuens cum sidera divam
 placabis festis luminibus Venerem, 90
 sanguinis expertem non siris esse tuum me,
 sed potius largis effice muneribus
 sidera cur iterent: "utinam coma regia fiam,
 proximus Hydrochoi fulgeret Oarion."

67

Poeta

O DULCI jucunda viro, jucunda parenti,
 salve, teque bona Juppiter auctet ope,
 janua, quam Balbo dicunt servisse benigne
 olim, cum sedes ipse senex tenuit,
 quamque ferunt rursus voto servisse maligno, 5
 postquam es porrecto facta marita sene.
 dic agedum nobis, quare mutata feraris
 in dominum veterem deseruisse fidem.

bands, nor, with vesture pulled aside, bare your breasts, until the alabaster casket has offered its pleasant gifts to me, your casket alone, you who cherish the chaste rites of wedlock. She, however, who gives herself to foul adultery, her vile and fruitless gifts the powdery dust shall soak up, for I seek no offerings from the impure. But, chaste brides, more and more may your joy increase and love unceasing dwell in your abodes. My queen, when gazing on the stars you offer festive torches to the Goddess of Love, let not me, who am a part of you, go without my meed, but rather, by your generous gifts, provoke the stars to keep exclaiming "Could I become a tress upon that royal head, Oarion might shine next to Aquarius."

67

Poet

HAIL! door complaisant to the comely husband, complaisant to his father, may Jupiter lend you his great aid, for they say you served Balbus well, when the old man owned the house, though afterwards, they say, you lent yourself to wicked fraud, when the old man had been laid out, and you shut upon a bride. Come, tell me why you are said to have changed thus and have failed in loyalty to your ancient master.

Janua

“non—ita Caecilio placeam, cui tradita nunc
sum—

culpa mea est, quamquam dicitur esse mea, 10
nec peccatum a me quisquam pote dicere quic-
quam:

verum is mos populi janua quippe facit,
qui, quacumque aliquid reperitur non bene fac-
tum,

ad me omnes clamant: janua, culpa tua est.”

Poeta

non istuc satis est uno te dicere verbo, 15
sed facere ut quivis sentiat et videat.

Janua

“qui possum? nemo quaerit nec scire laborat.”

Poeta

nos volumus: nobis dicere ne dubita.

Janua

“primum igitur, virgo quod fertur tradita nobis,
falsum est. non illam vir prior attigerit, 20
languidior tenera cui pendens sricula beta
numquam se mediam sustulit ad tunicam,
sed pater illius gnati violasse cubile
dicitur et miseram conscelerasse domum,

Door

As I hope to please Caecilius, now my master,
the fault is not mine, although the world declares
it so; nor can any one justly accuse me of wrong:
but the rabble, according to their wont, do so,
for they, when anything falls out badly, come
calling to me: "Door, it's all your fault."

Poet

Your bare assertion is not good enough; ex-
plain yourself, so that we can believe and under-
stand.

Door

How can I? no one cares to listen.

Poet

I do: tell me.

sive quod impia mens caeco flagrabat amore 25
 seu quod iners sterili semine natus erat,
 et quaerendus is unde foret nervosius illud,
 quod posset zonam solvere virgineam.”

Poeta

egregium narras mira pietate parentem,
 qui ipse sui gnati minxerit in gremium. 30

Janua

“atqui non solum hoc se dicit cognitum habere
 Brixia Chineae supposita speculae,
 flavus quam molli percurrit flumine Mella,
 Brixia Veronae mater amata meae.
 et de Postumio et Corneli narrat amore, 35
 cum quibus illa malum fecit adulterium.
 dixerit hic aliquis: ‘qui tu isthaec, janua nosti?
 cui numquam domini limine abesse licet,
 nec populum auscultare, sed heic suffixa tigillo
 tantum operire soles aut aperire domum?’ 40
 saepe illam audivi furtiva voce loquentem
 solam cum ancillis haec sua flagitia,
 nomine dicentem quos diximus, ut pote quae mi
 speraret nec linguam esse nec auriculam.
 praeterea addebat quendam, quem dicere nolo 45
 nomine, ne tollat rubra supercilia.
 longus homo est, magnas quoi lites intulit olim
 falsum mendaci ventre puerperium.”

Either insensate passion drove him to this sin,
or the son lay useless under a sterile curse, and
more vigorous means had to be sought to loose
the virgin's zone.

Poet

You tell of a father with a pretty idea of propriety, who, forsooth, would make a cuckold of his son.

Door

And this is not all, Brixia knows a great deal more about her than this, Brixia who lies below the watch towers of China, and whose walls are washed by tawny Mella's sluggish stream, Brixia my Verona's beloved mother. She tells of the intrigues of Postumius and Cornelius to both of whom this woman granted illicit favours. Should any one say: "Door, how can you know all this, who can never leave your master's threshold, nor listen to the scandal of the town, but, fixed here to the lintel, are used only to open and shut the house?" I have often heard her, when alone with her maids, recount in furtive tones the stories of her gallantries, naming those of whom I speak and never dreaming I have ears and tongue. She also spoke of one I will not name, lest in anger he raise his red eyebrows. He is a tall man, who was once involved in a celebrated lawsuit concerning a false charge of bastardy.

68

QUOD mihi fortuna casuque oppressus acerbo
 conscriptum hoc lacrimis mittis epistolium,
 naufragum ut ejectum spumantibus aequoris
 undis

sublevem et a mortis limine restituum,
 quem neque sancta Venus molli requiescere
 somno 5

desertum in lecto caelibe perpetitur,
 nec veterum dulci scriptorum carmine Musae
 oblectant, cum mens anxia pervigilat,
 id gratum est mihi, me quoniam tibi dicis amicum,
 muneraque et Musarum hinc petis et Veneris:
 sed tibi ne mea sint ignota incommoda, Manli,
 neu me odisse putes hospitis officium, 12

accipe, quis merseer fortunae fluctibus ipse,
 ne amplius a misero dona beata petas.
 tempore quo primum vestis mihi tradita pura est,
 jucundum cum aetas florida ver ageret, 16
 multa satis lusi: non est dea nescia nostri,
 quae dulcem curis miscet amaritiem:

sed totum hoc studium luctu fraterna mihi mors
 abstulit. o misero frater adempte mihi, 20
 tu mea tu moriens fregisti commoda, frater,
 tecum una tota est nostra sepulta domus:

68

BOWED down by sorrow and fortune's blows, you send me this letter written in tears, bidding me rescue a shipwrecked sailor cast forth by the sea's foaming billows, and snatch back from the jaws of death one whom, as he lies in a lonely bed, holy Venus does not let close his eyes in forgetful sleep, and whom the Muses soothe not with the sweet songs of old-time poets, when the tortured brain keeps wakeful nights. I am glad that you thus do justice to my friendship, and ask from me the gifts of the Muses and of Venus: but Manlius, so that you may know of my loss, and may not think me careless of the duties of a friend, learn in what a sea of woe I too am plunged, and no longer ask the fruits of happiness from one whose own heart is racked with sorrow. From the time when I first attained my manhood, when the happy spring-time of my youth put forth its flowers, I dallied my full with love, and well known to me was the Goddess who adds sweet rapture to our cares: but my brother's death, through grief, has swept away these thoughts of love. O my brother, snatched from my sorrow-stricken eyes; your death, my brother, has snapped my happiness asunder, into the tomb you have carried with you all the

omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra,
 quae tuus in vita dulcis alebat amor.
 cujus ego interitu tota de mente fugavi 25
 haec studia atque omnis delicias animi.
 quare, quod scribis Veronae turpe Catullo
 esse, quod hic quivis de meliore nota
 frigida deserto tepefactet membra cubili,
 id, Manli, non est turpe, magis miserum est. 30
 ignoscas igitur, si, quae mihi luctus ademit,
 haec tibi non tribuo munera, cum nequeo.
 nam, quod scriptorum non magna est copia apud
 me,
 hoc fit, quod Romae vivimus: illa domus,
 illa mihi sedes, illic mea carpitur aetas: 35
 huc una ex multis capsula me sequitur.
 quod cum ita sit, nolim statuas nos mente maligna
 id facere aut animo non satis ingenuo,
 quod tibi non utriusque petenti copia posta est:
 ultro ego deferrem, copia siqua foret. 40

68b

Non possum reticere, deae, qua me Allius in re
 juverit aut quantis juverit officiis,
 nec fugiens saeculis obliscentibus aetas
 illius hoc caeca nocte tegat studium:

hopes of our family: all my joys, which in life your sweet affections nourished, with you have perished! Since my brother's death, I have banished from my mind all these pursuits and sweet poetic fancies. Therefore, when you write that it is disgraceful of Catullus to linger on at Verona, when every well-known man warms his chilly limbs in the bed he has deserted; do not call it disgraceful, Manlius, it is only another source of misery. Forgive me, then, that I do not, for I cannot, offer you the tributes of my muse that sorrow has taken from me.

As for your other request, I have very few books with me here, for I live in Rome: there is my house, my home, there I spend my days. Only one caseful, out of many, followed me here. As this is the whole truth of the matter, you must not regard me as niggardly or wanting in friendliness because I cannot comply with either of your requests, for I would have done so unasked if it had been within my power.

68b

MUSES, I cannot refrain from telling under what circumstances Allius came to my aid and how great that aid was: then never in its flight may time, with its enshrouding years, hide the zeal of Allius in the obscurity of night. What I

sed dicam vobis, vos porro dicite multis 45
 milibus et facite haec charta loquatur anus
 * * * * * *
 notescatque magis mortuus atque magis,
 nec tenuem texens sublimis aranea telam
 in deserto Alli nomine opus faciat. 50
 nam, mihi quam dederit duplex Amathusia curam
 scitis, et in quo me corruerit genere,
 cum tantum arderem quantum Trinacria rupes
 lymphaque in Oetaeis Malia Thermopylis,
 maesta neque assiduo tabescere lumina fletu 55
 cessarent tristique imbre madere genae.
 qualis in aerii perlucens vertice montis
 rivus muscoso prosilit e lapide,
 qui cum de prona praeceps est valle volutus,
 per medium densi transit iter populi, 60
 dulce viatori lasso in sudore levamen,
 cum gravis exustos aestus hiulcat agros:
 hic, velut in nigro jactatis turbine nautis
 lenius aspirans aura secunda venit
 jam prece Pollucis, jam Castoris implorata, 65
 tale fuit nobis Allius auxilium.
 is clausum lato patefecit limite campum,
 isque domum nobis isque dedit dominam,
 ad quam communes exerceremus amores.
 quo mea se molli candida diva pede 70
 intulit et trito fulgentem in limine plantam
 innixa arguta constituit solea,

tell to you, tell to thousands and let my verse speak to distant posterity * * * and after death may his fame spread more and more, nor let the ceilinged spider, spinning his gossamer threads, weave his web over the mouldering name of Allius. You know what cares wily Venus meted out to me, and how she overwhelmed me, when I seethed with Etna's fires, or the Malian stream in Oetaean Thermopylae, nor did these dejected eyes cease to dim with constant tears, nor the sad showers to bedew my cheek. For as the stream, sparkling in the mountain's airy height, leaps over the mossgrown stones, as it takes its downward course into the valley and sweeps through the busy haunts of men, a sweet solace to the traveller tired and wayworn, when the summer's sun makes crack the parching fields; or as a favouring breeze that comes in gentle wafts to the sailor who has been tossed by the blackest storms, a breeze in prayer implored of Pollux, implored of Castor; such help Allius brought to me. He opened up for me a broad path through a fenced field, for he gave me the use of a house with a favouring mistress, where we could enjoy our mutual delights. Thither my fair goddess turned with light steps and set her radiant foot on the polished threshold, as she pressed on her creaking sandal; even as

conjugis ut quondam flagrans advenit amore
 Protesileam Laudamia domum
inceptam frustra, nondum cum sanguine sacro 75
 hostia caelestis pacificasset eros.
nil mihi tam valde placeat, Rhamnusia virgo,
 quod temere invitis suscipiatur eris.
quam jejuna pium desideret ara cruorem,
 docta est amisso Laudamia viro, 80
conjugis ante coacta novi dimittere collum,
 quam veniens una atque altera rursus hiemps
noctibus in longis avidum saturasset amorem,
 posset ut abrupto vivere conjugio,
quod scibant Parcae non longo tempore abesse,
 si miles muros isset ad Iliacos: 86
nam tum Helenae raptu primores Argivorū
 coeperat ad sese Troja ciere viros,
Troja, nefas, commune sepulcrum Asiae Europae-
 que,
Troja virum et virtutum omnium acerba cinis,
quaene etiam nostro letum miserabile fratri 91
 attulit. ei misero frater adempte mihi,
ei misero fratri jucundum lumen ademptum,
 tecum una tota est nostra sepulta domus,
omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra, 95
 quae tuus in vita dulcis alebat amor.

Laudamia, burning with love for her husband, came to the home of Protesilaus, a home too rashly set up, for not yet had a victim propitiated the denizens of Heaven with sacrificial blood. May nothing, Rhamnusian maid, so strongly move my passions that I should rashly enter upon a course displeasing to the Gods. Laudamia learnt, through the loss of her husband, how ravenously the starved altar craves its propitiatory blood, for she was forced to untwine her arms from round her husband's neck, ere one winter following on another had, in the long nights, assuaged the cravings of her love and she could bear to live in broken widowhood. This the Fates knew would soon come to pass, did he march as a soldier against the walls of Troy; for at that time Troy, by Helen's rape, was drawing to her plains the flower of Grecian youth. Accursed Troy! the common tomb of Asia and of Europe, Troy the unfeeling pyre of men and manhood, who also brought to my brother the bitterness of death. Alas, my brother, snatched from my sorrow-stricken eyes! alas for the pleasant light of life snatched from my poor brother! Into the tomb you have carried with you all the hopes of our family, all my joys, which in life your sweet affection nourished, with you have perished! It is not among our

quem nunc tam longe non inter nota sepulcra
 nec prope cognatos compositum cineres,
 sed Troja obscaena, Troja infelice sepultum
 detinet extremo terra aliena solo. 100
 ad quam tum properans fertur simul undique
 pubes
 Graeca penetrales deseruisse focos,
 ne Paris abducta gavisus libera moecha
 otia pacato degeret in thalamo.
 quo tibi tum casu, pulcherrima Laudamia, 105
 ereptum est vita dulcius atque anima
 conjugium: tanto te absorbens vertice amoris
 aestus in abruptum detulerat barathrum,
 quale ferunt Grai Pheneum prope Cylleneum
 siccare emulsa pingue palude solum, 110
 quod quondam caesis montis fodisse medullis
 audit falsiparens Amphitryoniades,
 tempore quo certa Stymphalia monstra sagitta
 perculit imperio deterioris eri,
 pluribus ut caeli tereretur janua divis, 115
 Hebe nec longa virginitate foret.
 sed tuus altus amor barathro fuit altior illo,
 qui tamen indomitam ferre jugum docuit.
 nam nec tam carum confecto aetate parenti
 una caput seri nata nepotis alit, 120
 qui, cum divitiis vix tandem inventus avitis
 nomen testatas intulit in tabulas,

long-honoured vaults and side by side with our kindred that your ashes lie sepulchred, but it is in accursed Troy, in ill-omened Troy that an alien soil prisons you in the tomb, in a far distant land. Forsaking hearth and home, the Grecian youth is said to have hastened there from every side, to prevent Paris rejoicing in his adulterous mistress, from passing unchallenged hours within a peaceful chamber. From this cause, sweetest Laudamia, a husband dearer to you than life or soul was snatched from your eyes, and the storm of passion, dragging you into its eddies, plunged you down a sheer abyss, as deep as that which the Greeks tell us drains the marsh and dries the sodden land near Cyllenean Pheneus, and which the falsely-fathered son of Amphitryon is said to have dug out, cutting down to the heart of the mountain, time when, under a weakling master's rule, with unerring shaft he pierced the Stymphalian monsters, that the gates of Heaven might be trodden by another God, and Hebe end her long virginity. But your love was deeper than that abyss, the love that taught you, the indomitable, to bear the yoke. Less dear to a father, weighed down with years, is the long-watched-for grandson which an only daughter bears; who has come at last to succeed to the ancestral wealth, and has given a name to be inscribed in the attested

impia derisi gentilis gaudia tollens
 suscitatur a cano vulturium capiti:
 nec tantum niveo gavisata est ulla columbo 125
 compar, quae multo dicitur improbius
 oscula mordenti semper decerpere rostro,
 quam quae praecipue multivola est mulier.
 sed tu horum magnos vicisti sola furores,
 ut semel es flavo conciliata viro. 130
 aut nihil aut paulo cui tum concedere digna
 lux mea se nostrum contulit in gremium,
 quam circumcursans hinc illinc saepe Cupido
 fulgebat crocina candidus in tunica.
 quae tamen etsi, uno non est contenta Catullo,
 rara verecundae furta feremus erae, 136
 ne nimium simus stultorum more molesti.
 saepe etiam Juno, maxima caelicolum,
 conjugis in culpa flagrantem concoquit iram,
 noscens omnivoli plurima furta Jovis. 140
 atquei nec divis homines componier aequum est,
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 ingratum tremuli tolle parentis onus.
 nec tamen illa mihi dextra deducta paterna
 fragrantem Assyrio venit odore domum,
 sed furtiva dedit muta munuscula nocte, 145
 ipsius ex ipso dempta viri gremio.
 quare illud satis est, si nobis is datur unis,
 quem lapide illa diem candidiore notat.

will; thus baulking the unkindly joy of the baffled next-of-kin and driving away the vulture soaring round the whitening hairs. Less ardent are the transports of the snow-white dove for her mate, and yet she is said to snatch kisses with a pecking beak much more wantonly than any woman, even though the latter be lascivious beyond measure. Yes, Laudamia, all these you surpassed in warmth of passion, when once you were united to your yellow-haired husband. Yet quite or near as glorious was the light of my life when she threw herself into my arms, and round her Cupid often hovered and flashed gleaming in his yellow cloak. It is true she is not content with Catullus alone, but I will bear without complaint the occasional coquetries of my prudent mistress, nor be troublesome as if a jealous fool. For even Juno, empress of the sky, seethes with boiling anger at her husband's deeds, and knows full well of Jove's endless infidelities, who lusts after all alike. But man must not be compared with the Gods * * * lift up the irksome burden of an aged sire. For, after all, she did not come into my house scented with Assyrian odours, and led by her father's hand, but in the silence of the night she granted me these secret favours, to do which she had slipped away even from her husband's arms. Therefore,

hoc tibi, quod potui, confectum carmine munus
 pro multis, Alli, redditur officiis. 150
 ne vostrum scabra tangat rubigine nomen
 haec atque illa dies atque alia atque alia.
 huc addent divi quam plurima, quae Themis olim
 antiquis solita est munera ferre piis:
 sitis felices et tu simul et tua vita 155
 et domus illa, in qua lusimus et domina,
 et qui principio nobis terram dedit Anser
 a quo sunt primo mi omnia nata bona
 et longe ante omnes mihi quae me carior ipso est,
 lux mea, qua viva vivere dulce mihi est. 160

69

Do not wonder why the woman, Rufus
 NOLI admirari, quare tibi femina nulla,
 Rufe, velit tenerum supposuisse femur,
 non si illam rarae labefactes munere vestis
 aut perluciduli deliciis lapidis.
to cur
 laedit te quaedam mala fabula, qua tibi fertur 5
 valle sub alarum trux habitare caper.
 hunc metuunt omnes: neque mirum: nam mala
 valde est
 bestia, nec quicum bella puella cubet.
 quare aut crudelem nasorum interface pestem,
 aut admirari desine cur fugiunt. 10

enough for me if that day is given to me alone, the day my Lesbia marks with a stone whiter than the rest. Allius, this tribute of my song, all that I could, is offered in return for your many kindly deeds, that neither to-day, to-morrow, nor the days that are to be, may smear your name with scabrous rust. To this, my song, may the Gods add those many gifts which Themis one time was wont to bestow upon the pious men of old. Blessings on you all, on you, on her who is as dear to you as life, on that house in which we dallied and on its mistress, on Anser who, in the first place, gave me what is all the world to me and by whose aid all my bliss first arose and, far above all the rest, on her who is sweeter to me than my very being, light of my days, whose life gives my life all its happiness.

How warty nice!

70

NULLI se dicit mulier mea nubere malle
quam mihi, non si se Juppiter ipse petat.
dicit: sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
in vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua.

71

SI cui jure bono sacer alarum obstitit hircus,
aut si quem merito tarda podagra secat,
aemulus iste tuus, qui vestrum exercet amorem,
mirifice est a te nactus utrumque malum.
nam quotiens futuit, totiens ulciscitur ambos: 5
illam affligit odore, ipse perit podagra.

72

DICEBAS quondam solum te nosse Catullum,
Lesbia, nec prae me velle tenere Jovem.
dilexi tum te non tantum ut vulgus amicam,
sed pater ut natos diligit et generos.
nunc te cognovi: quare etsi impensius uror, 5
multo mi tamen es vilior et levior.
qui potis est? inquis. quod amantem injuria talis
cogit amare magis, sed bene velle minus.

✓ 70

My mistress says no man would she rather marry than me, not even were Jove himself to seek her hand. These are her words: but what a woman says to her eager lover may be writ on the winds and in running water.

✓ 72

LESBIA, you used to say that you loved Catullus only, nor would you give me up for Jove himself. I loved you then, not as one of the vulgar herd loves his mistress, but as a father loves his children. I know you now; and although the love in my heart burns fiercer than ever, in my eyes you are far viler and more worthless. You ask how this can be? Because such misdeeds as yours drive the lover to love his mistress more, but to bear her less good-will.

73

DESINE de quoquam quicquam bene velle mereri,
aut aliquem fieri posse putare pium.
omnia sunt ingrata, nihil fecisse benigne
prodest, immo etiam taedet obestque magis;
ut mihi, quem nemo gravius nec acerbius urget, 5
quam modo qui me unum atque unicum amicum
habuit.

74

GELLIUS audierat patrum objurgare solere,
siquis delicias diceret aut faceret.
hoc ne ipsi accideret, patri perdepsit ipsam
uxorem et patrum reddidit Harpocratem.
quod voluit fecit: nam, quamvis irrumet ipsum 5
nunc patrum, verbum non faciet patruus.

75

HUC est mens deducta tua, mea Lesbia, culpa,
atque ita se officio perdidit ipsa suo,
ut jam nec bene velle queat tibi, si optima fias,
nec desistere amare, omnia si facias.

✓73

CEASE wishing to deserve well of any one, or imagining that good faith can be found in this world. Ingratitude is universal and good deeds go for naught; nay, they are counted a burden and a cause for hate. In my case, no one has treated me worse or more cruelly than he who but lately called me his one and only friend.

✓75

My Lesbia, to such a state has my heart been brought by your misdeeds, and so shattered is it by its devotion, that it can neither wish you well, if you do the best, nor cease to love you, if you do the worst.

76

SIQUA recordanti benefacta priora voluptas
 est homini, cum se cogitat esse pium,
 nec sanctam violasse fidem, nec foedere in ullo
 divum ad fallendos numine abusum homines,
 multa parata manent in longa aetate, Catulle, 5
 ex hoc ingrato gaudia amore tibi.
 nam quaecumque homines bene cuiquam aut
 dicere possunt
 aut facere, haec a te dictaque factaque sunt.
 omnia quae ingratae perierunt credita menti.
 quare jam te cur amplius excrucies? 10
 quin tu animum offirmas atque istinc te ipse
 reducis,
 et dis invitis desinis esse miser?
 difficile est longum subito deponere amorem.
 difficile est, verum hoc qua lubet efficias:
 una salus hoc est, hoc est tibi pervincendum, 15
 hoc facias, sive id non pöte sive pote.
 odi, si vestrum est misereri, aut si quibus umquam
 extremam jam ipsa in morte tulistis opem,
 me miserum aspicate et, si vitam puriter egi,
 eripite hanc pestem perniciemqùe mihi. 20
 heu mihi surrepens imos ut torpor in artus
 expulit ex omni pectore laetitas.

✓ 76

IF remembrance of past good deeds brings pleasure to a man, the knowledge of a blameless life, the sacred trust unviolated, no promise falsely sworn to by the sanctity of the Gods in order to deceive men, then, indeed, many up-stored pleasures should refresh you throughout your life's long way, Catullus, and should be a recompense to you, arising from this untoward love. For whatsoever good a man can say or do, has been said and done by you. All this, which was intrusted to a faithless heart, has perished. Why do you further vex your soul? Why do you not brace up your mind, turn your back upon this love, and, in spite of Fate, cast off your sorrow? It is not easy, at a moment's notice, to lay aside a life-long love. It is not easy; but you must do so, what way you can: this is your one salvation and must be attained by you: possible or impossible, do it you must. Gods, if pity is of your nature, or if ever you have brought aid to those near to death, look down upon me in my sorrow, and if I have led a pure and holy life, drive out of me this rankling poison. Alas! a deadening stupor, creeping over every limb, has expelled all joy from my heart. I do not ask

non jam illud quaero, contra me ut diligat illa,
 aut, quod non potis est, esse pudica velit:
 ipse valere opto te taetrum hunc deponere mor-
 bum. 25

o di, reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea.

77

RUFE mihi frustra ac nequiquam credite amice
 (frustra? immo magno cum pretio atque malo),
 sicine subrepsti mi, atque intestina perurens
 ei misero eripuisti omnia nostra bona?
 eripuisti, heu heu nostrae crudele venenum 5
 vitae, heu heu nostrae pestis amicitiae.
 sed nunc id doleo, quod purae pura puellae
 suavia comminxit spurca saliva tua.
 verum id non impune feres: nam te omnia saecla
 noscent, et qui sis fama loquetur anus. 10

78

GALLUS habet fratres, quorum est lepidissima
 conjunx
 alterius, lepidus filius alterius.
 Gallus homo est bellus: nam dulces jungit amores,
 cum puero ut bello bella puella cubet.
 Gallus homo est stultus, nec se videt esse maritum,
 qui patruus patruum monstret adulterium. 6

that she should return my love, or, what can never be, that she should wish to be chaste. I would once more be heart-whole and free from this festering disease. Gods, grant me this, because of my great faith.

✓ 77

O RUFUS, friend trusted by me so foolishly and in vain (in vain? yea, to my cost and unutterable sorrow), have you not crept over me, searing my inmost vitals, and robbed me, stricken with grief, of my all in all? You have robbed me, alas, deadly poison of my life, alas, canker of my friendship. What revolts me now is that your foul breath has defiled the unsullied lips of my unsullied mistress. But you shall not pass unscathed: ages hence shall learn, and far-off history recount, your infamy.

79

LESBIUS est pulcher. quid ni? quem Lesbia malit
 quam te cum tota gente, Catulle, tua.
 sed tamen hic pulcher vendat cum gente Catullum,
 si tria notorum suavia reppererit.

80

QUID dicam, Gelli, quare rosea ista labella
 hiberna fiant candidiora nive,
 mane domo cum exis et cum te octava quiete
 e molli longo suscitatur hora die?
 nescio quid certe est: an vera fama susurrat 5
 grandia te medii tenta vorare viri?
 sic certe est: clamant Victoris rupta miselli
 ilia et emulso labra notata sero.

81

NEMONE in tanto potuit populo esse, Juventi,
 bellus homo, quem tu diligere inciperes,
 praeterquam iste tuus moribunda a sede Pisauri
 hospes inaurata pallidior statua,
 qui tibi nunc cordi est, quem tu praeponere no-
 bis 5
 audes, et nescis quod facinus facias.

79

LESBIUS is a fine fellow. Why not? for Lesbia prefers him to you, Catullus, and all your family. But let this fine fellow sell up Catullus, with his whole family, if he can find three acquaintances to acknowledge his salutations.

81

WAS there no decent man worthy of your affection left in the world, Juventius, except this friend of yours, sallower than a gilded statue, who hails from Pisaurus' pestilential site; to whom now you cling, whom now you dare prefer to me; ah! you little know what ill you do.

82

QUINTI, si tibi vis oculos debere Catullum
 aut aliquid si quid carius est oculis,
 eripere ei noli, multo quod carius illi
 est oculis seu quid carius est oculis.

83

LESBIA mi praesente viro mala plurima dicit:
 haec illi fatuo maxima laetitia est.
 mule, nihil sentis: si nostri oblita taceret,
 sana esset: nunc quod gannit et obloquitur,
 non solum meminit, sed, quae multo acrior est
 res, 5
 irata est: hoc est, uritur et loquitur.

84

CHOMMODA dicebat; si quando commoda vellet
 dicere, et insidias Arrius hinsidias,
 et tum mirifice sperabat se esse locutum,
 cum quantum poterat dixerat hinsidias.
 credo, sic mater, sic Liber avunculus ejus, 5
 sic maternus avus dixerat atque avia.

✓ 82

QUINTIUS, if you would that Catullus should owe to you his eyes, or what is still more precious, if such there be, then do not try to rob him of what is more precious to him than his eyes, and more precious than what is still more precious than his eyes.

✓ 83

LESBIA, when her husband is present, says all she can against me: and this gives the fool the greatest pleasure. Ass, don't you see, if, forgetting me, she were silent, then were she heart-whole. Now, when she chatters and reviles, not only does she remember me, but what is much more serious, she is enraged: which means that she burns and squeals.

✓ 84

ARRIUS says *hoppoortune* when he means to say *opportune*, *hinsidious* for *insidious*, and flatters himself that he has spoken marvellously well when he rolls out *hinsidious* at the top of his voice. I expect his mother, his uncle Liber, his grandfather and grandmother, all spoke like this.

hoc misso in Syriam requierant omnibus aures:
 audibant eadem haec leniter et leviter,
 nec sibi postilla metuebant talia verba,
 cum subito affertur nuntius horribilis, 10
 Ionios fluctus, postquam illuc Arrius isset,
 jam non Ionios esse, sed Hionios.

85

ODI et amo: quare id faciam, fortasse requiris.
 nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

86

QUINTIA formosa est multis, mihi candida, longa,
 recta est: haec ego sic singula confiteor.
 totum illud formosa nego: nam nulla venustas,
 nulla in tam magno est corpore mica salis.
 Lesbia formosa est, quae cum pulcherrima tota
 est, 5
 tum omnibus una omnes surripuit Veneres.

87

NULLA potest mulier tantum se dicere amatam
 vere, quantum a me Lesbia amata mea est.
 nulla fides nullo fuit unquam foedere tanta,
 quanta in amore tuo ex parte reperta mea est.

When Arrius departed for Syria, our ears had a rest and heard these words pronounced smoothly and lightly, and no longer feared their use ; when suddenly there came the awful news, that after Arrius had crossed the Ionian sea, it had ceased to be the Ionian and had become the *Hionian*.

✓ 85

I HATE and yet I love; perhaps you ask how this can be. I do not know, but that it is so I feel too well, and live in torment.

✓ 86

IN the eyes of many Quintia is beautiful, in mine she is fair and tall and straight; with each of these points I agree. That she is beautiful I flatly deny; for she is unattractive and she has not an atom of charm in her whole being. Now, Lesbia is beautiful, her beauty is one harmony and she has stolen the essence of every charm.

✓ 87

No woman could call herself so truly loved as my Lesbia was loved by me. No troth was ever tied with such bonds as those that bound me in love for you.

88

QUID facit is, Gelli, qui cum matre atque sorore
 prurit et abjectis pervigilat tunicis?
 quid facit is, patrum qui non sinit esse maritum?
 ecquid scis quantum suscipiat sceleris?
 suscipit, o Gelli, quantum non ultima Tethys 5
 nec genitor Nympharum abluit Oceanus:
 nam nihil est quicquam sceleris, quo prodeat
 ultra,
 non si demisso se ipse voret capite.

89

GELLIUS est tenuis: quid ni? cui tam bona mater
 tamque valens vivat tamque venusta soror
 tamque bonus patruus tamque omnia plena puellis
 cognatis, quare is desinit esse macer?
 qui ut nihil attingat, nisi quod fas tangere non est
 quantumvis quare sit macer invenies. 6

90

NASCATUR magus ex Gelli matrisque nefando
 conjugio et discat Persicum aruspicium:
 nam magus ex matre et nato gignatur oportet,
 si vere est Persarum impia religio,
 gratus ut accepto veneretur carmine divos 5
 omentum in flamma pingue liquefaciens.

91

NON ideo, Gelli, sperabam te mihi fidum
 in misero hoc nostro, hoc perdito amore fore,
 quod te cognossem bene constantemve putarem
 aut posse a turpi mentem inhibere probro:
 sed neque quod matrem nec germanam esse
 videbam 5
 hanc tibi, cujus me magnus edebat amor.
 et quamvis tecum multo conjugerer usu,
 non satis id causae credideram esse tibi.
 tu satis id ducti: tantum tibi gaudium in omni
 culpa est, in quacumque est aliquid sceleris. 10

✓ 92

LESBIA mi dicit semper male nec tacet unquam
 de me: Lesbia me dispeream nisi amat.
 quosigno? quia sunt totidem mea: deprecor illam
 assidue, verum dispeream nisi amo.

93

NIL nimium studeo Caesar, tibi velle placere,
 nec scire utrum sis albus an ater homo.

91

GELLIUS, it was not because I knew you well, or considered you honourable, possessing a conscience that would prevent you from being guilty of base villainy, that I was in hopes that you would be faithful to me in the day of my misery and forsaken love: but because I knew the girl, love for whom had devoured my soul, was neither your mother nor a sister. Although I was bound to you by many ties of intimacy, I had not thought even that a sufficient temptation to you. But you thought it quite enough, so great is your joy in evil deeds, even when they contain but a trace of sin.

√ 92

LESBIA is always saying nasty things to me; nor can she ever hold her tongue concerning me: I'll be hanged if Lesbia does not love me. How do I know? Because it is the same with me. I run her down with all my might, but I'll be hanged if I do not love her dearly.

√ 93

CAESAR, I have no particular anxiety to please you, nor care to know whether you are white or black.

94

MENTULA moechatur. moechatur mentula certe.
hoc est quod dicunt, ipsa olera olla legit.

95

ZMYRNA mei Cinnae nonam post denique messem
quam coepta est nonamque edita post hiemem,
milia cum interea, quingenta Hortensius uno

* * * * *

Zmyrna cavas Satrachi penitus mittetur ad
undas, 5

Zmyrnam cana diu saecula pervoluent.
at Volusi annales Paduam morientur ad ipsam
et laxas scombris saepe dabunt tunicas.
parva mei mihi sint cordi monumenta sodalis,
at populus tumido gaudeat Antimacho. 10

96

SI quicquam mutis gratum acceptumve sepulcris
accidere a nostro, Calve, dolore potest,
quo desiderio veteres renovamus amores
atque olim missas flemus amicitias,
certe non tanto mors immatura dolori est 5
Quintiliae, quantum gaudet amore tuo.

95

My Cinna's "Zmyrna" is published to the world after nine summers and nine winters have rolled by since it was begun; meanwhile Hortensius in a single year pours forth his thousands of verses. The "Zmyrna" shall reach the convex waves of Satrachus, and the world grown old shall thumb her leaves. But the annals of Volusius shall die in his own Padua and shall often furnish loose wrappers for mackerel. Dear to me are my friend's unpretentious memorials, so let the vulgar herd admire Antimachus and his turgid lines.

96

IF our grief, Calvus, can give any pleasure or consolation to the buried dead, and the yearning with which we re-enkindle old loves, and weep lost friends; then surely Quintilia must feel less sorrow for her untimely end than joy in your love.

97

NON (ita me di ament) quicquam referre putavi,
 utrumne os an culum olfacerem Aemilio.
 nilo mundius hoc, niloque immundius illud,
 verum etiam culus mundior et melior:
 nam sine dentibus hic: dentis os sesquipedalis, 5
 gingivas vero ploxeni habet veteris,
 praeterea rictum qualem diffissus in aestu
 meientis mulae cunnus habere solet.
 hic futuit multas et se facit esse venustum,
 et non pistrino traditur atque asino? 10
 quem si qua attingit, non illam posse putemus
 aegroti culum lingere carnificis?

98

IN te, si in quemquam, dici pote, putide Victi,
 id quod verbosis dicitur et fatuis.
 ista cum lingua, si usus veniat tibi, possis
 culos et crepidas lingere carpatinas.
 si nos omnino vis omnes perdere, Victi, 5
 hiscas: omnino quod cupis efficies.

99

SURRIPUI tibi, dum ludis, mellite Juventi,
 saviolum dulci dulcius ambrosia.

99

HONEYED Juventius, while you were playing I
snatched a kiss, sweeter by far than sweetest

verum id non impune tuli: namque amplius
horam

suffixum in summa me memini esse cruce,
dum tibi me purgo nec possum fletibus ullis 5
tantillum vestrae demere saevitiae.

nam simul id factum est, multis diluta labella
guttis abstersisti omnibus articulis,
ne quicquam nostro contractum ex ore maneret,
tamquam commictae spurca saliva lupae. 10
praeterea infestum misero me tradere amori
non cessasti omnique excruciare modo,
ut mi ex ambrosia mutatum jam foret illud
saviolum tristi tristius helleboro.

quam quoniam poenam misero proponis amori,
nunquam jam posthac basia surripiam. 16

100

CAELIUS Aufilenum et Quintius Aufilenam
flos Veronensum depereunt juvenum,
hic fratrem, ille sororem. hoc est, quod dicitur,
illud

fraternum vere dulce sodalitium.
cui faveam potius? Caeli, tibi: nam tua nobis 5
perspecta egregie est unica amicitia,
cum vesana meas torreret flamma medullas.
sis felix, Caeli, sis in amore potens.

ambrosia. But I went not unpunished, for more than an hour, I remember, I hung upon the cross, as I tried to make my peace, but no tears of mine could allay a tittle of your rage. For as soon as the deed was done, with both your hands you rubbed your lips, dewed with many drops, that of my lips no trace should stay, as if they exhaled a harlot's defiling breath. You did not cease to lash me for my woeful love and torture me in every way, so that little kiss, changed from ambrosia, might become more bitter than the bitterest hellebore. If this be the punishment you reserve for woeful love, never in my life will I snatch another kiss.

101

MULTAS per gentes et multa per aequora vectus
 advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias,
 ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
 et mutam nequiquam alloquerer cinerem.
 quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum, 5
 heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi,
 nunc tamen interea haec prisco quae more pa-
 rentum
 tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,
 accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
 atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale. 10

102

SI quicquam tacito commissum est fido ab amico,
 cujus sit penitus nota fides animi,
 meque esse invenies illorum jure sacratum,
 Corneli, et factum me esse puta Harpocratem.

103

AUT sodes mihi redde decem sestertia, Silo,
 deinde esto quamvis saevus et indomitus:
 aut, si te nummi delectant, desine quaeso
 leno esse atque idem saevus et indomitus.

✓ 101 ✓

BORNE over many lands and many seas, I come,
O my brother, to the sad spot where you repose;
that I may render to you the last sad rites of
the dead, and call, although in vain, to your
dumb ashes. Since fate has snatched your dear
presence from my eyes, alas, O my brother, so
cruelly taken from me, yet receive these last
sad rites, that are according to the pious usages
of our forefathers and are washed with a brother's
many tears, and now for ever, O my brother, hail
and farewell!

102

IF there exist mortals of approved discretion,
who faithfully can guard the secrets confided by
a friend, you will find, Cornelius, that I am one
who is sworn within that band, and you may
regard me as a second Harpocrates.

103

EITHER return me my ten thousand sesterces,
Silo, and then be as rude and abusive as you
like: or, if you cling to the cash, then as a
pandar, cease being rude and abusive.

104

CREDIS me potuisse meae maledicere vitae,
ambobus mihi quae carior est oculis?
non potui, nec, si possem, tam perditae amarem:
sed tu cum Tappone omnia monstra facis.

105

MENTULA conatur Pipleum scandere montem:
Musae furcillis praecipitem ejiciunt.

106

CUM puero bello praeconem qui videt esse
quid credat, nisi se vendere discupere?

107

SI quoi quid cupido optantique optigit umquam
insperanti, hoc est gratum animo proprie.
quare hoc est gratum nobis quoque carius auro
quod te restituis, Lesbia, mi cupido.
restituis cupido atque insperanti, ipsa refert te 5
nobis. o lucem candidiore nota!
quis me uno vivit felicior, aut magis hac rem
optandam in vita dicere quis poterit?

104

Do you think I could curse the light of my days, who is dearer to me than my eyes? No, I could not, for if I could, I should not love so dearly as I do; but you and Tappo make mountains out of molehills.

105

MENTULA strives to scale the Piplean heights, but with pitchforks the Muses drive him down.

107

IF to one sick with longing the unhopèd-for joy comes to pass, then does the soul receive her true delight. Wherefore joy more precious than gold falls to my lot, when to me sick with desire, you, Lesbia, give yourself back. You give yourself back to me, sick with desire and bereft of hope, you yourself come back to my arms. O day that shall be marked by the whitest stone! Who in this world is happier than I, who could say that life has a greater happiness than this?

108

SI, Comini, populi arbitrio tua cana senectus
 spurcata impuris moribus intereat,
 non equidem dubito quin primum inimica bono-
 rum

lingua execta avido sit data vulturio,
 effossos oculos voret atro gutture corvus, 5
 intestina canes, cetera membra lupi.

109

JUCUNDUM, mea vita, mihi proponis amorem
 hunc nostrum inter nos perpetuumque fore.
 di magni, facite ut vere promittere possit,
 atque id sincere dicat et ex animo,
 ut liceat nobis tota perducere vita 5
 aeternum hoc sanctae foedus amicitiae.

110

AUFILENA, bonae semper laudantur amicae:
 accipiunt pretium, quae facere instituunt.
 tu, quod promisti, mihi quod mentita inimica es,
 quod nec das nec fers, saepe facis facinus.
 aut facere ingenuae est, aut non promisse pudici-
 cae, 5

Aufilena, fuit: sed data corripere
 fraudando effectis plus quam meretricis avarae,
 quae sese toto corpore prostituit.

108

COMINIUS, if the sentence of the people should put an end to your old age, defiled by your infamous ways, I do not doubt but that your tongue, that hates all things of good report, will be cut out and cast to the ravening vulture, the black-throated crow shall devour your gouged-out eyes, the dogs your bowels, the wolves the rest.

✓ 109

O MY soul, you declare that our rapturous love shall last for ever. Great Gods! grant that she can keep her promise, may she be speaking from her heart, without guile, and may the sacred bonds of our affection outlast the term of our existence.

I I I

AUFILENA, viro contentam vivere solo,
 nuptarum laus ex laudibus eximiis:
 sed cujus quamvis potius succumbere par est,
 quam matrem fratres ex patruo parere.

I I 2

MULTUS homo es, Naso, neque tecum multus
 homo est qui
 descendit: Naso, multus es et pathicus.

I I 3

CONSULE Pompeio primum duo, Cinna, solebant
 Meciliam: facto consule nunc iterum
 manserunt duo, sed creverunt milia in unum
 singula. fecundum semen adulterio.

I I 4

FIRMANO saltu non falso Mentula dives
 fertur, qui tot res in se habet egregias,
 aucupium omne genus, piscis prata arva ferasque.
 nequiquam: fructus sumptibus exsuperat.
 quare concedo sit dives dum omnia desint. 5
 saltus laudemus commoda, dum ipse egeat.

113

CINNA, when Pompey first was consul, Mecilia had two lovers. Now he is consul for the second time, these two still remain, but each of them has increased by a thousand. Thus does adultery breed.

114

QUITE rightly is Mentula held to be rich in his Firmian estate, which contains in itself such excellent supplies; every kind of fowl, fish, pasture, arable land, and game. All to no end: his expenses outrun his revenue. Let us grant, therefore, that he is rich, while he lacks everything. Let us praise the resources of his estate, while he himself lives in want.

115

MENTULA habet instar triginta jugera prati,
quadraginta arvi: cetera sunt maria.
cur non divitiis Croesum superare potis sit,
uno qui in saltu totmoda possideat,
prata arva ingentes silvas saltusque paludesque 5
usque ad Hyperboreos et mare ad Oceanum?
omnia magna haec sunt, tamen ipse est maximus
ultro,
non homo, sed vero mentula magna minax.

116

SAEPE tibi studioso animo venante requirens
carmina uti possem mittere Battiadae,
qui te lenirem nobis, neu conarere
telis infestum mittere in usque caput,
hunc video mihi nunc frustra sumptum esse la-
borem, 5
Gelli, nec nostras hic valuisse preces.
contra nos tela ista tua evitamus amicti:
at fixus nostris tu dabis supplicium.

✓ 116

I HAVE often searched with anxious mind for means of sending you some verses of Callimachus; to avert your ill-will and save my head from the vengeance you never ceased to threaten. I see now, Gellius, that my labours were in vain, my prayers useless. Therefore my cloak must shield me against your weapon; on the other hand, transfixed by mine, you shall cry me mercy.

FRAGMENTA

I

At non effugies meos iambos.

2

Hunc lucum tibi dedico consecroque, Priape,
qua domus tua Lampsaci est quaque *silva* Priape.
nam te praecipue in suis urbibus colit ora
Hellespontia, ceteris ostriosior oris.

3

- ♪ - ♪ ♪ de meo ligurrire libido est.

4

♪ - ♪ - et Lario imminens Comum.

5

Animula miserula properiter abiit.

6

Lucida qua splendent carchesia mali.

FRAGMENTS

1

You shall not escape my iambs.

2

To you, Priapus, I dedicate and consecrate this grove at Lampsacus where is your dwelling and your woodland. For in the fervour of their worship of you, the cities that fringe the far-famed oyster-bearing shores of the Hellespont yield to none.

3

I like to feast at my own cost.

4

And Comum overshadowing Larius.

5

The poor little life in an instant sped away.

6

The lights which shine from the masthead.

NOTES

I

IN this poem Catullus dedicates his book to Cornelius Nepos. The poems of Catullus, as we have them, may be divided into three sections: lyrics (1 to 60), the longer poems (61 to 68), epigrams (69 to 116). That this arrangement of his poems was made by Catullus we do not know, nor do we know whether the dedication to Cornelius was intended to embrace the whole of the poems or only those of some earlier publication.

1. The Romans wrote on rolls made up of Egyptian papyrus joined together. Account-books, note-books, etc., were in ordinary book shape and made of parchment. The edges of the papyrus rolls were cut carefully and smoothed with pumice stone. Catullus, of course, uses the expression tropically, just as we speak of Pope's "polished verse." Books were cheap, a volume costing tenpence and even less. (Statius, "Silvae," 4. 9. 9; Martial, 13. 3.)

6. *omne . . . chartis*. Catullus refers to the "Chronica" of Cornelius, one of his works that have been lost.

9. *o patrona virgo*, "the Muse," or possibly Minerva.

2

5-7. I have followed Ellis, in his larger edition. All that can be said for my rendering is that it is not more

unsatisfactory than the others. The different editors of Catullus read as follows:

Postgate and Owen:

“et solaciolum sui doloris,
credo, ut quo gravis acquiescat ardor:”

Mueller: “ut solaciolum sui doloris,
credo ut jam gravis acquiescat ardor:”

Palmer: “et solaciolum sui doloris
cordi est, cum gravis acquiescit ardor:”

Munro: “credo ut, cum gravis acquiescet ardor,
sit solaciolum sui doloris:”

Ellis (Scrip. Class. Bibl. Oxon.):

“credo ut cum gravis acquiescet ardor.”

A friend objects to my rendering, on the ground that the poem was written in the earliest days of our poet's acquaintance with Lesbia. If such was the case, for Catullus to speak of her “fevered passion” for him would be impertinent; and therefore no reading of the text would be satisfactory that did not allow *gravis ardor* to refer to Catullus and not to Lesbia.

10. After this line either a line is missing or the remainder is a fragment of some other poem that has been joined to this by mistake.

13. *soluit zonam*. *Solvere zonam* is a common phrase for marrying. Maids and newly-married girls wore a girdle made of lambswool, which was untied by the husband when they reached the marriage bed.

3

1. *Veneres Cupidinesque*. “The phrase would have a special meaning if Lesbia was Clodia. Cicero (‘Caelius,’ 21) says Clodia possessed a statue of Venus which she decked with the spoils of her lovers: it seems probable

that she considered herself under the particular protection of that deity." (Ellis.)

For the plural form *Cupidines* compare Horace, "Odes," 1. 19. 1, and 4. 1. 5. In respect to the plural form *Veneres*, Catullus makes a general reference to the several aspects under which Venus was regarded and was worshipped by her devotees. Catullus uses the same phrase in 13. 12.

4

15. *ultima ex origine*, cf. "Aeneid," 7. 49, *sanguinis ultimus auctor*.

18. *impotentia*, perhaps "powerless," *i.e.*, to harm the yacht.

19. *laeva . . . pedem*, whether she was on the port or starboard tack; or whether a fair wind strained both her sheets equally. The sheets were ropes at each of the lower corners of the square sails, and attached to the bulwarks. When the ship was tacking, one of these ropes would, naturally, be let out, the other tautened: when the ship was sailing before the wind, they would be let out equally.

24. *limpidum lacum*, the Lago di Garda, on the shores of which Sirmio, the poet's home and the yacht's resting place, was situated.

5

4. 5. The sentiment is to be found in Horace, "Odes," 4. 7. 13, who doubtless had this verse in mind when writing.

6

12. A hopelessly corrupt line. I have followed Mueller. Postgate and Owen read: "Jam tu ista ipse nihil vales

tacere." "You yourself cannot conceal these goings-on of yours." Munro turns the first word into "Mani"; making the friend's name Manius Flavius.

7

4. *lasarpiciferis*, bearing or producing assafoetida.

5. *oraclum Jovis*. There was a celebrated temple to Jupiter Ammon in the oasis of Siwah in the Libyan desert.

8

3. *candidi soles*, "white days." Alluding to the custom the ancients had, of marking their happy days with white stones, and their unhappy days with black; which they threw into an urn, and preserved; that at the close of life, they might judge of their proportions of joy and sorrow in this world." (Nott.)

14. *nulla*, "not at all." This adverbial use of *nullus* is not uncommon. See Munro's "Lucretius," i, 377, note.

10

11. To be well oiled and scented was considered a sign of wealth. Conington, followed by Palmer, would put a full stop after *cohorti*, and a note of interrogation after *referret*, translating, "why should any of us bring home our persons in greater trim, especially when our praetor was a dirty fellow, etc.?"

12. *irrumator*. The epithet must not be taken literally, but as a general term of abuse. Compare the English expression "scurvy fellow," which does not mean, in general conversation, a scorbutic subject.

14. *quod . . . esse*, "since it is said that they originated there." It is usually understood that Catullus means that

the palanquin, or carrying litter, was invented in Bithynia. I prefer, however, Ellis's second explanation: "At any rate you were able to procure carriers for your palanquin, since it is said that Bithynia is the native land of carriers."

30. *Cinna est Gaius*, "my friend Cinna, I mean Gaius Cinna." That is, not some other Cinna, for Cinna was a common name. In "Julius Caesar," Cinna the poet is torn to pieces by the mob in mistake for Cinna the conspirator.

II

5. *molles*. Probably in reference to the myrrh and frankincense that came from Arabia, or to the warm and enervating climate.

7. *colorat*, on account of the mud it brings down in its course.

8. *aequora*, "the plains." Compare Vergil, "Aeneid," 7. 781, "Geor." 1. 50.

10. *monimenta, i.e.*, the Gallic Rhine and Britain.

11, 12. Probably the most emended passage in our much emended poet. The objection to the reading given in the text is that the word *aequor* is used in line 8.

Ellis: "horribilem insulam ultimisque Britannos."

Palmer: "horribilesque vultu in usque Britannos."

22. Cf. Vergil, "Aeneid," 9. 435:

"Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro
Languescit moriens."

I2

1. *manu sinistra non belle uteris*, "you do not make a good use of your left hand." Ellis says: "The left hand is often alluded to as the hand for thieving," but Catullus

may here mean that the theft was probably committed with the left hand when, at the same time, the right hand was being used in the act of eating or drinking, so as to keep the attention of the company from being drawn to the theft.

14. *sudaria*, "napkins, or handkerchiefs." They would often be brought to the dinner by the guest, so we cannot be sure that, in this case, the theft took place at Catullus' house.

13

9. (a) "But, on the other hand, you shall have the heartiest of welcomes."

(b) "But on the other hand, you shall hear talk of naught but love." Cf. "Vineta crepat mera," "he talks of nothing but vineyards," Horace, "Ep." 1. 7. 84.

(c) "But, on the other hand, you shall have a perfect charmer." This is from Guarinus, who thinks that Catullus perhaps meant that Fabullus was to hand over the *candida puella* of line 4 to Catullus in exchange for the *meros amores* of line 9.

(d) "But, on the other hand, you shall have from me love's very essence," *i.e.*, scents, which are provokers of love.

14

3. *odio Vatiniano*. Calvus had brought an accusation of bribery against Vatinus, which would account for Vatinus not loving him. See Carmen 53.

14b

IN the codices and in several of the old Italian editions these three verses are attached to the previous poem. They are, however, obviously a fragment from some other poem, perhaps lost.

16

1. *Pedicabo et irrumabo*. These terms must not be taken literally: they were merely vulgar abuse.

5. The defence that a poet's mode of life must not be judged by the tone of his verses has often been made; Martial and Ovid and Herrick are well-known cases in point. Muretus, however, will have none of this, and writes:

“Quisque versibus exprimit Catullum
Raro moribus exprimit Catonem.”

17

1. *ludere*. Public spectacles were usually exhibited on the town bridge.

3. *axuleis rediivivis*. The spelling of *axuleus* is very uncertain.

The MSS. follow directly on from 17 to 21; but the earlier editors used to print Fragment 2 as 18; and two hymns to Priapus as 19 and 20. These last are now universally regarded as spurious. The break in the numbering of the general poems is traditional, and no real benefit would result from an alteration.

21

1. *pater esuritionum*. At Roman dinner-parties a chairman was chosen, who was called *pater cenae*. Catullus, therefore, calls Aurelius *pater esuritionum* in derision.

5. *es*, for *edis*, as, later on, *essem* for *ederem*. (Vossius.)

11. *mellitus*. The MSS. read *me me* which, of course, cannot be right. The reading adopted is a conjecture of Hand's, followed by Ellis and Owen.

22

5. *nec sic ut fit in palimpseston relata*. The palimpsest was papyrus on which something had been previously written and scraped off. Suffenus thought so highly of his verses that he would not write them on palimpsest, which would be cheaper, but wrote them out on papyrus that had never before been used.

6. *chartae regiae*. *Regia* was the technical name of one of the best kinds of paper.

7. *umbilici*. The *umbilici* were the knobs at each end of the wooden cylinder on which the paper was rolled, to give the ends a finish. They were called so from their resemblance to the human umbilicus, the navel.

lora, the ribbons by which the roll was tied.

et pumice omnia aequata. Cf. *pumice expolitum*, I. 2.

21. Referring to Aesop's fable, how Jove hung on each man's shoulder two wallets. The faults of others were placed in the wallet that hung in front of him: his own faults in the wallet that hung behind.

25

5. The line is quite hopeless. In the text I follow Ellis, who admits that the line is too corrupt to make any interpretation certain.

Parthenius: "Quum diva mulier aves ostendit oscitantes."

Aldus 1502 and 1515: "Cum diva mulier alites ostendit occinentes."

Guarinus: "Cum diva mulier laconas offendit oscitantes."

Muretus: "Cum diva mulier alites ostendit recinentes."

Scaliger: "Quum de via mulier aves ostendit oscitantes."

Vossius: "Quum clivias Malea aves ostendit oscitantes."

Mueller: "Cum diva munerarios ostendit oscitantes."

Ellis: "Cum diva mulier aries ostendit oscitantes."

Owen: "Cum diva naufragos hiemps ostendit oscitantes."

Palmer: "Cum diva milvorum aves ostendit oscitantes."

Postgate: "Cum diva† mulier aries ostendit oscitantes."

Munro puts forth a conjecture: "Cum diva Murcia atrieis ostendit oscitantes."

catagraphosque Thynos. Lit., "Bithynian ornamented or painted goods." What they were it is impossible to say. As Bithynia was famous for its boxwood, perhaps *catagraphi Thyni* were wax writing-tablets in a boxwood case; but they are just as likely to have been twenty other things.

minuta. The MSS. have *inimica*. *Minuta* was an emendation of one of the fifteenth-century scholars. Ellis describes it as "perhaps the finest emendation which has been made in Catullus."

26

THE point of the epigram is the word-play on the two meanings of *opposita est*. The first is "faces"; the second "is mortgaged."

27

amariores, "drier," *i.e.*, wine whose sugar had, by time, been converted into spirit.

3. *magistrae*, *i.e.*, *arbiter bibendi*. A king of the feast was chosen by lot (*cf.* Hor. "Odes," I. 4. 17), and he

was obeyed, in the matter of toasts, etc., by all the guests.

4. "Drunker than the drunken grape." Perhaps *Acina* was the nickname of some *scortum*, renowned for her drinking propensities.

29

AN attack on Julius Caesar, through his friend and favourite Mamurra. Mamurra is also attacked in 41, 43, 57. He is also attacked in 114 and 115 under the name of Mentula. In line 13 of this poem Catullus gives us a key to the pseudonym by calling Mamurra *diffututa mentula*. Caesar had no right to complain of the epithet *cinaede* being applied to him.

5. *Romule, i.e.*, Caesar. Perhaps Catullus was sneering at Caesar's already apparent aims at sovereignty.

8. *columbus*. Doves were sacred to Venus.

Adoneus. Editors have always seen a difficulty here. To speak of Adonis *omnium cubilia perambulans* seems out of place, for the chief characteristic of Adonis was his chastity. The form *Adoneus* is very rare. The old editions of Apuleus had *superbi juvenis Adoni* ("Met." 2. 26), but modern editors have changed this to *superbi juvenis Aonii*. The only other passage is in Plautus, "Menaechmi," 1. 2. 35:

"ubi aquila Catameitum raperet aut Venus Adoneum."

Ellis conjectures *aut Thyoneus*, a title of Bacchus as a phallic divinity. To read *dionaesus* with Aldus, Parthenius, Guarenus, and Muretus confronts us with a metrical difficulty. The same objection applies to an otherwise plausible reading *Aonius*, i.e., *Aonius vir*, Hercules: or *Aonius deus*, Bacchus. Vossius reads *columbus Aidoneus*.

9. *cinaede*. The epithet is, to some extent, conventional vituperation.

12. *ultima occidentis insula*, Britain. Cf. Horace, "Odes," I. 35. 29.

13. *ista vostra*, "this contemptible creature of yours" (*i. e.*, of Caesar's and Pompey's). Cf. line 24.

20. The whole line is hopelessly corrupt, and any emendation is pure guess-work. Ellis has decided that the whole poem is written in pure iambics. Any emendation, therefore, must fulfil this condition, which, of course, also applies to line 8.

Ellis reads:

"Neque una Gallia aut timent Britanniae?"

Palmer:

"Habenda Gallia ultima et Britannica?"

I have followed Mueller.

23. The latter part of this line is corrupt beyond certain emendation. I have followed Mueller. Ellis reads:

"Eone nomine (urbis o pudet meae)."

Postgate:

"Eone nomine, urbis o piissimi."

Palmer:

"Eone nomine urbis o potissimei."

24. *socer generque*. Pompey married Caesar's daughter Julia.

31

3. *uterque*. Neptune was god of both the sea and the lakes.

13. *liquidae*. A conjecture: see Lydia, in Index of Proper Names.

33

AN attack on an unknown father and son.

1. *furum balneariorum*. Thefts of the personal belongings of bathers in the baths were very frequent, and are referred to in many passages in classical literature.

34

WITH this poem should be read Horace's imitation, "Odes," I. 21.

36

7. *tardipedo deo*. Vulcan, the limping god.

8. *infelicibus lignis*. Firewood from fruit-bearing trees was lucky, from other trees unlucky.

15. *Hadriae tabernam*, the inn, or general meeting-place, of all the passengers who are crossing the Adriatic.

37

AN abusive address to a tavern and its *habitues*: among whom Lesbia and a Spaniard, Egnatius, are to be found.

1. *contubernales*, "companions." Lit., companions in a military tent.

2. *pileatis fratribus*, "the capped brothers," *i.e.*, the temple of Castor and Pollux, who were generally represented wearing caps like half an egg shell.

nona pila, "the ninth post." Each tavern had stuck up in front of it a post, as the sign of its trade.

10. *scorpionibus*, Ellis and Mueller. *Sopionibus*, Vossius, Palmer, and Postgate. *Scipionibus*, Aldine 1502 and 1515, Muretus and Scaliger. *Siphonibus*, Guarinus.

41

2. *milia decem*, "ten thousand sesterces," that is £88 10s. 10d.: or, taking the sesterce at $\frac{1}{8}$ of 1s., £93 12s. 6d.

4. *decoctoris Formiani*, "of the Formian bankrupt," *i.e.*, Mamurra.

42

5. *pugillaria*, "writing tablets." The word is connected with *pugillus*, "what one can hold in the fist." Perhaps it was a set of tablets, fixed to each other at the centre of the bottom edge, and opening fan-wise. Such tablets, made of ivory, were quite common a quarter of a century ago, and when opened out much resembled an out-stretched hand.

43

6. *provincia*, the Roman province in Gaul.

45

8, 9. A good deal of erudition and ingenuity has been expended on these lines. The result of it all seems to prove that Love by formerly sneezing on the left hand showed his partial approbation; now when the moment of Septimius' declaration takes place, he sneezes on the right to show his complete approval. A belief in the connection between sneezing and omens is common to all races.

51

THIS is a translation of Sappho's celebrated ode to Anactoria, which has been preserved for us by Longinus.

The following is a prose translation by Wharton. ("Sappho." John Lane, London. 1898.)

"That man seems to me peer of Gods, who sits in thy presence, and hears close to him that sweet speech and lovely laughter; that indeed makes my heart flutter in my bosom. For when I see thee but a little, I have no utterance left, my tongue is broken down, and straightway a subtle fire has run under my skin; with my eyes I have no sight, my ears ring, sweat pours down, and a trembling seizes all my body; I am paler than grass, and seem in my madness little better than dead. But I must dare all, since one so poor . . ."

It will be noticed that Catullus has not translated the last stanza, and that in his poem there is a stanza (51b) which has no corresponding stanza in Sappho's poem, as we know it. Either there are two, or more, stanzas missing from Sappho's ode and Catullus' stanza is one of these, the other stanza, or stanzas, being lost from the translation; or it is a fragment from another poem by Catullus, possibly a translation from some other poem of Sappho's. We would like to prove that it wasn't by Catullus at all.

To supply Sappho's last stanza has taxed the ingenuity of many Latin scholars.

The best is by Achilles Statius, the Portuguese Estaço, one of the best of the ancient commentators of Catullus:

"Sudor it late gelidus trementi
Artubus totis, violamque vincit
Insidens pallor, moriens nec auras
Ducere possum."

5. *dulce ridentem*, cf. Horace, "Odes," I. 22. 24:

"Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem."

8. This line is missing in the MSS. of Catullus: the one printed in the text is supplied by Ritter, as a translation of *φώνας Οὐδὲν ἔτ' εἴκει*.

52

3. Vatinius "perjures himself by his consulship." Vatinius was consul for a few days at the end of December, 47 B.C. This has been used as an argument that Catullus was alive in 47 B.C. But Catullus does not refer to Vatinius' actual consulship, for we happen to know that during the year in which Vatinius was consul, no praetors, curule aediles, or quaestors were appointed. What Catullus refers to is the habit Vatinius had, as we learn from Cicero, of boasting of his prospective consulship, and we can imagine him saying: "as I hope to be consul, it's true." Both Ellis and Munro deal fully with this point.

54

1. "Hos quidem versus, nisi Sibylla, ut ille ait apud Plautum Pseudolus, legerit interpretari alium posse reor neminem." Munro is rather inclined to scoff at the humbleness of Muretus: but after reading Munro's interpretation, I feel that Muretus, as in 112, is right, and the poem, as we have it, is unintelligible.

59

3. *rapere de rogo cenam*. The Romans used to put incense and food on to the funeral piles.

4. Some of the bread and other foods would be very likely to roll off the pile, when it was set alight.

5. *ustore*, "the corpse-burner," the ancient equivalent of our undertaker.

61

3. *rapis*. According to Roman history the practice of obtaining a bride by capture had its origin in the rape of the Sabine women; but the custom is general among savage nations.

4. *Hymen*. Hymen was "cultor collis Heliconii" through being the son of Apollo by Urania.

7. *amaraci*, marjoram—a genus of mint-like plants. The sweet marjoram (*Origanum Majorana*) is peculiarly aromatic and fragrant, and much used in cookery.

18, 19. *Phrygium judicem*, Paris.

22. *Asia*, either *Asia palus*, a marshy region on the river Cayster, or the continent Asia.

46, 47. *est amatis*, Postgate. Ellis, *anciis est*. Mueller, *anxiis est*. Palmer, *ancxiis est*. Vossius and Guarinus, *ac magis est*. Scaliger, *ah magis est*. Aldus 1502, *magis optimis Expetendus*. Aldus 1515, *optimis est*. Parthenius and Muretus, *amatis est*.

53. *zonula soluunt*, see note on 2. 13.

77. *viden ut faces*. The bride was preceded by five torch-bearers; possibly the number had some connection with the five deities connected with marriage: viz., Juppiter, Juno, Venus, Lucina, and Hymen. (Guarinus.)

117. $\bar{\text{i}}\bar{\text{o}}$ Hÿmēn Hÿmēnāēē $\bar{\text{i}}\bar{\text{o}}$

$\bar{\text{i}}\bar{\text{o}}$ Hÿmēn Hÿmēnāēē.

127. *Talasio*, a congratulatory exclamation to a bride, the meaning of which was unknown even to the ancients themselves.

155. *tempus*, "a temple of the head." The use of the word in the singular is very rare.

159. *omine cum bono*. It was unlucky to let the bride's feet touch the threshold, when entering her husband's house for the first time.

179. Catullus refers to the *pronubae*, or bridesmatrons,

whose duty it was to lay (*collocare*) the bride on the nuptial bed. Festus Pomponius tells us that widows and matrons who had twice married were not eligible: hence the phrase, "bene cognitae senibus viris."

187. *parthenice*, "camomile, or feverfew." *Chrysanthemum parthenium*: its white rays and yellow disk matching the white robe and saffron veil of the bride.

188. *luteum*. Cf. 10. The yellow poppy, although little known in its wild state in England, is common elsewhere.

62

WE do not know in whose honour the following epithalamium was written.

4. *dicetūr*.

34. The star Hesperus, when seen in the morning aspect, is called Eous or Lucifer. It is the first star to rise and the last to set.

49. *vidua*. Cultivated vines were always trained to grow up another tree: generally the elm. Hence the simile of the joining of the vine and the elm in marriage is one of the commonplaces of Roman poetry.

63

9. *typanum*, a kind of tambourine, *sic* Mueller. For *tubam* (which is a doubtful reading) Postgate has *typum*, *i.e.*, an image or figure drawn on a medallion, a conjecture of Munro's.

28. *Thiasus* is properly a chorus of sacred singers and dancers, living in community, like a college of dervishes.

74. The MSS. read *sonitus adit*. The insertion of *celer* and the change to *abiit* were made by Heysius.

76. Why Cybele sent forth the left-hand lion has never been explained satisfactorily. Guarinus, followed by

Muretus, writes "saevum" "the savage terror of the flock." Although there is no MS. authority for *saevum*, it is a tempting reading, as it relieves us from the difficulty of having to explain *laevum* by some far-fetched allusion.

64

14. *feri*. Postgate and Palmer, *freti*, which lacks the MS. authority of *feri*, and diminishes the charm of the scene.

16. (*quaque alia*.) This verse is hopelessly corrupt in this place. The reading followed is Postgate's. Ellis reads *atque haud alia*. It is impossible to say which most resembles the original words. The sense of the missing words is happily obvious. "On this day, and only on this day."

23, 23a. The end of 23 in MSS. reads, *o bona mater!* and then follows on with 24. The reading given in the text was discovered in the Veronese Scholia on Aeneid 5. 80, and has been accepted by all modern editors; for although Ellis kept to the MSS. in his text, in the second edition of his commentary (p. 344) he accepts "the universal verdict of modern scholars in favour of *O bona matrum Progenies*." In my text I have followed Mueller.

28. *Nereine*. Guarinus and Ellis, *Neptunine*. (O.) *nectine*. (G.) *nectine*.

43. *recessit*, "stood back." A usual word to describe a house standing back from the road. Here it means that each rich chamber led from one to another, so that the inner ones receded from one's view.

45. *ebur soliis*, can only mean "the ivory of the thrones." The construction is curious: both *soliis* and *mensae* are dative.

47. *pulvinar*. *Pulvinaria* were beds on which at the festival called *lectisternium* the images of the gods were

laid out. So here *pulvinar*, and not *lectus*, is used for the nuptial couch of the goddess.

75. *tecta*. The MSS. have *tempta*.

82. *projicere suum corpus*. Cf. *projicere animas*, "Aeneid," 6. 436.

85. *magnanimum*. The epithet must be regarded as ironic; for in v. 75 Minos is *injustus rex*.

153. To be properly buried was of great importance to a pagan, since the soul of an unburied body could not cross the Styx.

183. *lentos . . . remos*, "bending pliant oars in the sea." An oar bends in its passage through the water. Catullus in 61. 102 uses *lentus* in the sense of "flexible." Probably he uses it here in the same sense; but it also means "stiff, tough."

200, 201. The answer to this prayer causes the death of Aegeus, 244.

204. *invicto*. The MSS. have *invito*. Juppiter is reluctant to punish Theseus. The Gods laugh at lovers' perjuries.

212. *moenia divae*, "the walls of the Goddess": i.e., Athens, the city of Pallas.

217. *reddite nuper*, "lately restored." See Index of Proper Names, Theseus.

235. The line, printed as the 6th Fragment, has been supposed by some editors to have dropped out from this place.

243. *Infecti*. Most editors read *inflati*; but surely the colour of the sail is the whole point of the sentence?

287. The MSS. are hopelessly corrupt. The old editors prefer *claris* to *Doris*. Dorian seems a pointless epithet. The Dorian maidens, on certain occasions, danced naked; perhaps *Doris choreis* = *nudis choreis*. I have followed Postgate's reading. All that can be said for *Haemonisin* is that it is as good a guess as any other.

287. *Haemonisin* is dat. pl. standing in an adjectival relation to *choreis*.

290, 291. *lentaque sorore flammati Phaethontis*. The sisters of Phaethon, weeping his death, were turned into poplars; Ovid, "Met.," 2. Other writers say that they were turned into alders; Vergil, "Aeneid," 10. 190, "Ecl." 6. 62.

300. *unigenam*. Diana: either (1) only begotten, or (2) of the same race.

309. *roseo vertice*, "Rosy head" does not seem a very apt or likely description, when applied to three aged females. No attempt to solve the difficulty, and there have been many, has proved successful or even plausible.

324. *clarissime nato*, "renowned in your son" (the yet unborn Achilles). To the Fates the past, present, and future are one.

329. *Hesperus*. The bride and bridegroom were not allowed to consummate their nuptials until Hesperus had appeared. Cf. 62. 29.

353. *praesternens* is doubtful, some editors prefer *praecerpens*. Neither reading has any MS. authority.

358. *passim*, "without order." The waters of the Scamander, previously held together by their banks, when they reach the Hellespont, lose their solidarity, and become mixed with the rest of the waters of the sea.

367. *Neptunia vincla*. Neptune built the walls of Troy.

368. *alta sepulcra*, Achilles'.

377. *hesterno filo*, "yesterday's thread." A thread was measured round the neck of the bride before night. If next morning her neck had not become large enough to prevent the thread from reaching right round, it was thought a sure sign that the marriage had not been properly consummated.

388. *annua sacra*. It is not known to what "annual solemnities" Catullus refers.

65

9. There is a word missing between *tua* and *loquentem*; *facta* was first inserted by Vossius.

17. *tua dicta*. Ortalus, presumably, had urged Catullus to write the poem (66) "Berenice's Hair"; and Catullus, to show that the request had not been forgotten, sent that poem with this one as an introduction.

19. To offer an apple to a maiden was a sign of a desire to become her lover; for a maiden to accept the apple was a sign that she accepted the lover. Cf. Ovid's beautiful poem: "Acontius Cydippae" ("Heroides," 20).

20. *procurrit . . . e gremio*. She is supposed to have hidden the secret gift in her bosom. When, on her mother's entry into the room, she, forgetting all about the apple, jumps up, the apple is shaken out of her dress. The simile is beautiful in itself; but one cannot help feeling that it is a little out of place. Catullus seems to have been carried off his feet by his own simile.

66

5. *relegans*, "banishing." The moon's eclipses were explained by her absence from the sky to visit her lover on Mount Latmos.

27. *bonum facinus*. The murder of Demetrius, for particulars of which see Index of Proper Names, *s.v.* Beronice.

42. Cf. Pope, "Rape of the Lock," 3. 173.

"Steel could the labours of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder, then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?"

45. *barbara juventus*, Xerxes and his companions. See Index of Proper Names, *s.v.* Athos.

53. *unigena*, "brother." The reference is either to Zephyrus, son of Eos and Astraeus, as Memnon was son of Eos and Tithonus; or to Emathion, here identified with an ostrich, the *Famulus* of Arsinoe Zephyritis. (Ellis.)

59. *juveni Ismario*, *i.e.*, Bacchus. The first half of this line is hopelessly corrupt. I have followed Ellis.

63. Why the lock should be "wet from the wave" is not known.

77. My rendering cannot be called a translation, but merely a connecting link between the preceding and the following lines. These two lines have never been satisfactorily explained.

(1) Why should maidens avoid scents? There is no evidence that they ever did so, either in Egypt or in Greece.

(2) If you translate the line "I now wanting all scents," you want *nunc*.

(3) If you translate "With whom, when she was a maiden, innocent of man, I drank in many a thousand scents," you want *unguenta*.

67

THE poem is in the form of a dialogue between Catullus and the door of a house in Verona. The house belonged at first to an old man, Balbus, who had no wife. When he died it passed to his heir, Caecilius, who married a widow from Brixia claiming to be still a virgin, in consequence of the impotence of her former husband. Scandal began from the moment that Caecilius brought home his bride.

34. Brixia is called the "mother of Verona" because it was the capital of the district.

68

By universal consent of modern editors these hundred and sixty verses have been divided into two parts: 1 to 40; 41 to 160. There is no doubt that they are two distinct poems, addressed to two distinct persons, and the copyist of the MS., from which all our MSS. are descended, either was confused by the likeness of Manlius (or Mallius) of the first part and the Allius of the second, or simply forgot to leave a space between the two poems, a frequent omission in classical MSS. The first part is addressed to Manlius who, having lost his wife, wrote to our poet, asking him for some words of consolation. He also has said that Catullus ought to leave Verona, since at the place where he (Manlius) is, Lesbia is leading a fast life. Catullus replies that he cannot offer the consolation required, because he is too overwhelmed with sorrow at the death of his brother. As for a loan of books (another request from Manlius), he has only a few away with him, the rest being at Rome.

The second part is addressed to Allius, a friend who had given Catullus the use of his house as a meeting place with Lesbia. From this he goes on to the story of Protesilaus and Laudamia, and then back to Allius and Lesbia's sweet stolen gifts to our poet, taken from the very bosom of her husband himself. Anything more incongruous it is impossible to imagine; Laudamia's faithful soul, and Lesbia, to whom the idea of continence was ridiculous, and who changed her lovers as often as her frocks.

39. It is generally supposed that the letter of Manlius was written from Baiae, a fashionable resort much frequented by Clodia. It is improbable that it was written from Rome, as, if Manlius had been at Rome, Catullus would have told him to go to his (Catullus') house and take what books he wanted.

68b

51. *duplex*, perhaps "hermaphrodite." See Index of Persons, under *Amathus*.

65. *implorata* is nominative.

69. The Coma Beronice is situated in the Milky Way, the pathway of the Gods.

70. *canae*. Tethys, being the wife of Oceanus, would be white with sea-foam. In spite of her being old enough to have a married grand-daughter, a Goddess would not show signs of physical decay.

114. *imperio deterioris eri*, Eurystheus, *q.v.*

141. After this line some verses are missing. The purport of the missing passage seems to have been: "No doubt her conduct would have annoyed her father."

156. Who the *domina* was we cannot say. It is the mistress of Allius, the "tua vita" of 155, who is referred to: not Lesbia.

158. *Anser*. The MSS. read *aufert*, but as no sense can be made of the line, editors have suggested that under *aufert* a man's name was concealed and Heyse conjectured that Anser might be the name.

73

1. *bene velle*. Catullus uses these two words in the same position in the line above (*viz.*, 72. 8), where also the next word begins with an *m*. He also uses them in 75. 3. In 72. 8 and 75. 3, *bene* goes with *velle*; but in this poem, it must go with *mereri*. I think probably they are not the words written by Catullus: but came there through the eye of the copyist catching the previous line.

77

3. *subrepsti mei*, "have you crept over me." Catullus likens the way Rufus has taken advantage of his unsuspecting friendship to a disease, which, gaining an unnoticed entrance into our systems, does not reveal itself until it has done us harm.

6. In the MSS. the epigram ends with this line, the remaining lines follow *adulterium* in 78. 6. It is impossible for them to belong to 78; so they are generally attached to 77, as here. They do not, however, fit in very well, and it is quite possible that they are a fragment of some quite separate and lost epigram.

81

3. *moribunda*. Several guesses have been made why Catullus calls Pisaurum unhealthy: but none can be called more than plausible.

4. *inaurata*, "gilded." Who the Pisaurian rival of Catullus was is unknown. Perhaps it was the Aurelius of 21 and elsewhere.

84

5. *Liber*. Perhaps the uncle's name was Liber: or perhaps Catullus means that all previous generations of Arrius' family were slaves, and this uncle was the first to be free.

87

THIS fragment may possibly belong to 75.

97

6. *gingivas ploxeni veteris*, "gums that might belong to an old carriage frame" (Ellis). Perhaps if we knew exactly what a worn-out Roman carriage looked like, the simile might seem more apt.

112

No one has ever been able to explain this epigram. Muretus, with commendable candour, confesses that he cannot make head or tail of it.

After having read a great number of conjectural readings and explanatory notes, I have come to the conclusion that the best thing to do is to join Muretus. It seems to be obscene. Naso had an indecent signification.

116

8. *dabis*. The *s* is elided, as frequently occurs in Lucretius.

FRAGMENTA

2

A DEDICATORY inscription to Priapus, of a grove at Lamp-sacus.

3

THIS was also, probably, part of a Priapean inscription.

5

THE genuineness of this line is doubtful and the metre obscure. It is a tetrameter, made up of three proceleusmatici and a final tribrach.

6

SEE note on 64. 235.

THE LYRIC METRES USED BY CATULLUS

1. *Phalaecian Hendecasyllable.*

† _ † ∪ ∪ † ∪ † ∪ † ∪
 _ ∪
 ∪ _

Flāvī dēlicīās tūās Cātullo
 Sc̄riptā tār̄dīpēdī Dēō dātūram
 Tūā nūnc ōp̄erā mēāe pūēllae

In 55 a spondee frequently takes the place of the dactyl in the second foot; *e.g.* :

Vērbōsā gāudēt Vēnūs lōquēlla

The poems written in this metre are: 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 21, 23, 24, 26, 27, 28, 32, 33, 35, 36, 38, 40, 41, 42, 43, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58.

2. *The Scazon or Choliambic.*

∪ † ∪ † ∪ † ∪ † ∪ † † ∪
 _ _ ∪ ∪ ∪ _ _
 _ ∪ _ ∪

Hōmo ēst vēnūstūs ēt dīcāx ēt ūrbānus
 Hāec cūm lēgās tū, bēllūs ille ēt ūrbānus
 Pāene īnsūlārūm, Sirmīo, īnsūlārūmque

Quēm nōn in āliquā rē vidērē Sūffēnum
Vīdīstīs īpsō rāpērē dē rōgō cēnam

The poems written in this metre are: 8, 22, 31, 37, 39, 44, 59, 60.

3. *Pure Iambic Trimeter.*

∪ √ ∪ √ ∪ √ ∪ √ ∪ √

Phāsēlūs illē, quēm vidētīs, hōspītēs

The poems written in this metre are: 4, 29.

4. Poem 52 is written in a metre the same as the last, except that in ll. 2 and 3 Catullus admits a spondee in place of the first iambus.

5. *Iambic Tetrameter Catalectic.*

∪ √ ∪ √ ∪ √ ∪ √ || ∪ √ ∪ √ ∪ √ -
- √ - √

Rēmīttē pāllīūm mīhī || mēūm, quōd īnvōlāsti
Quāē nūnc tūis āb ūngūībūs || rēglūtīna ēt rēmītte

The twenty-fifth poem is written in this metre.

6. Poems 34 and 61 are written in mixed stanzas of glyconics and pherecrateans. In 34 the first three lines are glyconic and the fourth a pherecratean. In 61 the first four lines are glyconic and the fifth a pherecratean.

The scheme of a glyconic is:

√ ∪ √ ∪ ∪ √ ∪ √
∪ -
- -

Cōllīs ō Hēlicōnēi
Pūēllae ēt pūēri īntēgrī
Prāētēxtātē, pūēllūlāē

Synapheia is observed throughout, *e.g.* :

Sāltūmq̄ rēcōndītōrum
Amniumque sonantum

The scheme of a pherecratean is :

∟ ∪ ∟ ∪ ∪ ∟ ∪
∪ -

Ō Hymēn Hymēnāēe
Pūellāq̄ cānāmus

A unique licence occurs in 61, 25, a spondee being substituted for the dactyl of the choriambus :

Nutriunt umore

7. *Priapean.*

∟ ∪ ∟ ∪ ∪ ∟ ∪ - | ∟ ∪ ∟ ∪ ∪ ∟ ∪
- - | - -

Ō Cōlōniā, quāē cūpīs | pōntē lūdērē lōngo

It will be observed that the first half of the line is a glyconic and the second half a pherecratean.

The poems written in this metre are : 17, and Frag. 2, 3.

8. *Sapphic Hendecasyllable.*

(a) ∟ ∪ ∟ - ∟ ∪ ∪ ∟ ∪ ∟ ∪ (ter)

- ∪

(b) ∟ ∪ ∪ ∟ ∪

(a) Dūlcē rīdētēm, mīserō quōd ōmnes

(a) Sēū Sācās sāgittīfērōsq̄ Pārthos

(b) Lūmīnā nōcte

Synapheia occurs in 11, 19, and 11, 22,

The poems written in this metre are : 11 and 51.

9. *The Greater Asclepiad.*

∟ - ∟ ∪ ∪ - ∟ ∪ ∪ - ∟ ∪ ∪ ∟ ∪ ∪

Ālfēne īmmēmōr ātque ūnānīmīs fālsē sōdālībūs

The thirtieth poem is written in this metre.

10. *Galliambic*.

Each verse is divided into two parts; *e.g.* :

Sŭpĕr āltă vēctŭs Āttīs | cĕlĕrī rătĕ măria
Răpĭdăe dŭcĕm sĕqŭuntŭr | Găllăe prŏpĕrĭpĕdem

This metre is founded on the Anacreontic verse, which originally consisted of two Ionici a minore :

∪ ∪ √ √ ∪ ∪ √ √

thus Horace, "Od.," III, 12, 1, if arranged as follows would illustrate the original Anacreontic measure :

Miserărŭmst neq' amŏrĭ
Dare lŭdŭm neque dŭlcĭ.

Now we may regard the first two short syllables as an anacrusis, or introductory beat, to the stressed long syllables. The last two long syllables of the second Ionicus remain constant. The verse may therefore be viewed as consisting of three parts, viz., an anacrusis, an Ionicus (now become Ionicus a majore) and two final unchanging long syllables. The original

∪ ∪ √ √ | ∪ ∪ √ √

has become

∪ ∪ | √ √ ∪ ∪ | √ √

In the smaller Anacreontic poems, written in very late times, the Ionicus in the middle was changed to a trochaic dipodia: thus

∪ ∪ | √ √ ∪ ∪ | √ √

became

∪ ∪ | √ ∪ √ ∪ | √ √

e.g.,

Itaque ut domum Cybelles | tetigere lassulae

The trochaic dipodia

˘ ˘ ˘ ˘

admitted of many licences, with only one of which we need concern ourselves, namely, the substitution of a tribrach for a trochee (*i.e.*, the replacement of a long syllable by two shorts).

As this substitution can be made either in the first trochee, or in the second, or in both, we get four possible varieties, viz. :

˘ ˘	˘ ˘
˘ ˘ ˘	˘ ˘
˘ ˘	˘ ˘ ˘
˘ ˘ ˘	˘ ˘ ˘

The Galliambus was formed by adding to a complete Anacreontic (with the licences described above) a second but incomplete Anacreontic (wanting one of the two final long syllables). Thus, to revert to the original form of the Anacreontic, the typical line would be :

˘ ˘ ˘ ˘ ˘ ˘ ˘ ˘ || ˘ ˘ ˘ ˘ ˘ ˘

(The last syllable of the line may, of course, be either long or short, *syllaba anceps*.)

Catullus has no example of a line in this form, though an example can be manufactured by joining two half lines of the *Attis*, 54 and 60—thus :

ět éár' óm | nř äd írém || städř' ét gým | năsř ís

We will consider in detail only the first half of the Galliambic line, as all that is said of this applies to the second half, except that one syllable is lacking at the end.

Arranging the half line in the three sections, as indicated on p. 244, and introducing the trochaic dipodia with its substituted tribrachs, we get the following varieties :

ANACRUSIS	IONICUS OR TROCHAIC DIPODIA	FINAL SYLLABLES
∪ ∪	∩ ∩ ∪ ∪	∩ ∩
{	∩ ∪	∩ ∪
	∪ ∪	∩ ∪
	∩ ∪	∩ ∪ ∪
	∪ ∪	∩ ∪ ∪

For the two short syllables of the anacrusis one long syllable might be substituted before any of the forms of trochaic dipodia. As there are four forms of trochaic dipodia and the anacrusis may be either two shorts or one long, there will be eight possible varieties of the Galliambic half-lines *plus* the original Ionicus form, thus:

SCHEME OF GALLIAMBIC METRE

	FIRST HALF	SECOND HALF
Original	1. ∪∪ ∩ ∩ ∪ ∪ ∩ ∩	a. ∪∪ ∩ ∩ ∪ ∪ ∩
Ionicus *	2. - , , , ,	b. - , , , ,
Trochaic	3. ∪∪ ∩ ∪ ∩ ∪ , ,	c. ∪∪ ∩ ∪ ∩ ∪ , ,
Dipodia	4. - , , , ,	d. - , , , ,
Substituted	5. ∪∪ ∩ ∪ ∪ ∩ ∪ , ,	e. ∪∪ ∩ ∪ ∪ ∩ ∪ , ,
Tribrachs *	6. - , , , ,	f. - , , , ,
	7. ∪∪ ∩ ∪ ∩ ∪ ∪ , ,	g. ∪∪ ∩ ∪ ∩ ∪ ∪ , ,
	8. - , , , ,	h. - , , , ,
	9. ∪∪ ∩ ∪ ∪ ∩ ∪ ∪ , ,	i. ∪∪ ∩ ∪ ∪ ∩ ∪ ∪ , ,
	* 10. - , , , ,	j. , , , ,

Forms marked with an asterisk do not occur in the *Attis*.

Catullus obtains variety of rhythm by joining each form of the first part with different forms of the second part. For instance, the first part of the first line quoted on p. 244 follows (3), the second part (g). In the second line quoted the first part likewise follows (3), but the second part follows (h).

The following list gives the scheme of every line of the sixty-third poem, the only poem written by Catullus in this metre.

- (1) 54.
 (3) 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 18, 19, 20, 21, 24, 25, 28, 29, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 64, 65, 66, 68, 71, 72, 74, 75, 79, 80, 81, 83, 84, 85, 87, 88, 89, 90, 92, 93.
 (4) 5, 15, 17, 26, 40, 67, 73, 82, 86.
 (5) 23, 48, 70.
 (7) 4, 27, 30, 31, 69, 76, 78, 91.
 (8) 22, 77.
 (9) 63.
 (a) 60.
 (c) 35, 76.
 (d) 73.
 (e) 91.
 (g) 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 74, 75, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 84, 85, 87, 88, 89, 90, 92, 93.
 (h) 18, 22, 34, 83, 86."

The following summary indicates the number of lines in which the various forms respectively occur. The type represented by (3 g) is markedly predominant.

No. 1. 1	No. a. 1
„ 3. 69	„ c. 2
„ 4. 9	„ d. 1
„ 5. 3	„ e. 1
„ 7. 8	„ g. 83
„ 8. 2	„ h. 5
„ 9. 1	
<hr style="width: 50px; margin-left: auto;"/> 93	<hr style="width: 50px; margin-left: auto;"/> 93

METRICAL INDEX TO THE POEMS OF CATULLUS

POEM				METRE		POEM				METRE
1	I		29	3
2	I		30	9
3	I		31	2
4	3		32	I
5	I		33	I
6	I		34	6
7	I		35	I
8	2		36	I
9	I		37	2
10	I		38	I
11	8		39	2
12	I		40	I
13	I		41	I
14	I		42	I
15	I		43	I
16	I		44	2
17	7		45	I
21	I		46	I
22	2		47	I
23	I		48	I
24	I		49	I
25	5		50	I
26	I		51	8
27	I		52	4
28	I		53	I

POEM				METRE		POEM				METRE
54	I		60	2
55	I		61	6
56	I		62	Hexameter	
57	I		63	10
58	I		64	Hexameter	
59	2		65-116	Elegiacs	

FRAGMENTA

POEM				METRE		POEM				METRE
1	I		4	2
2	7		5	See Note	
3	7		6	Hexameter	

A LIST OF THE NAMES OF PERSONS
AND PLACES MENTIONED
BY CATULLUS

ACHILLES, the son of Peleus and Thetis, and leader of the Myrmidons. He is the hero of the Iliad, and by the ancients was regarded as the highest type of manhood. He died in battle at the Scaean gate. His death is not mentioned in the Iliad, but there is an account of his burial in the Odyssey. After his death he became one of the judges of the lower world. 64. 338.

ACHIVI, the Greeks. 64. 366.

ACME, the name of a woman: not otherwise known. 45. 1, 2, 10, 21, 23.

ADONEUS (ADONIS), the son of Myrrha (Smýrna) by her father Theias, king of Assyria, whose bed she shared without his knowing it. Adonis grew up a beautiful youth and was beloved by Venus. After his death, the details of which are too familiar to countrymen of Shakespeare to need recitation, he spent six months in the lower world and six months in the upper. The annual celebration of the return of Adonis to the upper world was one of the most popular festivals of later pagan worship. 29. 8.

ADRIA. *See* HADRIA.

ADRIATICUM. *See* HADRIATICUM.

AEETAEUS (*adj.*), belonging to Aetas, king of Colchis,

father of Medea, by whose aid the Argonauts took from him the golden fleece. 64. 3.

AEGEUS, king of Athens, father of Theseus (*q.v.*), 64. 213.

AEGYPTUS, Egypt. 66. 36.

AEMILIUS, a man's name; not otherwise known. 97. 2.

AETHIOPS MEMNON, son of Tithonus and Aurora, and king of the Aethiopians; he went to the aid of the Trojans, and was killed by Achilles. When burned on the funeral pile he is said to have been changed by Aurora into a bird. 66. 52.

AFRICUS (*adj.*), African. 61. 199.

AGAMEMNON, son of Atreus, grandson of Pelops. His uncle, Thyestes, succeeded his father, Atreus, as king of Mycenae, and he succeeded his uncle. He was chosen as chief commander of the Greeks in their war against Troy. According to Homer, he was murdered by Aegisthus, his cousin; according to Aeschylus, by Clytaemnestra, his wife, who during her husband's absence on the Trojan expedition, had formed an adulterous connection with Aegisthus. (*Tertius heres*, 64. 346.)

AGANIPPE, a fountain in Boeotia, on Mount Helicon, sacred to the Muses, and giving poetical inspiration. 61. 30.

ALFENUS, a man's name; not otherwise known. 30. 1.

ALLIUS, the friend who allowed Catullus to use his house as a meeting-place with Lesbia. If we regard the sixty-eighth poem as a whole, and not two poems (1-40, 41-160), this Allius is the same as the Mallius (or Manlius) of the first division of the poem, and the bridegroom of the sixty-first poem. Personally, I think the sixty-eighth poem is really two poems, distinct in subject and in character, and that Manlius and Allius are two persons. 68. 41, 50, 66, 150.

- ALPES, the Alps. 11. 9.
- AMADRYADES. *See* HAMADRYADES.
- AMASTRIS, a town in Paphlagonia, on the shore of the Pontus Euxinus, now Amasserah. 4. 13.
- AMATHŪS, a town in the southern part of Cyprus. There was a statue of Venus as an Hermaphrodite there; hence perhaps the epithet *Amathusia duplex, i.e., Venus*. 36. 14; 68. 51.
- AMEANA, a girl's name; not otherwise known. 41. 1.
- AMPHITRITE, the wife of Neptune. 64. 11.
- AMPHITRYONIADES, Hercules, the reputed son of Amphitryon, whose wife Alcmena conceived him from the secret embraces of Jupiter; hence the epithet *falsiparens*. 68. 112.
- ANCON, a seaport town in the North of Picenum. Modern name Ancona. 36. 13.
- ANDROGEONEUS (*adj.*), pertaining to Androgeon, the son of the Cretan king Minos, whom the Athenians slew, in consequence of which the father made war upon them. 64. 77.
- ANSER. *See* note 68b, 157.
- ANTIMACHUS, a Greek poet contemporary with Plato. He began an Epic poem on the Theban war. He wrote twenty-four books introductory to his narrative and then died. His name became proverbial for prolixity. 95. 10.
- ANTIUS, most probably C. Antius Restio who, according to Macrobius ("Sat.," iii. 17. 16), made a sumptuary law against luxury. 44. 11.
- AONIUS (*adj.*), pertaining to Aonia, a part of Boeotia in which are the Aonian mountains, Mount Helicon and the fountain Aganippe. 61. 28.
- APHELIOTES, the East wind. 26. 3.
- AQUINUS, a poetaster. 14. 18.
- ARABES, the Arabians. 11. 5.

ARGIVUS (*adj.*), Grecian. 64. 4; 68. 87.

ARIADNA, daughter of Minos, king of Crete. By giving him a thread with which to retrace his steps, she extricated Theseus (*g.v.*) from the Labyrinth, and accompanied him on his return to Greece. He deserted her at Naxos, where Bacchus fell in love with her, and placed her crown as a constellation in the heavens. 64. 54, 253; 66. 60.

ARRIUS, a man's name; not otherwise known. 84. 2, 11.

ARSINOË, sister and wife of Ptolemy II Philadelphus: born about 316 B.C. She bore no children to Ptolemy. Ptolemy built a temple in her honour at Zephyrium near Alexandria. This Arsinoë must not be confounded with the mother (whose name was, perhaps, Apame) of Beronice. 66. 54.

ASIA, the marshy region on the river Cayster in Lydia in Asia Minor. 61. 22.

ASIA, Asia Minor, 46. 6; 66. 36; 68. 89; (61. 22)?

ASINIUS MARRUCINUS, a brother of the Pollio mentioned in 12. 6; otherwise unknown. 12. 1.

ASINIUS POLLIO, perhaps C. Asinius Pollio, the friend of Vergil and Horace; but the conjecture rests on a very slight basis, as the Asinii were a numerous family. 12. 6.

ASSYRIUS (*adj.*), Assyrian. 66. 12; 68. 144.

ATALANTA was exposed by her father, who had wished for a son, and was disappointed at her birth. She was suckled by a she-bear. She grew up a mighty huntress. Her father, who had in the meantime acknowledged her, wished her to marry. She made it a condition that every suitor for her hand should contend with her in a foot-race. This she did because the Gods had warned her against marriage, and she knew herself to be the swiftest of mortals. If she won, she was to be allowed to put her suitor

to death; if she lost, she was to give her hand to the winner. Hippomenes, at the suggestion of Venus, challenged Atalanta. During the race he dropped three golden apples, and the time she lost, stooping to pick them up, enabled him to win the race. The story is told by Ovid ("Met.," 10, 560). (*Puella e pernici*, 2. 11.)

ATHENE, the daughter of Zeus, and the greatest of the Goddesses. (*Diva quibus, retinens in summis urbibus arces*, 64. 8; *incola Itoni*, 64. 228; *rapidi Tritonis era*, 64. 395; *castae divae*, 64. 212.)

ATHENAE, Athens. 64. 81.

ATHOS, a mountain in Macedonia, now Monte Santo. It is at the end of a long peninsula, and Xerxes is said to have cut a canal through the isthmus connecting the peninsula with Chalcidice (Herodotus, 7. 23 *seq.*), in order to escape the gales that raged round the promontory. Traces of this canal have been discovered. 66. 46.

ATTIS, a young shepherd of Celaenae in Phrygia. Cybele fell in love with him and made him her priest on condition that he kept his chastity inviolate. Attis broke his vow, and was driven mad by the Goddess. In his fury he castrated himself. 63. 1, 27, 32, 42, 45, 88.

AUFILENA, a girl's name; not otherwise known. 100. 1; 110. 1, 6; 111. 1.

AUFILENUS, brother to above; not otherwise known. 100. 1.

AURELIUS, one of the friends of Catullus; not otherwise known. 11. 1; 15. 2; 16. 2; 21. 1.

AURORA, Goddess of the morning, daughter of Hyperion, wife of Tithonus. 62, 271.

AURUNCULEIA, Junia (or Vinia), the wife of Manlius Torquatus (*q.v.*). The Aurunculeii were a well-

known Roman family, but of this particular member we know nothing further than what we learn from Catullus. 61. 16, 82.

AUSTER, the south wind. 26. 1.

BALBUS, Caecilius, father and son; not otherwise known. 67. 3, 9.

BATTUS, a name given to Aristoteles of Thera, the founder of Cyrene. 7. 6.

BATTIADES, an inhabitant of Cyrene; hence the poet Callimachus (*flor.* 250 B.C.) who was a native of that town. 65. 16; 116. 2.

BERONICE, daughter of Magas, king of Cyrene. She was betrothed by her father to Ptolemy Euergetes, son of Ptolemy II Philadelphus. Arsinoë (or Apame), the wife of Magas, disliked the idea of this marriage, and Magas dying before it had taken place, offered Beronice to Demetrius. Demetrius, however, on his arrival at Cyrene fell in love with Arsinoë. Beronice finding him locked in her mother's arms, had him murdered (*bonum facinus*). She then married Ptolemy Euergetes, and it was for his safe return from a Syrian expedition she dedicated a lock of her hair in the temple of Arsinoë at Zephyrium. Arsinoë, her mother, must not be confounded with Arsinoë (*q.v.*), the sister and wife of Ptolemy II Philadelphus. 66. 8.

BITHYNIA, a province in Asia Minor, between the Propontis and the Black Sea; now Ejalet Anadoli. 10. 7; 31. 5.

BONONIENSIS (*adj.*), pertaining to Bononia, a town in Gallia Cisalpina; modern name Bologna. 59. 1.

BOOTES, the constellation. 66. 67.

BOREAS, the North wind. 26. 3.

BRITANNIA, Britain. In the plural it includes Scotland

and Ireland. 11. 12; 29. 4, 20; 45. 22. (*Ultima occidentis insula*, 29. 12.)

BRIXIA, a town in Gallia Cisalpina; now Brescia. 67. 34.

CAECILIUS, a friend of Catullus; not otherwise known. 35. 2, 18.

CAECILIUS Balbus (*q. v.*).

CAELIUS, most probably M. Caelius Rufus, the orator and lover of Lesbia, of whom mention is made in the Introduction. He is the Caelius of Cicero's oration "Pro Caelio." 58. 1; 69. 2; 77. 1 (also 71 and 73).

CAELIUS. As this Caelius was a native of Verona, he cannot be the same as the Caelius of 58. 1, if that Caelius was M. Caelius Rufus, as is generally believed. 100. 1, 5, 8.

CAESAR, C. JULIUS, born 100 B.C. Married: 1. Cossutia, whom he divorced; 2. Cornelia, daughter of L. Cinna, who died; 3. Pompeia, daughter of Q. Pompeius Rufus, whom he divorced; and 4. Calpurnia, daughter of L. Piso, who survived him. He went to Britain in 55 B.C., and again in 54 B.C. He defeated Pompey at Pharsalia in 48 B.C.; was made dictator in 47 B.C.; and was murdered on 15th March, 44 B.C. Some other particulars concerning Caesar are to be found in the Introduction. 11. 10; 57. 2; 93. 1. (Referred to in the phrases: *unice imperator* and *cinaede Romule* and *socer*, 29. 5, 9, 11, 24; 54b. 2.)

CAESIUS, a poetaster; not otherwise known. 14. 18.

CALLIMACHUS. *See* BATTIADES.

CALLISTO, daughter of the Arcadian king Lycaon. She became mother of Arcas by Jupiter. The jealous Juno changed her into a she-bear. She was then raised by Jupiter into the heavens as the constellation Ursa Major. 66. 66.

- CALVUS, C. LICINIUS MACER, poet and orator: born 82 B.C. Only fragments of his poetry remain. 14. 2; 50. 1; 53. 3; 96. 2.
- CAMERIUS, a man's name; not otherwise known. 55. 10.
- CANOPIEUS (*adj.*), pertaining to Canopus, an island town in Lower Egypt on the western mouth of the Nile. The temple of Arsinoë Zephritis was quite close to Canopus. 66. 58.
- CASTOR, who, with his twin brother Pollux, was son of Leda and Tyndareus, king of Lacedaemon, and brother of Helena. He and his brother were worshipped as protectors of travellers by sea. 4. 27; 68. 65. (Referred to in the phrase *pileatis fratribus*, 37. 2.)
- CATO. It is not known who this Cato was. It can hardly be the stern moralist and patriot M. Porcius Cato. There was a poet and dilettante man of letters, Valerius Cato, living at the time. It may possibly be he whom Catullus addresses. 56. 1, 3.
- CATULLUS. 6. 1; 7. 10; 8. 1, 12, 19; 10. 25; 11. 1; 13. 7; 14. 13; 38. 1; 44. 3; 46. 4; 49. 4; 51b. 13; 52. 1, 4; 56. 3; 58. 2; 68. 27; 72. 1; 76. 5; 79. 2, 3; 82. 1.
- CECROPIA, the citadel of Athens, hence Athens itself. 64. 79, 83, 172.
- CELTIBERIA, a province occupying a large portion of central Spain. 37. 18; 39. 17, 17.
- CERES, daughter of Saturn and Ops, and sister of Jupiter. She was Goddess of agriculture and of fruits generally. 63. 36.
- CHALYBES, a people in Pontus, noted for their mines and preparation of steel. 66. 48.
- CHARYBDIS, a dangerous whirlpool between Italy and Sicily; now Calofaro. 64. 156.
- CHINEA, a hill or mountain near Brixia. There is no

- mention of it elsewhere, and it remains unidentified.
67. 32.
- CHIRON, one of the centaurs; distinguished for his knowledge of plants and medicine. 64. 279.
- CICERO, MARCUS TULLIUS, born 106 B.C. Consul, 63 B.C. Banished, 58 B.C. Put to death by the second triumvirate, 43 B.C. 49. 2.
- CIEROS, a town in Thessaly; a village called Mataranga now occupies the site. 64. 35.
- CINNA, GAIUS HELVIUS, a poet and friend of Catullus. His great work was his "Zmyrna," of which only two lines are extant. He is, however, interesting to us for two reasons. First, his having taken nine years on the composition of this poem is supposed to have suggested Horace's well-known precept. Secondly, he was the poet who was torn to pieces by the mob "for his bad verses." 10. 30; 95. 1; 113. 1.
- CNIDUS, a Dorian city in Caria. 36. 13.
- COLCHIS, a province of Asia, east of the Black Sea, celebrated on account of the golden fleece which Jason went in search of. The modern name of Colchis is Mingrelia. 64. 5.
- COLONIA, a village, or town, that has not been identified.
17. 1.
- COMINIUS, P., one of two brothers who accused C. Cornelius of *majestas*. Cornelius was defended by Cicero. 108. 1.
- COMUM, a town in Gallia Transpadana; modern name, Como. It was rebuilt by Julius Caesar, hence called "Novum Comum." 35. 3. Frag. 4.
- CONON, a mathematician and astronomer, who flourished under the reigns of Ptolemy Philadelphus and Ptolemy Euergetes (283—222 B.C.). It was he who gave the name *Coma Beronices* to the constellation so called. 66. 7.

CORNELIUS NEPOS, born in, or near, Verona. Died during the reign of Augustus, being alive in 24 B.C. Ancient writers speak of him as the author of the following works: "Chronica," "Exemplorum Libri," "Life of Cato," "Life of Cicero," and "De Viris Illustribus." The last is supposed to have consisted of sixteen books; but only twenty-five short biographies survive. All his other works are lost. 1. 3 (?67. 35).

CORNIFICIUS, probably the poet of that name. He is mentioned by Ovid ("Trist.," 2. 436), and Macrobius ("Sat.," 6. 5) has preserved for us a line and a half of his poem "Glaucus." 38. 1.

CORTYNIA. *See* GORTYNIA.

CRANNON, a town in Thessaly, S.W. of Larissa. 64. 36.

CRETA, an island in the Mediterranean Sea; now Candia. 64. 82, 174. *See* TALOS.

CROESUS, a king of Lydia, celebrated for his wealth. 115. 3.

CUPIDO, Cupid, the son of Hermes and Aphrodite. The word is often used in the plural, with the vague idea of there being several sons of Aphrodite or the nymphs. 3. 1; 13, 12; 36. 3; 68. 133. (*Sancte puer*, 64. 95.)

CYBELE, CYBELLE, CYBEBE, an ancient goddess, worshipped throughout Phrygia. She was the mother of the Gods. The Romans identified her with Ops, the wife of Saturn and mother of Jupiter. Her rites were wild and orgiastic. The lion, as being the strongest of the animals, was sacred to her as mother of the earth. 63. 9, 12, 20, 35, 68, 76, 84, 91. *See also* DINDYMUS.

CYCLADES, islands lying in a circle round Delos, in the Aegean Sea off the coast of Peloponnesus. 4. 7.

CYLLENEUS (*adj.*), pertaining to Cyllene, a mountain in North East Arcadia; modern name Zyria. 68. 109.

CYRENE, a province in Libya; now Kuren. 7. 4.

CYTORUS, a mountain in Paphlagonia; now Kidros. 4. 11, 13.

DARDANIUS (*adj.*), Trojan. 64. 367.

DAULIAS (*adj. f., -adis*), pertaining to Daulis, an ancient city of Phocis. The modern village of Dhavlia stands on the site of Daulis. In 65. 14 Daulias = Philomena, the aunt of Itys. She was turned into a nightingale at the same time that Itys was turned into a pheasant. *See under* ITYLUS.

DELIUS (*adj.*), pertaining to Delos, one of the Cyclades, the birthplace of Diana and Apollo; modern name, Dili. 34. 7.

DELPHI, inhabitants of Delphos in Phocis, now Kastri, where was the famous oracle of Apollo. 64. 392.

DIA, the old name of the island Naxos, the largest and most fertile of the Cyclades. 64. 52.

DIANA, daughter of Jupiter and Latona. As the Goddess of the chase she is called Diana; as moon-goddess, Luna; as the protectress of virginity and presider over child-birth, Juno Lucina. 34. 1, 3, 15; 66. 5. (*Unigenam*, 64. 300.)

DINDYMUS, a mountain in Mysia, modern name Pessinus, sacred to Cybele. Hence Dindymene = Cybele. 35. 14; 63. 13, 91.

DIONE, properly the mother of Venus, but often Venus herself. 56. 6.

DORIUS (*adj.*), Doric. 64. 287.

DURRACHIUM, a sea-coast town of Grecian Illyria, the landing place of those coming from Italy; modern name Durazzo. 36. 15.

- EGNATIUS, a man's name; not otherwise known. 37. 19;
39. 1.
- EMATHIUS (*adj.*), pertaining to Emathia, a district of Macedonia; but often used of Macedonia itself. 64. 324.
- EOUS, the morning star. 62. 35.
- EOUS (*adj.*), belonging to the morning. 11. 3.
- ERECHTHEUS, a fabled king of Athens. 64. 229.
- ERECHTHEUS (*adj.*), Athenian. 64. 211.
- ERYCINA, Venus, from the temple to her, near Mount Eryx in Sicily; now S. Giuiliano. 64. 72.
- ETRUSCUS, Etruscan. 39. 11.
- EUMENIDES, the Furies. 64. 193.
- EUROPA, Europe. 68. 89.
- EUROTAS, a river in Laconia, on the banks of which Sparta stood; modern name Basilipotamo. 64. 89.
- EURYSTHEUS, grandson of Perseus. By the wiles of Juno he was given the rule over mankind which Zeus really intended to give Hercules, great-grandson of Perseus. After Hercules had, in a fit of madness, killed his own children, the Pythian oracle commanded him to live at Tiryns and to serve Eurystheus. It was at the command of Eurystheus that Hercules carried out his twelve labours. "*Deterioris eri.*" 68. 114.
- FABULLUS, one of Catullus' friends; not otherwise known. 12. 15, 17; 13. 1, 14; 28. 3; 47. 3.
- FALERNUM, Falernian wine, grown on the Falernian territory, in Campania. 27. 1.
- FAVONIUS, the west wind. 26. 2; 64. 282.
- FESCENNINA JOCATIO, or CARMINA, rude, obscene verses and lampoons, with which country folk ridiculed each other on feast days. Munro ("*Crit. of Catullus,*" 76) says that they were intended to avert

the envy of the Gods from the fortunate. There was a small town Fescennium in Etruria, not far from the Falernian wine-growing territory; it was there, probably, that the custom of making up these poems arose. 61. 120.

FIDES, the personification of fidelity. 30. 11.

FIRMANUS (*adj.*), pertaining to Firmum, the sea-port to Picenum, now Fermo. 114. 1.

FLAVIUS, a man's name; not otherwise known. 6. 1.

FORMIANUS, an inhabitant of Formiae, a city of Latium, on the borders of Campania; modern name, Mola di Gaeta; hence Mamurra (*q.v.*), who was a native of that place. 41. 4; 43. 5; 57. 4.

FUFICIUS, a man's name; not otherwise known. 54. 5.

FURIUS, a friend of Catullus; not otherwise known. 11. 1; 16. 2; 23. 1, 24; 26. 1.

GAIUS. *See* CINNA.

GALLAE, the castrated and raving priests of Cybele. The word is derived from the river Gallus in Phrygia, whose waters made those who drank them mad. 63. 12, 34.

GALLIA, Gaul. 29. 3, 20.

GALLICANUS and GALLICUS (*adj.*), Gallic. 11. 11; 42. 9.

GALLUS, a man's name; not otherwise known. 78. 1, 3, 5.

GELLIUS, possibly Gellius Publicola, a partisan and kindred spirit of Clodius. 74. 1; 80. 1; 88. 1, 5; 89. 1; 90. 1; 91. 1; 116. 6.

GNOSIA (*adj.*), Cretan. 64. 172.

GOLGI, a town of Cyprus, famous for the worship of Venus. 36. 14; 64. 96.

GORTYNIA, a very ancient city of Crete. 64. 75.

GRAECUS (*adj.*), Grecian. 68. 102.

GRAI, the Greeks. 68. 109.

GRAIUS (*adj.*), Grecian. 66. 58.

- HADRIAE TABERNA, Durrachium, which was called the "Hadriatic tavern" because passengers going to and from Italy and Greece used it as a halting place. 36. 15.
- HADRIATICUM, the Adriatic sea. 4. 6.
- HAEMONIDES, a Thessalian. 64. 287. The line is very corrupt, and *Haemonisin*, a conjecture of Heinsius, is one of the many guesses.
- HAMADRYADES, wood-nymphs. 61. 23.
- HARPOCRATES, the Egyptian God of Silence, represented with his finger in his mouth. 74. 4; 102. 4.
- HEBE, the Goddess of youth and, after his deification, the wife of Hercules. 68. 116.
- HELENA, daughter of Jupiter and Leda, and cause of the Trojan War. 68. 87.
- HELICON, a mountain in Boeotia, sacred to Apollo and the Muses; modern name Zagará. 61. 1.
- HELLESPONTUS, the Hellespont; modern name Dardanelles. 64. 358; Frag. 2. 4.
- HERCULES, the God of strength and guardian of riches. *See under* AMPHYTRYONIADES. 38. 2.
- HERIUS, a man's name; not otherwise known. 54. 2. The reading is very doubtful.
- HESPERUS, the evening star. 62. 32. 35; 64. 329.
- HIBERES, the Spaniards. 12. 14.
- HIBERUS (*adj.*), Spanish. 9. 6; 29. 19; 37. 20; 64. 227.
- HORTALUS. *See* ORTALUS.
- HORTENSIVS, probably Q. Hortensius Orталus. *See* ORTALUS. 95. 3.
- HYDROCHOUS, the constellation Aquarius. 66. 94.
- HYMEN and HYMENAEUS, Hymen, the God of marriage. His father was Apollo, his mother either Urania, Calliope, or Terpsichore. 61. 4, etc.
- HYPERBOREI, a fabulous people living at the extreme north. 115. 6.

HYRCANI, the Hyrcanians. Hyrcania was a province of Asia bounded on the north by the Caspian Sea. The modern Khorassán forms a part of the old province of Hyrcania. 11. 5.

IACCHUS, a solemn and mystical name of Bacchus, the son of Zeus and Demeter. 64. 251. *See also* ISMARIUS.

IDA, a mountain in Crete, where the infant Jupiter was laid; modern name Psiloriti. 63. 30, 52.

IDALIUM, a mountain in Cyprus, sacred to Venus; modern name Dalin. 36. 12; 61. 17; 64. 96.

IDOMENEUS (*adj.*), pertaining to Idomene, a city in Macedonia. 64. 178.

IDRUS, a place that has not been satisfactorily identified. 64. 300. The reading is doubtful.

ILIACUS (*adj.*), Trojan. 68. 86.

INDIA, India. 45. 6.

INDUS (*adj.*), Indian. 11. 2; 64. 48.

IONIUS (*adj.*), Ionian. 84. 11, 12.

IPSITHILLA, a girl's name; not otherwise known. 32. 1.

ISMARIUS (*adj.*), belonging to Ismarus, a mountain on the southern coast of Thrace. The district was celebrated for its vineyards. *Juvenis Ismarius* = Bacchus. 66. 59?

ITALUS, an Italian. 1. 5.

ITONUS, a city and mountain in Boeotia (or Thessaly) with a temple of Pallas. 64. 228.

ITYLUS, the son of Zethus and grandson of Zeus. Catullus confounded Itylus with Itys, the son of Tereus and Progne. Tereus ravished his sister-in-law, Philomela. Itys was killed by his mother in revenge and served up to his father for food, whereupon Itys was changed into a pheasant, Philomela into a nightingale, Progne into a swallow, Tereus into an owl. 65. 14. *See under* DAULIAS.

JUNIA. *See* AURUNCULEIA.

JUNO, daughter of Saturn and sister and wife of Jupiter.
68. 138.

JUNO. *See* DIANA.

JUPPITER, the son of Saturn, and chief of the Gods. 1. 7;
4. 20; 7. 5; 34. 6; 55. 5; 62. 2; 64. 26, 171; 68.
140; 70. 2; 72. 2. (*Pater ipse*, 64. 21.)

JUVENTIUS, the name of a youth; not otherwise known.
24. 1; 48. 1; 81. 1; 99. 1.

LADAS, the celebrated runner of Alexander the Great.
55. 17.

LAMPSACUS, a city of Mysia on the Hellespont, now
Lamsaki. Frag. 2. 2.

LANUVINUS, an inhabitant of Lanuvium, a city of Latium;
modern name Cività Lavinia. 39. 12.

LARISSAEUS (*adj.*), pertaining to Larissa, a town in
Thessaly, on the Peneus; modern name Yeni-shehr.
64. 36.

LARIUS, a lake in Gallia Cisalpina, on which Comum lay;
modern name Lago di Como. 35. 4, Frag. 4.

LATMIUS, pertaining to Latmos, a mountain in Caria,
where Luna kissed the sleeping Endymion. 66. 5.

LATONIA, Diana (*q.v.*). 34. 5.

LAUDAMIA, daughter of Acastus and wife of Protesilaus.
Protesilaus soon after his marriage joined the Greeks
in their expedition against Troy, and was the first
man killed. Laudamia asked the Gods to be allowed
to converse with him for three hours. Her prayer was
granted, and Hermes led Protesilaus back to the
upper world. When, at the end of the three hours,
Protesilaus died again, Laudamia died with him.
68. 80, 105.

LEO, the constellation. 66. 65.

LESBIA, Clodia. *See* Introduction. 5. 1; 7. 2; 43. 7; 51. 7; 58. 1, 2; 72. 2; 75. 1; 79. 1; 83. 1; 86. 5; 87. 2; 92. 1, 2; 107. 4.

(Referred to: 2. 1 ff.; 3. 3 ff.; 8. 4 ff.; 11. 15; 37. 11; 70. 1; 76. 23; 109. 1.)

LESBIUS, Clodius Pulcher, brother of Clodia; *see* Introduction. 79. 1.

LETHAEUS (*adj.*), pertaining to the river Lethe, in the infernal regions. The Shades when they drank of its waters obtained forgetfulness of the past. 65. 5.

LIBER, Bacchus. 64. 390.

LIBER, (?) the uncle of Arrius; not otherwise known. 84. 5.

LIBO, a man's name; not otherwise known. 54. 3.

LIBYA, Africa. 45. 6.

LIBYSSUS (*adj.*), Libyan, *i.e.*, African. 7. 3.

LIBYSTINUS (*adj.*), Libyan, *i.e.*, African. 60. 1.

LICINIUS, Calvus (*q.v.*). 50. 1, 8.

LIGUR (*adj.*), pertaining to the Ligurians, people who inhabited that part of Italy which is now occupied by Piedmont, Genoa, and Lucca. 17. 19.

LOCRI. The Locri were a people of Greece, consisting of several tribes. 66. 54. The reading is very doubtful.

LUCINA, Diana (*q.v.*). 34. 13.

LUNA, Diana (*q.v.*). 34. 16.

LYCAONIUS (*adj.*), descended from Lycaon, *i.e.*, Callisto (*q.v.*). 66. 66.

LYDIAE UNDAE, the lake Benacus, near Verona, now Lago di Garda. 31. 13. Doubtful reading.

MAENAS (pl. MAENADES), a priestess of Bacchus. 63. 23, 69.

MAGNA MATER, Cybele (*q.v.*). 35. 18.

MAGNI AMBULATIO, the portico of Pompey the Great. It adjoined the theatre built by Pompey and completed in 55 B.C. 55. 6.

MALIUS (*adj.*), pertaining to Maliacus, a gulf south of Thessaly, now Gulf of Zeitouni. 68. 54.

MAMURRA, a Roman knight who was born at Formiæ (*q.v.*). The attacks made on his character by Catullus must not be taken too seriously. He was undoubtedly a capable military engineer, and stood high in both Cæsar's and Pompey's estimation. He attained great wealth and held so much property in his native district, that Horace refers to Formiæ as *urbs Mamurrarum* ("Sat.," I. 5. 37). See also under MENTULA, FORMIANUS. 29. 3; 57. 2.

MANLIUS (or MALLIUS) TORQUATUS. The Torquati were a prominent family in Rome, and it is not quite certain which of them was the one mentioned in Catullus. He is, however, generally identified with L. Manlius Torquatus, who in 66 B.C. accused the consuls elect, P. Cornelius Sulla and P. Antonius Paetus, of bribery. He was closely connected with Cicero, during the consulship of the latter. He belonged to the aristocratic party and, accordingly, opposed Cæsar on the breaking out of the civil war. He joined Pompey, and was killed soon after the battle of Pharsalia. He was well versed in Greek literature, and one of the most distinguished Epicurean philosophers of his day. 61. 16, 213; 68. 11, 30, 66.

MARCUS, Cicero (*q.v.*). 49. 2.

MARRUCINUS (*adj.*), Marrucinian. The Marrucini were a people of Italy, on the Adriatic coast. 12. 1.

MAVORS, old name for Mars, the God of war. 64. 394.

MECILIA, most probably Mucilla, the wife of Pompey, who divorced her on account of her adultery with Julius Cæsar. 113. 2.

MEDI, the Medes, including the Assyrians and Persians. 66, 45.

MELLA, a river in Upper Italy, near Brescia. 67. 33.

MEMMIUS, C., tribune of the Plebs in 66 B.C., and praetor in 58 B.C. He was a prominent politician, belonging at first to the Senatorial party, but afterwards joining Caesar, whom, however, he offended. He was impeached for *ambitus*, and retired to Mitylene. He was eminent in literature, but, according to Pliny and Ovid, wrote indecent verses. We only know of his journey to Bithynia from Catullus. 28. 9. (*Praetor*, 10, 13.)

MEMNON, son of Tithonus and Aurora, and king of the Aethiopians. He fought for the Trojans, and was killed by Achilles. When burning on a funeral pile, he was changed into a bird.

MENENIUS, a man's name; not otherwise known. 59. 2.

MENTULA, Catullus' nickname for Mamurra (*q.v.*). 29. 13; 94. 1; 105. 1; 114. 1; 115. 1.

MIDAS, king of Phrygia. He entertained Bacchus, who in return offered to grant him any boon he asked for. Midas asked that any thing he touched might turn into gold. As this, naturally, included his food and drink, Midas was forced to seek once more the god's assistance. Bacchus told him to wash his hands in the river Pactolus, whose sands were, ever after, mixed with gold. 24. 4.

MINOIS, a female descendant of Minos; hence Ariadne (*q.v.*). 64, 60. 247.

MINOS, son of Zeus and Europa, king of Crete and husband of Pasiphaë; builder of the labyrinth. 64. 85.

MINOTAURUS, the result, half beast and half man, of Pasiphaë's intercourse with a bull. Minos caused him to be shut up in the labyrinth, and fed him

- with human flesh. The Athenians were forced to supply him with seven youths and seven maidens every year. He was eventually destroyed by Theseus (*q.v.*), who escaped from the labyrinth by Ariadne's aid. 64. 79. (*germanum*, 64. 150.)
- MUSA, a Muse. Catullus speaks of the Muse, or Muses, of poetry in general, without any special reference to Erato, Calliope, etc., in particular. 35. 17; 65. 3; 68. 7, 10. (*Patrona virgo*, 1. 9; *Deae*, 68. 41.)
- NASO, a man's name; not otherwise known. 112. 1, 2.
- NEMESIS, the goddess who directs human affairs in such a way as to balance, or counteract, the effect of luck or fortune. She had a celebrated sanctuary in Rhamnus, in Attica, and is often referred to as *Rhamnusia virgo* (*q.v.*). 50. 20.
- NEPOS. See CORNELIUS.
- NEPTUNUS, the god of the sea and other waters. 31. 3; 64. 2, 367.
- NEREIDES, sea-nymphs, daughters of Nereus. 64. 15.
- NEREINE, (?) a sea-nymph daughter of Nereus, a sea-god. 64. 28.
- NICAEA, a city in Bithynia; modern name Isnik. 46. 5.
- NILUS, the river Nile. 11. 8.
- NOCTIFER, the evening star. 62. 7.
- NONIUS, a man's name; not otherwise known. 52. 2.
- NOVUM COMUM. See COMUM. 35. 3.
- NYMPHAE, demi-goddesses who inhabit the sea, rivers, woods and mountains. 61. 29; 64. 17; 88. 6.
- NYSIGENA, born in Nysa. Nysa was the name of the mythical birthplace of Bacchus; whence it was transferred to a great many towns where vine growing was carried on. In the phrase *Nysigenis Silenis*, it is not known to which of these Nysas Catullus refers. The Sileni were lascivious and drunken male attend-

ants on Bacchus, and *Nysigenis* probably was used to draw attention to their compatriotism and close connection with Bacchus, without reference to any special town. The best known Nysa was a town in Caria, in Asia, not far from Antioch. 64. 252.

OARION, the poetical name for Orion, the constellation whose rising and setting are attended by storms. 66. 94.

OCEANUS, son of Uranus and Gaea, husband of Tethys and father of Thetis and the nymphs. 61. 85; 66. 68; 115. 6.

OETAEUS (*adj.*), pertaining to Oeta, a mountain between Thessaly and Aetolia, modern name Katavothra. Thermopylae (*q.v.*) was one of its defiles. Oeta was looked upon as the rising place of Hesperus. 62. 7; 68. 54.

OLYMPUS, a mountain on the borders of Macedonia and Thessaly, now Lacha. On account of its great height, it was regarded as the seat of the Gods. 62. 1.

ORCUS, the Lower World. 3. 14.

ORTALUS, QUINTUS HORTENSIUS, was Cicero's greatest rival as an orator. He was born in 114 B.C., eight years before Cicero. His professional career was eminently successful, and he rose from dignity to dignity until in 69 B.C. he became consul. He seems to have been an amiable man, who thoroughly enjoyed the luxuries of a wealthy station. Like Cicero, he tried his hand at poetry, and with no greater success. It was he who borrowed, or bought, the stern moralist Cato's wife from her husband: possibly the most curious social transaction recorded in Roman history. He died in 50 B.C. 65. 2, 15 95. 3.

- PADUA, one of the mouths of the river Po. 95. 7.
- PARCAE, the Fates: Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. 64. 306. 383; 68. 85.
- PARIS, son of Priam and Hecuba; his abduction of Helen caused the Trojan War. 68. 103. (*Phrygius judex*, 61. 18.)
- PARNASUS, a high two-peaked mountain in Phocis, sacred to Apollo and the Muses; modern name Liakhoura. 64. 390.
- PARTHI, the Parthians, a warlike race who occupied a territory south and south-east of Hyrcania. Their skill as bowmen was proverbial. 11. 6.
- PASITHEA, one of the Graces, wife of Sleep. 63, 43.
- PEGASEUS (*adj.*), pertaining to Pegasus, the winged horse of the Muses.
- PELEUS, son of Aeacus and Endeis, king of the Myrmidons at Phthia, in Thessaly. He married the Nereid Thetis (*q.v.*) on Mount Pelion, and by her became the father of Achilles whom he survived. 64. 19, 21, 26, 278, 301, 336, 382.
- PELIACUS (*adj.*), belonging to Mount Pelion in Thessaly; modern name Zagora. 64. 1.
- PELOPS, son of Tantalus, father of Atreus, and grandfather of Agamemnon. Oenomanus offered his daughter Hippodamia in marriage to any one who could beat him in a chariot race. Pelops promised Myrtillus, the charioteer of Oenomanus, half his kingdom if he "worked it" so that he (Pelops) won the race. Pelops won the race, but refused to pay Myrtillus, and threw him into the sea. Myrtillus cursed Pelops, and the subsequent calamities of his house, including the rape of Helen and the Trojan war, were the result of this curse. 64. 346.
- PENELOPEUS (*adj.*), pertaining to Penelope, the wife of Ulysses. Her chastity and faithfulness during her

husband's prolonged absence are proverbial. 61.
223.

PENIOS, a Thessalian river God, son of Oceanus and Tethys. 64. 285.

PERSAE, the Persians. 90. 4.

PERSEUS, son of Zeus and Danae. He was given a pair of winged sandals by the Nymphs, in order to help him in his expedition against the Medusa. 55. 17.

PERSICUS (*adj.*), Persian. 90. 2.

PHAETHON, son of Helios and Clymene. He obtained leave of his father to drive the chariot of the sun for one day. He lost control over the horses, and was struck by one of Jupiter's thunderbolts, in order to prevent his setting fire to the world. 64. 291.

PHARSALUS, a city in Thessaly; modern name Fersala. 64. 37.

PHASIS, a river in Colchis; modern name Rion. 64. 3.

PHENEUS, a town in N.E. Arcadia. The town and the territory around it are shut in, on every side, by mountains. Two streams descend from the Northern mountains, join together in a valley and find a subterranean outlet under the Southern mountains. The inhabitants made a canal, traces of which still remain, to make these two streams flow in one channel. This canal was attributed to Hercules. The modern village Foniá is probably on the site of the ancient town. 68. 109.

PHOEBUS, Apollo, as the God of light. 64. 299.

PHRYGIUS (*adj.*), Phrygian; *i.e.*, Trojan. 46. 4; 61. 18; 63. 2, 20, 71; 64. 344.

PHRYX (*adj.*), Phrygian. 63. 22.

PHTHIOTICUS (*adj.*), Phthiotian, *i.e.*, Thessalian. 64. 35.

PIPLEUS (*adj.*), belonging to Pipla, or Pimpla, a village in Pieria, sacred to the Muses; modern name Litokhoros. 105. 1.

PIRAEUS, the port of Athens; modern name Porto Dracono. 64. 74.

PISAURUM, a city in Umbria. 81. 3.

PISO, the Pisones were a very prominent family in Rome, many of whom held official positions, and it is impossible to say which Piso is referred to by Catullus. It may have been Cn. Piso who went to Spain as *quaestor pro praetore* in 65 B.C., or the L. Piso Caesoninus of Cicero's oration "In Pisonem." 28. 1; 47. 2.

POLLIO. *See* ASINIUS. 12. 6.

POLLUX, the twin brother of Castor (*q.v.*). 68. 65.

POLYXENA, a daughter of Priam, whom Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, sacrificed on his father's grave. 64. 368. (*percussae virginis*, 64. 364.)

POMPEIUS, Pompey the Great. *See* Introduction. The dates of the two consulships of Pompey were: 70 B.C., and 55 B.C. 113. 1. (*socer generque*, 29. 24.)

PONTICUS (*adj.*), pertaining to the Pontus, a district in Asia Minor, between Bithynia and Armenia, the kingdom of Mithridates, afterwards a Roman province. 4. 9, 13; 29. 18.

PORCIUS, a man's name; not otherwise known. 47. 1.

POSTUMIA, a woman's name; not otherwise known. 27. 3.

POSTUMIUS, a man's name; not otherwise known. 67. 35.

PRIAPUS, son of Bacchus and Venus. He was regarded as the promoter of fertility, both vegetable and animal. Some accounts make him the son of Pan. He was represented as very ugly, and with stupendous genitals. His image was generally set up in gardens, as their protector. Frag. 2, 23. (As an epithet of Piso (*q.v.*), 47. 4.)

PROMETHEUS, son of the Titan Iapetus. In order to

punish mortals, Zeus had him chained to a pillar, and set an eagle to gnaw at his liver during the daytime, while during the night-time the eagle's inroads were made good; he was thus condemned to endless torture. He was, with Zeus' consent, released by Hercules. 64. 294.

PROPONTIS, the Sea of Marmora. 4. 9.

PROTESILAEUS (*adj.*), pertaining to Protesilaus, the leader of the Thessalians against Troy, and the husband of Laudamia (*q.v.*). 68. 74.

PROVINCIA, the Roman province in Gaul. 43. 6.

PTOLEMY EUERGETES, the husband of Beronice (*q.v.*).
(*Rex*, 66. 11: *fratris*, 66. 22.)

QUINTIA, a woman's name; not otherwise known. 86. 1.

QUINTILIA, a woman's name; not otherwise known.
96. 6.

QUINTIUS, a man's name; not otherwise known. 82. 1;
100. 1.

RAVIDUS, the name of a man; not otherwise known.
40. 1.

REMUS, brother of Romulus (*q.v.*). 28. 15; 58. 5.

RHAMNUSIA VIRGO, Nemesis (*q.v.*). 64. 395; 66. 71;
68. 77.

RHENUS, the river Rhine. 11. 11.

RHESUS, a son of king Eioneus, in Thrace, and an ally of the Trojans in their war with the Greeks. He possessed horses white as snow, and as swift as the wind, which were carried off by night by Odysseus and Diomedes, the latter of whom murdered Rhesus in his sleep. 55. 18.

RHODOS, the island Rhodes. 4. 8.

RHOETEUS (*adj.*), pertaining to Rhoetium, a city in Troas,

- on the Hellespont; modern name Cape Barbieri. 65. 7.
- ROMA, the city of Rome. 68. 34.
- ROMULUS, the founder and first king of Rome. 28. 15; 34. 22; 49. 1. (As an ironical nickname for Caesar, 29. 5, 9.)
- RUFA, a woman's name; not otherwise known. 59. 1.
- RUFULUS, a man's name; not otherwise known. 59. 1.
- RUFUS, Marcus Caelius Rufus. *See under CAELIUS, and in Introduction.* 69. 2; 77. 1.
- SABINUS (*adj.*), pertaining to the Sabine district, north of Rome. 39. 10; 44. 1, 4, 5.
- SACAE, a people of Northern Asia. 11. 6.
- SAETABUS (*adj.*), pertaining to Saetabis, a town in Spain; modern name Jativa. 12. 14; 25. 7.
- SALISUBSALI, a word comically formed by Catullus to signify the dancing priests of Mars (Lewis and Short's Dict.). 17. 6.
- SAPPHICA MUSA, Sappho's Muse. Sappho, the great Lesbian poetess, flourished between 628 B.C. and 570 B.C. 35. 16.
- SARAPIS, one of the chief Egyptian divinities. His worship was also carried on in Greece and in Rome. 10. 26.
- SATRACHUS, a river in Cyprus. 95. 5.
- SATURNALIA, the festival of the God Saturn. It began on 17th December, and lasted several days. During the Saturnalia it was customary for friends to exchange presents. 14. 15.
- SATYRI, wood deities, with forms half-human, half-goatish, and very lascivious. 64. 252.
- SCAMANDER, a river in Troas; modern name Bunar-bashi Tchai. 64. 357.

- SCYLLA, the well-known rock between Italy and Sicily ; and opposite the whirlpool Charybdis. 60. 2 ; 64. 156.
- SEPTIMILLUS and SEPTIMIUS, a man's name ; not otherwise known. 45. 1, 13, 21, 23.
- SESTIUS, P. Sestius, whom Cicero defended in the oration "Pro Sestio." 44. 10, 19, 20.
- SILENUS, son either of Hermes or of Pan. He was the instructor and constant companion of Bacchus, and, like the God, was said to have been born at Nysa. Catullus, when he speaks of the *Sileni*, refers to the whole of the older companions and attendants of Bacchus, who were frequently thus denoted. 64. 252.
- SILLO, the name of a procurer ; not otherwise known. 103. 1.
- SIMONIDEUS (*adj.*), pertaining to Simonides, the Greek poet who was born at Ceos about 556 B.C., and lived till about 467 B.C. He wrote a great number of elegies, among them the celebrated "Lament of Danaë," a fragment of which we still possess. 38. 8.
- SIRMIO, a peninsula on the shores of the Lacus Benacus (Lago di Garda) in Upper Italy ; now Sirmione. Catullus had a villa at Sirmio. 31. 1, 12.
- SOCRATION, a man's name ; not otherwise known. 47. 1.
- SOL, the Sun, son of Hyperion and Thia. 63. 39. (*Progenies Thiae*, 66. 44.)
- SOMNUS, the God of sleep. 63. 42.
- STYMPHALIA MONSTRA, Stymphalides, rapacious birds in the Stymphalian district of Arcadia. They were fierce enough to be a source of terror to the inhabitants. They were finally destroyed by Hercules. The vale of Zaraká is the old territory of Stymphalus.
- SUFFENUS, a poetaster ; not otherwise known. 14. 19 ; 22. 1, 10, 19.
- SULLA, a grammarian and poetaster ; not otherwise known. 14. 9.

SYRIA. 6. 8; 45. 22; 84. 7.

SYRTIS, two broad deep gulfs (Major and Minor) off the northern coast of Africa; modern names: Gulf of Sidra and Gulf of Cabes. Navigation in these gulfs is rendered extremely dangerous by numerous sunken rocks. 64. 156.

TAGUS, the river Tagus, in Portugal. 29. 19.

TALOS, a man of brass, the work of Hephaestus. He was the guardian of Crete. When he saw strangers approach, he made himself red-hot with fire, and then embraced the strangers when they landed. (*Custos Cretum*, 55. 15.)

TAPPO, a man's name; not otherwise known. 104. 4.

TAURUS, a mountain in the south-eastern part of Asia Minor; modern name Allah Dagh. 64. 105.

TELEMACHUS, the son of Ulysses and Penelope. 61. 225.

TEMPE, a valley in Thessaly, renowned for its beauty; through it ran the river Peneus; modern name Lykoston, or Dereli. 64. 35, 285, 286.

TETHYS, the wife of Oceanus, and grandmother of Thetis. 64. 29; 66. 70; 88. 5.

TEUCRUS (*adj.*), Trojan. 64. 344.

THALLUS, a man's name; not otherwise known. 25. 1, 4.

THEMIS, daughter of Uranus and Ge. The Goddess of law, custom, equity, and order. 68. 153.

THERMOPYLAE, the celebrated pass over the Oeta in Thessaly. 68. 54.

THESEUS, son of Aegeus, king of Athens, and Aethra, the daughter of Pittheus, king of Troezen. Aegeus begot Theseus at Troezen. When he left Aethra pregnant, he hid his sword and sandals under a rock, and told her that if she bore a man-child, when he reached maturity he was to prove his paternity by lifting the rock and bringing the underlying tokens

to his father at Athens. This Theseus did, and was acknowledged by Aegeus as his son and successor. Minos, king of Crete, had previously defeated the Athenians, and forced them to send a yearly tribute of seven youths and seven maidens to feed his wife's (Pasiphaë's, *q.v.*) monster son, the Minotaur. On one of the occasions of sending this living tribute, Theseus offered to be one of the youths, with the design of killing, or being killed by, the Minotaur. On his arrival at Crete, Ariadne (*q.v.*), the daughter of Minos, fell in love with him, and helped his design by the gift of a sword, and a skein of thread with which he might retrace his steps through the Labyrinth, in which the Minotaur was installed. Theseus achieved his object, and fled from Crete, carrying Ariadne with him. Her he deserted on the Isle of Naxos. Before he set out on his expedition, he had promised his father that, should the issue of his expedition be successful, on arriving within sight of the Athenian shores, he would hoist a white sail. This he forgot to do, and Aegeus, who had been watching his son's return from a cliff, thinking that the expedition had failed and that his son was dead, threw himself headlong into the sea. 64. 53, 69, 73, 81, 102, 110, 120, 133, 200, 207, 239, 245, 247.

THESPIUS (*adj.*), pertaining to Thespieae, a town in Boeotia, at the foot of Mount Helicon, hence *Thespiarupis*=Helicon. Modern name Lefka. 61. 27.

THESSALIA, the country of Thessaly. 64. 26, 33, 267, 280.

THETIS, daughter of Nereus. As a sea-goddess, she dwelt in the depths of the sea with her father. She was brought up by Hera, who gave her as a wife to Peleus. Zeus and Poseidon were at the same time suing for her hand, but Themis foretelling that the son of Thetis should be greater than his father, they

- both desisted from their suits. By Peleus she became the mother of Achilles. 64. 19, 20, 21, 28, 302, 336.
- THIA, the mother of the Sun. 66. 44.
- THRACIUS (*adj.*), pertaining to Thrace. 4. 8.
- THYADES, Bacchantes, female attendants of Bacchus. 64. 391.
- THYNIA, the seat of the Thyni, in Bithynia. 25. 7; 31. 5.
- THYONIANUS, Bacchus, who was the son of Thyone. 27. 7.
- TIBURS (*adj.*), pertaining to Tibur, an ancient city of Latium; modern name Tivoli. 39. 10; 44. 1, 2, 5.
- TORQUATUS. *See* MANLIUS.
- TRANSPADANUS (*adj.*), beyond the Po. 39. 13.
- TRINACRIUS (*adj.*), Sicilian. 68. 53.
- TRITON, a river and lake in Africa, near the Lesser Syrtis, where Athene was born. 64. 395.
- TRIVIA, Diana (*q.v.*). She was called Trivia because her temples were often built on a spot where three roads met. 34. 15; 66. 5.
- TROIA, Troy. 64. 345; 65. 7; 68. 88, 89, 90, 99.
- TROIUGENA, a Trojan. 64. 355.
- TULLIUS. *See* CICERO. 49. 2.
- TYRIUS (*adj.*), pertaining to the Phoenician city Tyre. The ruins of Sûr, in Palestine, occupy the site of ancient Tyre. 65. 168.
- UMBER (*adj.*), pertaining to the Umbri, a people of Italy, who inhabited the district of Umbria. 39. 11.
- URANIA, one of the Muses, and mother of Hymen. 61. 2.
- URIUM, a city built near the mountain promontory of Garganus (Monte Gargano) in Apulia. As Monte Gargano is the only headland on the Adriatic coast between Otranto and Ancona, it is much exposed to storms, and perhaps *Uriosque portus* should be *Uriosque apertos*. The connection with the cult of Venus is from Diomedes, who, to appease the goddess, is said to have founded Venusia. 36. 12.

- VARUS, a friend of Catullus; not otherwise known. 10. 1; 22. 1.
- VATINIUS, a disreputable politician of the day, who was accused by C. Licinius Calvus of bribery. 14. 3; 52. 3; 53. 2.
- VENUS, the Goddess of love, especially sensual love. 3. 1; 13. 12; 36. 3; 45. 26; 55. 20; 61. 18; 44. 61, 198, 202; 63. 17; 66. 15, 56, 90; 68. 5, 10; 86. 6. (*Caeruleo creata ponto*, 36. 11; *Quaeque regis Golgos*, 64. 96.) *See also* AMATHUS and ERYCINA.
- VERANIOLUS, diminutive form of VERANIUS (*q.v.*). 12. 17; 47. 3.
- VERANIUS, a friend of Catullus; not otherwise known. 9. 1; 12. 16; 28. 3.
- VERONA, the birth-place of Catullus. 35. 3; 67. 34; 68. 27; 100. 2.
- VESPER, the evening star. 62. 1.
- VIBENNIUS, a man's name; not otherwise known. 33. 2.
- VINIA. *See* AURUNCULEIA. 61. 16.
- VICTIUS, a man's name; not otherwise known. 98. 1, 5.
- VICTOR, a man's name; not otherwise known. 80. 7.
- VIRGO, the constellation. 66. 65.
- VOLUSIUS, a verbose poet; perhaps a nickname for one Tanusius, mentioned by Seneca ("Ep.," 93. 9.), who composed a history in verse. 36. 1, 20; 95. 7.
- VULCAN, the God of fire. He interfered in a squabble between his mother, Hera, and Zeus. Zeus, in his rage, took him by the leg and threw him out of Olympus. He fell on the island of Lemnos; this fall caused him to be lame. (*Tardipede deo*, 36. 7.)
- ZEPHYRITIS, an appellation of Arsinoë (*q.v.*). 66. 57.
- ZEPHYRUS, the west wind. 46. 3; 64. 270.
- ZMYRNA, the title of Cinna's (*q.v.*) poem. 95. 1, 5, 6.

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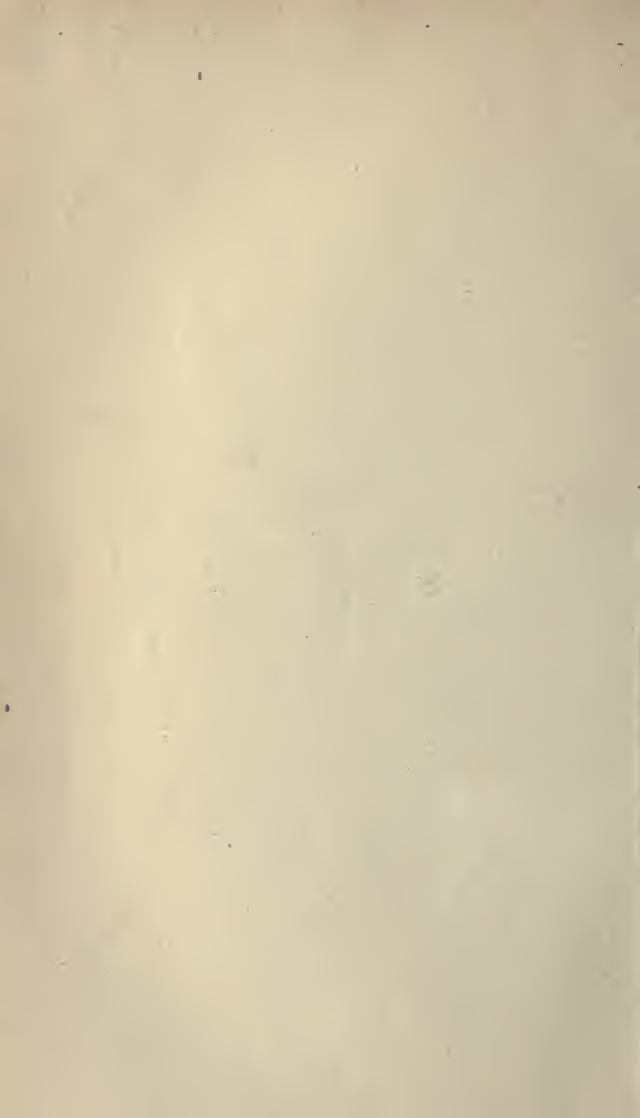
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